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THE CAMBRIAN.

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THE HEIRESS OF BRYNYBLODAU.

A Tale of One Hundred Years Ago.

By R. R., Brooklyn.

Chapter I.

Brynyblodau is an ancient and commodious manor-house, situated in a lovely spot on the banks of the river Wnion, a short distance from the good old town of D——, in North Wales. This beautiful stream winds its way between green fields and fine groves until it reaches the Mawddach, where the two rivers become one, and glide peacefully to the great ocean.

The estate is a large one, and the land highly cultivated. The grounds around the mansion are laid out in the most picturesque and artistic style, with elegant walks, velvety lawns, ornamental, shade, and fruit trees, shrubs and plants and rare flowers of all kinds, and from every clime. The surrounding country is unsurpassed for its magnificent and romantic scenery, with Cader Idris and the Aran towering above the mountains around.

The proprietor of the estate at the time of which I write was Mr. Llewelyn Morys, a not very attractive specimen of the Welsh gentleman of the old school. He had received his education at Oxford, and seemed to have left his learning and his manners there, but did not leave his bad temper. He was a proud, haughty, domineering, irascible character, and his talent for imprecation and profanity was something fearful. His word was law, and he would brook no opposition from any one. He considered his tenants as his vassals, and depending on him for the privilege of breathing. He would not associate with the squires of the county, as he did not believe them equal to himself either by birth or education. His favorite companions were his horses and his dogs, which he considered far superior to any human beings around him. On Sundays he tried to look pious, and it was amusing to watch him march pompously up the aisle of the parish church, with head erect and defiance

in his eye, until he reached his pew, where he would bow his head and solemnly pray into his huge beaver hat. He held in his hands the largest sized prayer book, and his responses during the service could be heard above those of all the congregation, for they were like the roaring of a lion. He had requested the rector to give short sermons, lest he might snore. But, like many other disagreeable people, he had a soft place, or something else, in his heart. His tenantry loved him, for when his steward, by his command, would apprise him of any misfortune overtaking them, such as death or sickness in the family, or loss of cattle, or other disaster by fire or flood, he would thrust his hand into his breeches pocket, pull out his purse, draw from it some of his shining sovereigns, and say: "Give this to A. B. D—n him! he is always in some trouble," which, however, might be A. B.'s first ill-luck.

Mrs. Morys was a pretty little lady, of high birth and refined manners. Her life was devoted to the service of her lord and master, and she looked on him as a being of very superior material and make. No doubt he was a natural tyrant, but she did not seem to realize her helpless condition; for the tyranny of husbands was not discussed in those benighted times as it is in these enlightened days. She had the charge of the household disbursements, and of all the details of domestic arrangements, and he trusted her implicity in everything; in fact, all these matters were beneath his notice. For all his gruffness he was kind and affectionate to his wife, and they journeyed through life happily together, their only object of love and anxiety being their daughter Ellen, whom they idolized.

Ellen Morys was the only child of Mr. and Mrs. Morys, and was therefore the heiress of Brynyblodau. She was a beautiful and lovable girl, highly educated, and possessing talents of a superior order. Her parents could not let her go out of their sight; she might, they thought, be contaminated by associating with other girls in any school or academy, or college. So they engaged first-class teachers to educate her at home. She became a good linguist, an expert musician, and the sitting-room walls were adorned with paintings from her brush; and thus she became proficient in all the accomplishments which were considered indispensable to girls of her social position. Her father was a patron of Welsh literature and Welsh music, and he insisted on his daughter learning the Welsh language, and also playing on the Welsh triple harp. She excelled in these as in her other attainments, and even composed ditties in both languages, and sang them with the harp. Ellen was brought up in the old house as ignorant of the outside world as if she had spent her life in a cloister. She was not permitted to walk even around her home without the escort of her parents or her governess. She never tasted the joys of social intercourse with young people of her own age and tastes, and there-

fore was more susceptible to undesirable impressions if by some chance they should present themselves; for she was as innocent and artless as a child in her ways and thoughts.

In the spring of the year ——, Mr. Morys thought that his mansion needed some alterations and repairs, and consequently masons, carpenters, painters, &c., were engaged from the town of D——, and the work was begun without delay. One of the carpenters, Herbert Owen, was conspicuous for his tall, manly form, handsome features, and mild and winning manner. He was a good, moral, sensible young man, but, as was the case with mechanics generally in those days, had not had the opportunity to obtain any education. It was noticed in a few days that Ellen took unusual interest in the progress of the work, and that she invariably asked Herbert Owen for all information. It was not long before his fellow-workmen began to smile and wink knowingly at one another, and, finally, as they could not keep such a good thing any longer, they joked him on the subject. It never seemed possible to Herbert that the heiress should have any partiality for him, and he felt embarrassed and frightened at the thought, and when Ellen came again with the usual excuse, he got confused and unintelligible in his replies. Ellen, with true instinct divined the cause, for she herself had experienced some new and strange emotion, and thereupon discontinued her visits to where Herbert was working, but, like a true daughter of Eve, found other means to see and talk to him. The work on the house came to an end, as even repairs and alterations will end sometime, however tedious the waiting, and no one knew when or where Ellen and Herbert met again, if they met at all.

Soon the gossips of the town spread the rumor that Herbert Owen was trying to "make love" to the heiress. It was generally discredited and ridiculed, but it reached the ears of Mr. Morys. He could not believe that any poor mechanic could sink into such a depth of depravity as to aspire to even the friendship of his daughter. But one day he questioned her about the rumor, and she answered him evasively, whereat he stormed like a raving maniac, declaring in the end that he should shoot the young man on sight. Now the thought occurred to him to send his daughter to a relative in England, but he abandoned that idea quickly, thinking it would not be safe; then he proposed, indirectly, to bribe Herbert to leave the country, offering him a handsome sum of money, which, of course, was rejected. All this time the father declared that the young man had instilled into the mind of his daughter "some infernal sentimental nonsense," and that she should soon rid herself of it, or he would know why.

Chapter II.

While Mr. Morys was worrying over the matter, a splendid-looking young man alighted at the best hotel in the town. He was expensively and elegantly dressed, and his luggage, which was fine in quality, and unusual in quantity, denoted that he was some one above common. It turned out that he was the son of a rich London banker, and an M. P. The young man soon became a favorite in the town, and there was a fluttering in the hearts of most of the fair sex thereabouts, like that which is occasioned by the arrival of one of the male sex at a summer resort where there is a man-famine. He spent his money freely; gave liberally to the poor, and headed the subscription lists for all worthy objects. He patronized the county races, and here he became acquainted with Mr. Morys (for Mr. Morys condescended to attend races and county hunts). He made a favorable impression on Mr. M., who invited him to his mansion. He accepted, and went in great style. His name was Mr. Moodam. Whether Mr. Morys thought of his wealth or of his fine appearance and address is not known, but probably he hoped that he might divert his daughter's mind from the mechanic, and destroy her illusion. In this he did not succeed. Ellen was polite to the young man in her father's presence, but he saw at once that his expedition was a failure. But Mr. Moodam was not going to be defeated so easily. He knew that Herbert held the fort at the manor house, and he determined to dispossess him by foul tactics. Mr. Moodam was an accomplished scoundrel, and a scoundrel will not hesitate to commit any crime to attain his object. He and a confederate—a weak, sneaking, good-for-nothing perjured fellow, who lodged in the same house as Herbert—concocted a villainous scheme to ruin Herbert, and put it into execution without delay. One night there was heard a loud cry of "Murder" in the street, and a call for the constables (there were no police then), and on arriving at the spot from which the noise proceeded, they found Moodam, who declared excitedly that a highway robber had stolen his watch and money. He gave a minute description of the robber, and it corresponded exactly with the person and the dress of Herbert Owen. The constables went to Herbert's lodgings, and, to his astonishment and terror, arrested him on suspicion, and took him before the magistrates. He was fully identified, of course, by Moodam. But where was the watch? The constables went to Herbert's room, and found the watch in his chest (or trunk), where the confederate had placed it, and for which he was well paid. The towns-people were greatly excited and indignant, for they were convinced that Herbert was innocent, and that a great crime was committed against him. Nevertheless, he was soon tried at the assizes,

and imprisoned. But where was Ellen? No one could find out whether she exerted herself in some way in Herbert's behalf, or whether she was awaiting further developments in the matter. It may be confidently asserted that she had no doubt of his innocence, although she could not comprehend how such complications had arisen.

Another surprise was in store for the towns-people. One night Moodam suddenly left his hotel, accompanied by two strange gentlemen who had just arrived. There was some mystery in the affair, but it was soon explained. A few days after, London newspapers arrived containing the account of the arrest of J. Moodam, Jr., charged with the forgery of some papers in his father's bank, where he was employed. He was subsequently convicted and transported, his stern father refusing to intervene in his behalf, as it was his second offence of the same nature. But even the greatest villains feel a little compunction occasionally for some of their misdeeds. Before Moodam left his country he wrote to one of the magistrates at D——, confessing his crime against Herbert Owen, and detailing the manner in which it was committed, and after much tedious routine the young man was released, and received an ovation from his fellow-townsmen. Then the miserable confederate was arrested and imprisoned for his share in the crime.

Herbert Owen began to work again after a brief interval, but there seemed to be no rest for him. Some one, out of mischief, or for "fun," started a story that a great fortune had been left him by an unknown relative, who had recently died in some remote country. There was not the least foundation for the rumor, and Herbert himself strenuously denied it; but many believed it, thinking, innocently, that such a story could not be a pure invention. Strange to say, Mr. Morys himself was among the credulous, and thought the young man had his reasons for denying its truth. This story clouded Mr. Morys' understanding, and softened his heart towards Herbert. He knew that Ellen was hopelessly infatuated, and that a good sum of money would go far as an equivalent for birth and culture. Herbert was graciously permitted to visit the mansion, and before many weeks had passed there was a marriage, and great rejoicings for miles around. Things went on smoothly for a time; but it came to pass that the old man began to feel fidgety about the great legacy, for there was no evidence of its existence, and Herbert had declared again that it was a myth. When Mr. Morys realized that he had deceived himself, he became furious with rage; acted, in truth, like a most violent maniac, and worked himself into such a dangerous condition that he fell on the floor in a fit of apoplexy, and died in a few days. The people all around the neighborhood sincerely mourned his death, for, with his many short-

comings he was generally respected, and by many beloved. Multitudes followed his remains to their last resting-place, and there were even some tears shed.

It was a terrible shock to good Mrs. Morys, who was devoted to her husband, and who had been kind and considerate to her during their whole married life. She was inconsolable. In her deep sorrow she lost her health, and pined away for a few weeks. Then she followed her husband. It was said that she died of a broken heart. So Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Owen became the master and mistress of Brynyblodau. After the usual time for mourning had ended, the young couple, or, I should say, Mrs. Owen, revolutionized the mode of living at their home. They frequently entertained a large number of the better class of people around; gave dinner and tea parties; musical and dancing and card parties, and all the social functions in vogue among the wealthy. Mrs. Owen was the presiding genius on all such occasions. Her brilliant talents as a singer, a conversationalist, and a wit, and her ready resources for all the demands and requirements of such gatherings won the admiration and love of her guests, so that she became the most popular lady in the community, and the manor the centre of social entertainments. Herbert, on the other hand felt himself out of his element. He was a cipher among the brilliant figures before him, and could not join nor take an interest in their conversations and pastimes. Everything was above and beyond him. Although physically the handsomest man in the room, he would sit for hours alone in some corner as if trying to escape observation. Some one of the guests would occasionally exchange an ordinary remark with him. He fancied at times that some of the young swells were smiling sarcastically at his loneliness; other times the monster jealousy would try to invade his mind, but was quickly expelled. There were then no facilities for acquiring even a modicum of the education and culture which were denied him in his youth, through the misfortune of birth. Whether he and his wife felt that they had made the great mistake of their life was not known, for their lips were sealed; but their friends would often speak for them, and confidently assert that the sad words, "It might have been," must be ever present in Mrs. Owen's mind. If she had had more of the sympathy and companionship of youthful friends, and more freedom of action in her mode of life, instead of being constantly subjected to the supervision and command of an unsympathetic though well-meaning parent, probably the result would have been different. The disparity in birth and education is ever the cause of embarassment in married life. But as it was, Mr. and Mrs. Owen led a quiet, uneventful life; but both died at a comparatively early age, and the manor passed into another family, no children having been born to them.

THE NEW YEAR.

By John D. Morgan.

We welcome with gladness the incoming year,
With social rejoicing and jolly good cheer:
We bid to the Old year a friendly adieu,
And look to the future, and welcome the New.

We know not what good or what ill it may bring,
And yet all our parlors with merriment ring;
But then is it not a commendable plan
To grieve when we must, and rejoice when we can?

To look to the future we all are inclined,
Forgetting the sorrows and joys left behind:
Though time bears us onward incessant and fast,
Hope points to the future, and not to the past.

'Tis happiness all men endeavor to find,
But in the right manner so few are inclined:
If aught can make Earth like the regions above,
It must be through goodness, and friendship and love.

Then let us not weary in doing what's right,
And work while it's day, ere cometh the night,
And facing the future without any fear,
We'll welcome with gladness the Happy New Year.

RAMBLES IN EUROPE.

By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D. (Cynonfardd).

The large increase in the number of tourists to the winter resorts of Southern France is evidence of the genial climate and pleasant surroundings. The nobility of Europe and the royal democracy of America crowd the well-equipped hotels of the Reviera every winter. Last year when I was there, Her Majesty Queen Victoria, and the Princess of Wales with her two daughters were visiting at Nice. The King of Sweden was stopping at the same hotel as our party at Cannes, when on our trip to Rome. In the next corridor to the King's was a shoe merchant from Cleveland, Ohio, and a school teacher from Illinois. Not far away, under the same roof, was a Welsh preacher from Pennsylvania! Per-

haps we had as many good angels visit us during the night as the King had. We were not introduced to either King or Queen. Nice is a city in the south of France, the chief town of the department of Alps Maritimes, and previous to 1860 was the capital of the township of Nice (Nizza) in the kingdom of Sardinia. It occupies a fine position at the mouth of the river, or rather stream, Palion, which is almost dry during the summer months, and which after a course of 20 miles enters the northern end of the Baie des Anges. A steep isolated limestone hill 315 feet in height, running back some distance from the shore forms the ancient part of the town, around which the several parts of the town have been formed. Formerly this hill was crowned by a castle or citadel called Mont Albano, for ages deemed impregnable, but was taken and demolished in the reign of Ann, Queen of England, by the Duke of Berwick. This hill is to-day laid out as a public pleasure ground, or a garden planted with aloe, cactus, agave, palm, &c. The town is somewhat in the shape of a triangle, with the base towards the sea.

The Casino.

The Old Town and the New are built of stones; but the streets of the old are mean, narrow and dirty, while the houses of the latter are far more handsome, modern, and painted in fresco. There are two fine squares, one of them surrounded with porticoes; adjacent to the other is a raised terrace which serves as a defence against the sea. One of the suburbs is called La Croix de Marbre (the Marble Cross) known also

by name of the English quarter, where the English visitors generally reside during the proper season. This is divided from the town by the river Palion (or Paglione in Italian). This part is also beautiful, the houses painted in fresco, and surrounded with beautiful gardens, in which lemon and oranges are conbergamots, which make a most beautiful appearance. The Old Town stretches along the western base of the hill; the town of the 18th century occupies the ground further west; beyond the stream in a north-east, north and western direction, lie the ever-growing quarters of the modern city. The whole frontage

Statue of Columbus.

spicuous. The town is situated in a small plain of great beauty. Smollett, who was a visitor in the last century, wrote enthusiastically of its beauty and charm. Everything seemed to him enchanting, all the neighborhood one continuous variety of gardens, and the scenery bewitching; nothing to be seen around but gardens full of green trees loaded with oranges, lemons, citron and

of Nice is a fine embankment. The Quai de Ponchettes continues westward, and becomes the Quai de Midi as far as Pont des Anges, which crosses the Palion. On the other side of the stream is the Promenade des Anglais. After crossing the Pont des Anges we arrive at a pier projecting into the sea, containing a crystal palace and a sea-bathing establishment, called also "The Ca-

sino." The Promenade des Anglais extends a mile along the shore from the right bank of the Palion, near the Casino, and is skirted on one side by elegant villas and hotels. The walks and rides of the neighborhood are very agreeable, with white stuccoed houses surrounded with gardens on the slopes of hills, which have a picturesque appearance. The chief public buildings are the Cathedral, Notre Dame Church, National Museum, Art Gallery, Library, Observatory, and the Casino. There are also two synagogues and several Protestant churches. Architecturally the most remarkable church is the Notre Dame, built by the people in 1835 to commemorate its preservation from cholera. There is a large concourse of foreign population here during the winter from all parts of the world. The climate possesses mildness and general beauty, and is considered favorable to all chest complaints, but is dangerous in cases of heart and nervous diseases. The neighborhood of the Alps and the occasional prevalence of the wind, called Vent de Bise, keen and searching, makes the atmosphere cold and frosty during winter and spring. The heat is also excessive in summer. The city is nevertheless much resorted to by invalids from other countries, and this influx greatly augments the population. The city is at its liveliest during the carnival festivities, when great fun prevails, and battles are fought with sweetmeats and flowers.

The city was founded 2000 years ago by the Phoceans of Marseilles. It was called Nice (Nike, Gr.), which means Victory, in honor of their victory over the Ligurians. The New Town was built after the treaty of Utrecht, 1713. Population in 1881 was about 66,000. The visitors are estimated as numbering 15,000 to 20,000. The modern part of Nice is very fashionable. The Casino is a beautiful modern structure, extending out into the sea. Concerts and operas, and exhibitions of various kinds are carried on every day and evening. The winter gardens are very attractive, with a profusion of palms and tropical plants. The average temperature corresponds with the average of South California. This was the birth place of the great General Garibaldi in 1807. A conspicuous statue of him is erected in the centre of the old town.

The new town is elegant. In the jewelers' windows are displayed the exhibition of pearls, precious stones and diamonds that enchant and bewilder. I saw one marked with the price 2,500,000 francs, equal to five nundred thousand dollars ($500,000.) I did not buy it.

My first temptation on embarking from the train in Genoa, Italy, was to photograph the imposing statue of Columbus, which confronts the crowd as they enter the town from the R. R. station. This was the birthplace of our celebrated discoverer. Guides delight to show us innumerable mementos of Columbus. In the Cathedral they show us the violin which Paganini played; and the seat which he occupied in

the choir. The bones of John the Baptist are claimed to be stored carefully underneath the tomb in the church. The most remarkable sight in Genoa is the Campo Santo, or the sacred camp of the dead, which we call cemetery. The streets of Genoa are narrow and crooked; but many costly and large buildings with very elegant churches are there.

AMONG WELSH INDIANS.

By Lewis Leyshon.

This little story illustrates two human traits which furnish society with considerable amusement, and they are qualities which are always human, and there never was an age probably, wherein they did not prevail; i.e., credulity on the part of one side, and its utilization for the purpose of fun made by others. One failing calls out another, if we may call the love of amusement a failing. There is an element of humor in every kind of exaggeration, and excessive zeal or attachment to any airy or superficial creed is at all times very amusing, and persons who affect such extremes are regarded with ridicule mingled with pity. Davy Davis was an old country Welshman, and was extremely patriotic, and the very opposite of what is designated Richard John Davis. This R. J. Davis represents the Welsh traitor and apostate, who prefers English to Welsh, affects English customs and failings, and likes to put English airs on, even when he is residing among his own countrymen. He prefers English at home, talks English to his children, and prides himself on his inability to enunciate the Welsh "ch" and "ll." He worships at an English altar, subscribes to an English paper, avoids Welsh society, and enjoys his fancied superiority over the native product. The prototype of this class of Welsh renegades was a certain Richard John Davis, who left Wales in the last century, and found himself strolling the streets of London with a few "dimie" in his pocket, and with little or no English. He spent there a year "excepting nine months," as his caricaturists love to express it, and returned home on a

Jack Evans.

visit, and his mother being unable to understand Dick, summoned the parson, who soon discovered that Dick's elocution was part affectation and part ignorance. This Richard John Davis became the time-honored representative of this class of Kymry, whose only claim to immortality is their perverted patriotism and idiotic foreignism.

However Davy Davis was R. J. Davis' antitype. He was as positive as Richard was negative. Having been born and bred in a little village in Carmarthenshire, and having only seen Aberaeron a few times, and Carmarthen once, he emigrated to America at a time when he actually believed that America was a New Wales full of Welsh and Welsh Indians, the descendants of Prince Madoc. He had never seen an English newspaper or an English book prior to his departure, and entertained very unfavorable opinions of the civilization that existed outside Wales. Like the Greek or the Jew, he thought all other nations were barbarians and gentiles. Next to the Welshman he respected the Jew, and he, in fact, knew more about Jews and Jewish history than he did of his own. His favorite book, like a good many Welsh of fifty years ago, was the Bible, and the next book in his estimation was the History of Wales, and in fact every book which aggrandized and immortalized the heroes of Prydain. He heartily believed all the good stories and superstitions of Welsh literature, and it never came into his mind that historians could lie. The story of Prince Arthur resting in a cave with thousands of steel-clad Welshmen awaiting the call to arms to expel the Saeson and regain the British crown and throne was to him gospel truth; and this so occupied his mind at times in his life, that he actually expected to hear the news of Arthur having awaken, and was marching on London. In his youth he had talked to old people who had visited the cave, and had seen Arthur and his men fast asleep, armed cap-a-pie, sword in hand, with their horses bridled and saddled, and ready for mounting.

One of Davy's favorite studies was the discovery of America by Madoc, prince of Wales; and he absolutely believed that the Indians were Welsh, and he had read and digested all Welsh literature pertaining to this peculiar tradition and superstition. The whole story to him was as true as Holy Writ, and he could cite authorities and supporting tales by the dozen which proved irrefragably that the Indians were Americanized Welsh; that they talked almost pure Kymraeg, and that Welsh Bibles had been found amongst them, in manuscript and printed. Davy read, studied, digested these tales until they became a part of his life, for belief and credulity is cultivated and developed by feeding exclusively on tales and fables. He became extremely partial to such traditions, and they exercised such immoderate influence over his mind, that he reached a state of historical insanity. He had lost every power of discerning be-

tween history and fables; and it was remarkable how he could read "Drych y Prif Oesau," or "Hanes y Brenin Arthur," without suspecting anything out of place. As a personal belief this would be excusable, but the annoyance was that Davy would preach and evangelize these stories as essential truths, and persisted every opportunity in asserting these ultra-Welsh views on his Cambrian friends and neighbors. In season and out of season, and in all places, Dave would unconsciously revert to Welsh-Indian questions —at work, at home, in Sunday School; and in his bardic address at the local eisteddfod meeting he would introduce this historical nightmare.

On the Fourth of July, after he landed, Coal Valley Sunday School held its picnic in Jenkins' Grove, and there was a great assembling of the tribes. All the Kymbries within a radius of five miles had made extraordinary and successful efforts to be present, and it turned out a great secular Cymanfa. But the Welsh are so instinctively and unfortunately super-religious that they can hardly hold a perfectly secular meeting of any kind since they must needs season even their most wordly assemblings with a little "crefyddoldeb." Even if they hold a meeting to take into consideration the propriety of building a township bridge, they close the proceedings by singing one of their favorite hymns, such as "O fryniau Caersalem," &c., or "Bydd myrdd o ryfeddodau." So this Fourth of July, alternately with foot-racing, quoit-throwing, jumping and miscellaneous fun-making, they sang Welsh hymns with great fervor and unction.

Reverting to Davy Davis, there was one thing that surprised him. Early in the afternoon he missed some of his best friends from the grove, and their disappearance meant a great deprivation to him, because he had none to broach his favorite subjects to, and inaugurate a discussion. Tom Pugh, Jack Evans, Tom Jones, Bill Eck, and Tom Rees were just a quorum, and were always the soul and spirit of a Welsh gathering. Davy walked around alone, and in a contemplative mood, now conversing with the minister, and again taking a false and forced interest in the games. About six o'clock Tom Pugh emerged from the thicket, and approaching Davy inquired how he enjoyed himself, and where the fellows were, complaining that the whole day had been out of joint and unhinged to him, that an unforeseen and unavoidable mishap had called him away, and that he had hastened back to be in at the death. They conversed with interest for some time until people commenced to gather up and make preliminary movements prior to taking their departure from the field of amusement. The sun appeared sinking through the tall oak trees, casting a pensive glow over the scene, and the breeze seemed to sigh with weariness. On all sides a forest of primitive wildness extended for miles; for around

the little village of Coal Valley west and north there reigned the solitude of untamed nature. Tom and Dave's way homeward lay partly through the woods, so Tom suggested that they "sole" it before utter darkness, because the moon did not show, so they started. Tom knew the thicket like a book, and he could have traversed it blindfolded, but Dave had never gone this way before; so Tom led and Dave followed. Tom rushed through, letting the branches fly back in Dave's face, which occasioned Dave to lecture him on Hywel the Good's forest laws. When they had emerged out of the thicket into a space over-shadowed by tall palm-like trees, Tom started to run, and shouted to Dave, "Indians, hurry for your life!" Tom bounded like a deer, and rushed into the thicket, closely followed by Dave, at a rate of swiftness which broke all his former records. Now could be heard most heart-splitting yells and yawps characteristic of Indian assaults. In spite of desperate efforts to keep up with Tom's pace, Dave unfortunately got entangled in some way, and was the next second sprawling. Before he had time to resume his wild career he was surrounded by a dozen Indians, with uplifted tomahawks and covered with war-paint, and adorned with turkey plumes. Dave was horror-stricken while the sons of the forest jumped and danced and yawped around. After they had pantomimed a while, brandishing [illegible] our esteemed author- [illegible]ricans was led away trembling with terror, and white with fright.

The next day was idle, and gossip was busily engaged in talking of Dave Davis' adventure among the Indians, and he was congratulated and lionized for his diplomatic ability in escaping uninjured. Tom Pugh went around the settlement with an old cracked Independence bell to call attention to Dave's heroic conduct and informing likewise that he would relate his horrible experiences in the little schoolhouse that evening. Before the appointed hour the place was over-crowded, and when our hero appeared, escorted by his many admirers, the roof was fairly lifted with explosions of admiration. Jack Evans presided, and after a few fitting remarks he introduced the esteemed authority on Welsh-Indian history. Dave told the story of his thrilling capture and sojournment for six hours among the red skins, and the evidences he had collected corroborative of his Madoc theory. He had seen the Indian at home, he had conversed with him in Kymraeg diledryw, and he had tangible proof to show that the wild foresters were real Kymries. At the close of the meeting the exhibits were exposed for the inspection of the curious and inquisitive, and many were surprised at the Indian gifts. These were an Old Edition of Peter Williams' Bible, the Sleeping Bard, and a Primitive View of the Ages. The memorable night of the capture furnished Tom Pugh, Jack Evans and the other members of the gang with considerable private amusement.

A GREAT LITTLE PEOPLE.

By T. O. Russell.

(From The New York Independent.)

)opulation of Wales is nearly n and a half, inhabiting a ter- not much larger than the f Connecticut. Geographic- is territory forms part of the of Great Britain, but it is, ost every other respect, a different country. If Wales ivided from England by a barrier of mountain or of e striking distinctions that etween the Welsh and the ı might, in some measure, be ted for; but there are no barriers between England Wales. There are neither ains nor rivers; the mountains les are in the interior. The of the Severn has formed part land for many centuries. The once claimed the Severn as astern boundary; but it is nown that even in Saxon the eastern reaches of that ay far outside of Welsh ter- and that the Welsh language not, within historic times, ı by the dwellers on its banks. lace names in the valley of the Severn show plainly that a c population never perma- inhabited it, for very few of are Welsh. The Welsh have their language and national arities intact without any as- e from nature. They have achieved, probably, the most noteworthy feat of national preservation of any people in the world; and the world at large has not by any means sufficiently recognized the extraordinary feat they have performed.

There is a great deal of mystery about the Welsh. It is a mystery how they preserved their language against that most aggressive and conquering language, English. It is a mystery where they came from, for ancient Britons they are not. They are comparatively newcomers in Wales. It has recently been proved that wherever Celtic nomenclature exists in England, it is, in an immense majority of cases, Gaelic and not Cymric. Recent philologic and historic researches have proved that a Gaelic people occupied Wales before the Welsh. Where, then, did the Welsh come from? History may be said to be absolutely silent about this; but it is generally supposed that they came to Wales from some part of the south of Scotland, that the Gaels drove them out of Scotland some time in the early centuries of the Christian era, and that they, in their turn, drove the Gaels out of Wales; but authentic history throws hardly any light on the subject.

The great distinguishing difference between Wales and England is

language. To know how very much alive the Welsh language is in Wales one must leave the track of summer tourists, and go into the country towns. In towns of four or five thousand inhabitants, where English tourists do not go, the English language is hardly any more heard than in Normandy or Lorraine; and even in the watering-places and towns that teem with English-speaking tourists in the summer-time, when winter comes, and when the tourists go, the English language goes with them, and nothing is heard but Welsh. In the large towns, however, like Cardiff and Swansea, English seems to have taken firm root; but outside of these two towns, and places close to the English border, Welsh may be said to be the universal language. Many who are only partially acquainted with Wales, think that Welsh is only the language of the peasantry and poorest classes; but this is a great mistake. Clergymen of almost all denominations speak it. Even clergymen of the Church of England must, in most cases, know Welsh and be able to preach in it; for a Welshman, even if he understands English thoroughly must, as a general rule, have his own language preached from the pulpit. Welsh sermons are preached in many places where every one of the congregation, the very young possibly excepted, understands English. No Welshman, no matter how well he understands English, will, as a rule, read an English Bible when he can get a Welsh one. It is the Church that has helped to make the Welsh language such a power and so full of vigor. The Welsh are a most religious people. Almost every one, whether Methodist, Baptist, or Church of England Protestant, goes to church twice every Sunday, and hardly hears a sermon but in Welsh. Very different has been the course pursued by the Roman Catholic clergy in Ireland from that pursued by the Protestant clergy in Wales with respect to the national languages of both countries; the Welsh Protestant clergy have done their best to keep Welsh alive in Wales, while the Irish Roman Catholic clergy have, with a few noble exceptions, done their best to kill Irish in Ireland; and they have very nearly succeeded.

The Welsh language is quite abreast of any other modern form of speech as regards the quantity of literature it contains; that is, in proportion to the number of people who speak it. There is, probably, no other language in the world, spoken by a little over a million people, in which there is so great a literature as there is in Welsh. There are in Wales about twenty weekly newspapers published entirely in Welsh, as well as fifteen or twenty monthly magazines, two bi-monthly reviews, and one quarterly. These figures are taken from a recent issue of "Chamber's Encyclopaedia." A very large number of English books of general interest have been translated into Welsh; so that a person, knowing no language but Welsh, can be possessed of a good educa-

tion, and be almost as well versed in general literature as if he knew English. A Welsh gentleman wrote recently to the "Gaelic Journal" of Dublin, stating that two hundred thousand pounds, or nearly a million dollars, are annually spent for Welsh books in Wales and England; for there are fully half a million of Welsh in the latter country, and they stick to their native language for at least a generation. A Welsh Methodist clergyman residing in Dublin informs me that there are twelve Welsh churches in Liverpool in every one of which the Welsh language, and generally it only, is used in the pulpit.

It must, however, be confessed that the magnificent patriotism of the Welsh in holding on to their national language has cost them a great deal, and has handicapped them in many ways. A Welsh boy studying to pass an examination for the civil service has generally twice as much work to perform as an English-speaking boy who studies the same branches; for the Welsh boy generally has to learn a strange language in addition to his tasks. The bilingual people of Continental Europe, particularly those in Switzerland and Alsace-Lorraine, generally know French and German, equally well, for they hear both languages spoken from their childhood, and neither of them is much associated with the idea of nationality; but with the Welsh their language is everything; it is the only evidence of nationality they have, and consequently it becomes the language of the hearth and home, generally to the entire exclusion of English. The Welsh know that their love for their language has cost them a great deal; but they seem determined to stick to it to the bitter end. The English taunt them, laugh at them, and sometimes persecute them in a mild way about their "barbarous language;" but the Welsh go on speaking it, printing papers, periodicals and books in it, and pay no attention whatever to the sneers of their English neighbors. The heroism the Welsh have shown in the preservation of their language, and the sacrifices they have made for it are simply sublime.

The Welsh do not like the English, and the English do not like the Welsh. The Welsh are loyal enough to English rule, because they know how few and weak they are compared with the English. Were the Welsh as numerous as the Irish, and were Wales as large as Ireland, and separated from England by sixty miles of sea as Ireland is, Wales would probably be an independent nation to-day. The Welsh possess so many good qualities that numbers is about the only thing they lack to make them a great people. They are industrious beyond any people of the British Isles. They are clean; they are more sober than either the Irish or the English; they are thrifty, and can live for half what it costs an Englishman to live. They are patient and law-abiding; for they are most unjustly burdened with tithes that they have to pay to support the Church of England, to

which denomination hardly fifteen per cent. of them belong. They try, and have been trying for over a century to get rid of this most unjust and onerous tithe tax; but they rarely employ any means but parliamentary agitation. The Welsh members of Parliament are Liberals; and since Home Rule for Ireland became a parliamentary question Welsh members have, almost to a man, voted for it.

There are probably no people so attached to music as the Welsh, and there are certainly no people who have, in proportion to their number, done so much for it. The Welsh Eisteddfod is beyond any doubt, the most important annual musical reunion held in the British Isles, or, perhaps, in the world. It is held every summer in some of the larger towns of Wales. People from all parts of the British Isles attend it, as well as from the Continent. Most of the singing is in Welsh; but some is in English. The very best musical artists of Great Britain may be heard at the Welsh Eisteddfod, and the crowd that attends it is enormous. The preservation of their language and the establishing of such a reunion as the Eisteddfod stamps the Welsh as a people of uncommon patriotism, ability, and perseverance.

MATCHES.

By Rev. J. Vinson Stephens.

The Silent Match.

An old adage says, that it takes all sorts of men to make a world. And this time-honored proverb is verified in the fact that we have all kinds of folks amongst us. We have the iron man, who is so stolid, solid, and sad that no impression can be made upon him until treated unto a certain state of temperament. And in complete contrast to him we have again the India-rubber man, who is all elasticity. You may turn and twist him into any shape you choose. He is a man of policy and not of principle; in fact, the latter word is not even in his vocabulary, for he always spells it, p r i n c i p a l. He is a Democrat if that will secure him an office, but a red-hot Republican if that will bring more customers to his store. Like Jacob, he never hesitates to put the skin of a goat upon his hands, and upon the smooth of his neck, if, thereby, he can dupe his feeble and blind father to give unto him a brother's blessing. The India-rubber man is a toy—a play-thing with a rattle in his head which will make himself heard more or less, according, as

one squeezes his stomach. Besides these queer creatures, there are also match-like men in the world. Men who appear to be very harmless sort of fellows, and indeed, as long as they are let alone, they are perfectly innocent and nice, but if you will begin to handle them roughly, to rub them somewhat against the grain, like matches, they will instantly grate and grunt, emitting such fumes and fury, as if they were born and bred at the foot of Mount Sinai.

"I am like a match," is a very familiar expression. It indicates an impulsive, fiery disposition, implying at the same time that one's anger is of short duration. But these men forget the fact that the effects of a match continue much longer than its own distinct existence. A match burns out in few seconds, but the fire it kindles outlives it. And the men who flare and glare at the least resistance should remember that it is of no use saying, "I am all right now, I am a bit fiery, but my fury soon subsides," when they have set the whole community on fire. It is true that a match is a small thing, but small things do much mischief. One small dog sets his whole canine neighbors a howling. In itself there is not sufficient fire in a match to roast a fly, but an idiot can set a city ablaze with it. Small things are very destructive. One old gossiper destroys the peace of a neighborhood. And the smallest and most ignorant man can ruin a church, as the silly, giddy daughter of Herodias by dancing killed the mightiest of its prophets. Before you will ever again say, "I am like a match," be sure, reader, that you are not like it, because you have kindled the fire of contention and strife in the midst of your neighborhood, which will require a brigade of its choicest men to extinguish it. The expression, "I am like a match," depends upon what kind of a match is meant to determine whether it is to one's credit or dishonor to be like it or otherwise. There are many kinds of matches. A very peculiar one is called "The Silent Match." Its characteristic feature is that it is charged by its manufacturers to do its duty silently, to light a lamp at midnight without disturbing the baby. It was invented by "Bryant & May." That couple made a silent match—a thing which John and Jane never succeeded to do. Light precedes thunder, but the noise of a match always goes before it. A friction match is like a Pharisee who blows his own trumpet before enlightening others, or like a modern lecturer, who is always his own reporter. But the silent match like the wise man lets another praise him, and not his own lips. Sow the seeds, and the gardens and the fields will make it known to the neighbors. Dorcas did the sewing, and her stitches the reaping. One of her coats protected some little orphan child from the biting, pinching frost of the bitter winter, but all the talk of the idle gossipers of Joppa did no one any good. Talk is cheap. Great talkers are little doers. Bear in mind that they ceased building when

they commenced babbling at Babel. Speech is silver and silence is gold. yet there are reasons to believe that women would make their fortunes faster in the silver than in the gold mines. Speech and silence to them are not to the ratio of 16 to 1, but sixteen to nil. It is not speech and sermons the world needs, but noble deeds and actions. The word in every age and country must be made flesh to benefit humanity. The hungry man, every time, prefers the plainest biscuit ever baked to any of Depew's brilliant after dinner speeches. When you say that you are like a match, do you mean the silent one which does its work quietly, and is known not by the noise it makes, but by the light it gives, and the fire it kindles? Before I lay this silent match aside, I will give an advice fully worth a "Cambrian's" subscription; here it is, "Keep a watch upon your lips, for as physicians find out the diseases of the body by examining the tongues of their patients, so also do philosophers find out the diseases of one's mind by it."

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

By Gwyndaf.

Heavenly emblem, full of wonders,
Sparkling as a brilliant gem—
Star of hope for guilty sinners
Was "the star of Bethlehem"!

Star of love from the beginning,
Shining on the human race;
Star of mercy, ever winning
Sinners to the throne of grace!

Star of righteousness, directing
Through the great eternal span;
Heavenly hosts to earth reflecting
Glory on the Son of Man.

Star to guide the men of wisdom
From the east to Canaan land,
To adore the prince of ransom,
With the glorious, heavenly band.

Shining star the grand orchestra
When they sang "Good will to men,
Glory to the born Messiah,
Peace on earth, Amen! Amen!

Heavenly emblem full of wonders,
Sparkling as a brilliant gem;
Star of hope to guilty sinners
Was the Star of Bethlehem.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

II.

Great care and a peculiar kind of intellectual training is needed in order to look at things in the way and in the light the ancient, the early, the savage man looked at them. We very often forget or overlook the simple fact that the eye as well as the mind of man becomes more and more developed and able to see and appreciate the reality of things. Things continually improve and change with our perfected vision and power of understanding. Nature to the early man was nearer and less distinct. He did not possess the ideas of time and space we have.

Mythology helps us to understand and follow the progress of human intellectual advancement. It shows us the fact that mind and matter were originally closely allied, and that the early man's notions were far more material than they are now. Mind was largely material in the quality of its thoughts as well as in its mode of operation. With the ages his mind becomes more and more detached and weaned from the material. His thoughts were the shadows of things, and they filled his heart with strange fears and conceits. To him things seemed nearer and stranger than they do to the civilized and the educated.

To a child's mind all things seem alive, and early man, analogically, observed and contemplated the phenomena of nature with the same childish conceptions. The mythology of all nations is the early man's interpretation of natural phenomena. It shows the way things of nature impressed his mind, and what ideas he entertained of them. Mythology was the early man's Bible, as the Iliad was the Greek Bible; and the history and the doctrines it contained were reasonable and acceptable. Every age adds its own chapter of myths. As the human mind evolves, old beliefs are turned into myths, they cease to interest as vital truths, and are no longer honored and cherished as truths.

In Greek history we can almost point out the age in which the philosophic or scientific spirit was born, because with the spirit was brought into use new methods and new words which show a great change in the intellect of man. The word "philosophy" does not happen in Homer and Hesiod, and in both those books there appears no trace of the inquiring scientific spirit. There we find the unreflecting credulous mind passively observing the phenomena of nature, and delinea-

tion in accordance with childish conceptions. They gave the impressions and notions of the child-mind; but there is no attempt to inquire, to philosophize. In the mythic period mind is passive; in the philosophic or scientific it becomes observing, active, striving after meanings, desiring to know the how and the why, comparing things, analogizing and reaching new conclusions. As Cicero says, the philosopher looks into nature inquisitively, diligently questioningly (naturam studiose intueretur). Philosophy loves inquiry; superstition and credulity hate science. The mythical period has been fittingly called the age of unreflecting belief, the opposite of the state of mind which the apostle commends, viz. to prove all things. The mythical mind lacks the inquiring, the scientific tendency, and, therefore, it dreams and becomes satisfied with its own illusions and hallucinations; whereas the philosophic tests and proves. Minds as well as religions which fail to adopt philosophic or scientific culture must either stagnate or degenerate, for civilization and progress advance on the vital lines of knowledge and science. As we said before, mind and matter were nearly allied, and the dawn of science was a kind of mental twilight. The philosophy of the earlier Ionic naturalists was Hylozoism, i. e., the doctrine of the immediate unity of matter and life. Life to them was material, and a concomitant of life was life itself. Breath was life. They had no knowledge or conception of the spiritual. All their terms for spiritual existence or attributes were materialistic. Their "spirit" was mere "breath."

Thales, the first Greek philosopher known to history, and his followers, understood water to be the original source of all things. As plants and animals were moist when alive, dried and withered when dead, observing this fact they naturally held that the principle of life was moisture. This was based on partial observation. This may have also been suggested and fortified by the phenomena of the surrounding ocean, which would intimate that the earth was a mere island itself sprung from water. Greek philosophy began with Thales, because he was the first that attempted to explain the creation of the world, and in him was the scientific tendency first manifested in opposition to the mythical form which had prevailed among the ancient poets. Ancient thinkers were generally poets, who amused themselves with illusions, not with truths.

Anaximander shows wider observation and deeper speculation, and he even anticipated some of the ideas of modern science. His original material substance is "undetermined in quality and infinite in quantity," like the chaos (rudis indigestaque moles) of Ovid or "the void and without form" of the Book of Genesis. From it the elementary contraries were separated, and heterogeneous things were created. This was done by an eternal motion which was not distinguishable from life. According to him the earth

evolved from an originally fluid
. Living beings arose by
ual development out of the
entary moisture under the in-
ce of heat. Land animals in
eginning had the forms of fish.
soul is aeriform.
aximenes posits air as the first
iple from which fire, wind,
ls, water and earth were pro-
d. This suggests the gaseous
n of things, matter being the
ensation of air according to
His opinion was that the earth
it and round like a plate, and
orted by the air. The original
tance became in each succeed-
philosophy more spiritual until
clitus speculated on fire as the
t of all substances, and as the
nal matter and cause—the near-
o our spirit. Empedocles be-
more special in his specula-
and he endeavored to account
the development of animals.
ts, according to him, sprang
the earth spontaneously; after
came animals, whose different
had been formed independently
then joined together by love.
Subsequently the ordinary method of reproduction took place. At first eyes, arms, &c., existed separately. He taught that the higher forms of life could only have been evolved from the lower. He was considerably Darwinian in his system. According to Anaxagoras, plants and animals owe their origin to the fecundation of the earth, whence they sprang from germs previously contained in the air.

The reader will observe that all these philosophers tried to account for vegetable and animal life by the natural workings of physical laws, because as Mother they believed the earth could produce everything that existed without external interference. They all seemed to be possessed by the notion that everything on earth could be evolved by natural laws from the original matter. Their conceptions were crude, and their reasonings often awkward and imperfect; yet we cannot help perceiving that they were led by some natural instinct to the great laws of modern science—the law of development.

FRIENDSHIP.

(From the French of Xavier De Maistre).

appy is he who has a friend! I
a friend, but death removed him
me, it seized him at the begin-
of his career, at a time when
riendship had become an urgent
to my heart. We mutually
ed each other in the painful
duties of war. We drank from the the same cup, we smoked from the same pipe, and slept under the same covering, and, in our unhappy condition, the spot where we lived together, was to us a new patria.

I have seen him exposed to the

perils of war, yea a disastrous war. It seemed that death spared us to aid each other. * * * The clash of arms, the enthusiasm that possesses the soul in the presence of danger, would have perhaps, prevented his cries from piercing my heart. Had his death been a gain to his country, and fatal to the enemy, I would have mourned him less, but to lose him from the perfect enjoyments of a "Winter quarter," to see him expiring in my arms at the moment when he appeared to be regaining his wonted health, at the moment when our friendship strengthened itself in rest and tranquility. * * * Nature is indifferent, she cares not who adorns with floral beauty the sacred grave wherein he rests. The trees are decked with verdant leaves, the birds sing 'neath their vernal foliage, the flies buzz among the flowers, everything breathes joy and life in the sojourn of death, and while the silvery moon shines in the heaven, and while I meditate near the sad place, I hear the cricket joyfully pursuing his untiring song, hidden in the grass, that covers the silent tomb of my friend.

The insensible destruction of life and human misery are counted as nothing in the great whole. The death of a noble man who expires, surrounded by sorrowing friends, and that of a butterfly that perishes on the petal of a flower in the cold, matin air, are parallel incidents in the course of nature. Man is nothing but a phantom, a shadow, or vapor dissolving in the air.

Scranton, Pa. CADLE.

CIVILIZATION.

By Max Norman.

There is a marvelous truth in the old scriptural saying, "The righteous considereth the cause of the poor; but the wicked regardeth not to know." The truth contained therein accounts for what we call "civilization." The righteous, or the man that considereth, is the civilized, and the uncivilized is he that regardetn not. The considerate man is always a blessing to society; whereas the inconsiderate is a danger, a menace and a disturbing agent, the cause of almost every social trouble and discomfort. He is the unfailing producer of evil and mischief. Civilization is possible only as far as we have considerateness in society. We tolerate an incredible amount of regardlessness, and even recklessness, among us; and as a people we are so inconsiderate that we actually believe that civilization is attainable in spite of conditions which infallibly perpetuate barbarism. Very often our inconsiderateness amounts to positive cruelty, and our games and sports,

which should be amusements and recreations, have deteriorated into horrors and tortures. Our foot-ball games and six-day bicycle races are the climax of inconsiderateness.

As long as we have the mental and moral elements of barbarism we will progress and develop on barbaric lines. To be intellectually enlightened is not enough—public school or college education is of very little use; mathematical or literary ability is altogether vain unless we have the moral qualification which makes us considerate. A mathematician of the highest grade, or a scholar of the first water may yet be thoroughly inconsiderate. The humane man is moral, and it is the humane man alone that may be considered civilized. He is heart and soul with human progress. The uncivilized, the inconsiderate, "he that regardeth not" is as yet animal. A man may be ignorant, from a scholastic point of view, and yet be considerate and far superior to the scholar in serviceableness to society. "The righteous (the spiritually good man) considereth; the wicked regardeth not."

Civilization owes all to this considerate class of men. Read history, and behold what considerate men and women have done for humanity. Mere knowledge and mere reasoning abilities have been used in every age of the world, as in this age of ours, to justify villainy and injustice. Great thinkers have often been on the side of wrong. Even Plato and Aristotle could with ease justify slavery. Enlightened intellects of the 19th century have argued in favor of cruelties of the blackest kind. Intellect has often lived comfortably alongside of the direst social crimes, and the cruelest inhumanity. Roman theology for ages used the intellect as its most obedient slave and lackey. But the considerate of every age have had scruples, have had uneasiness in presence of social wrongs and injustices. They have always protested against wrong and evil. Abraham walked out of the idolatry of the East, and emigrated Westward, because he felt the promptings of progress within him. He was considerate above his contemporaries. The apostles under the tuition of the Master became considerate in an age of stagnation and intense selfishness; they became enlightened, not as regards their own selfish enjoyment, but for the advancement of human life.

Intellect will not save a people from corruption—from moral death; book-education will not rescue it from wrong and barbarism; in fact it will help to ruin it the faster. Moral regeneration only can save a country. Simple social justice, or the spirit of fairness—the spirit of consideratenes—is more valuable than all the wisdom of the ancients. Advancing civilization means increased considerateness. Civilization is pre-eminently a matter of thoughtfulness. Many have observed that we are living in an age of intense individualism, when everybody is selfish and unconcerned regarding the fate of his neighbor.

It is an individual struggle for existence; an unscrupulous fight for personal success. As John Fiske says: "It is the epoch at which the predominant intellectual activity is employed in achievements which are mainly of a material character. With greatly increased power and mechanical improvements we are on the edge of poverty. Nearly the whole of this American community toils from youth to old age in mainly procuring the means for satisfying the transient wants of life." "Man is the rapidest motion and self-motion," says Carlyle; "restless with convulsive energy, as if driven by galvanism, as if possessed by the devil, tearing asunder mountains"—what for? For the bare gratification of material wants. Truly the worst form of slavery and drudgery, love of gain, and the excitement of competition as means to accomplish that aim, is absorbing the human mind. Every moral and spiritual principle is endangered in the attainment of this material object. Human beings are in extreme danger of being reduced to mere animals, or worse still, to automata. The moral and the humane are sacrificed on the altar of material progress—"The wicked regardeth not."

The sense of right and wrong has been replaced by the feeling of succeeding and not succeeding. It is not a matter of civilization, but of accumulation. It used to be a common belief that kings and princes were the cause of inequalities and poverty, but modern republics and ancient popular forms of government have shown that the lower classes can produce the worst kind of tyrants, and that the evil is not of a class, but of man. It is a question of human depravity, and the question of right can only be solved and settled by the evolution of the spiritual nature of man, and the subjugation of the personal and the selfish, viz the development of righteousness. It is righteousness that solves every social and moral difficulty. Wickedness is the embodiment of selfishness and pride, which never considers the rights of others. "The wicked regardeth not."

In France, in the 17th century, the laboring class dared to say that the three states were brothers, viz ecclesiastical, the aristocratic and the laboring; but the aristocratic resented this, and responded, "That there was no manner of brotherhood between them and the working classes. We are in a miserable condition," they said, "if that is so!" Now a class of people that so despised their fellowmen were far from being considerate, and were hastening to their own destruction. In the following century, these workers, these brotherless sons of labor, these shoemakers, cobblers, and hand-workers of all descriptions rose up, and pretty nearly annihilated those proud aristocrats who had disowned them, and disinherited them a century earlier. A writer gives us the following picture of labor in France in the time when the aristocracy denied all relationship with the slaving classes:

which shows the regardlessness, the recklessness, which prevailed among the nobility. "The poor people labor incessantly, neither sparing their bodies or souls; they labor, cultivate and harvest; they sell and bargain; there is neither season, nor month nor week nor day that does not call for their labor. They seem to be the ministers and mediators between God and life; and after all this slavery what have they? Sweat, anguish, nakedness, famine, and at last, a common ditch for a grave!" They were a class of people producing for an idle body, slaving for the sole purpose of supplying the wants and luxuries of those who utterly ignored and despised them. Their extreme poverty was the direct consequence of the regardlessness of the ruling class. This state of moral recklessness led to a frightful condition of anarchy and destruction.

(To be continued.)

CHRIST IS KING.

By Index.

Music by O. H. Evans, Mus. Doc., Marysville, Ohio.

In ages past the saints of old
In gladness of His coming told;
Through faith they saw the glorious dawn,
And from afar to Him were drawn.
Long, long ago they knew His name.
They sang and glorified His fame;
They saw the happy days appear,
They saw His throne so bright and near!
And angels wondered o'r His birth—
And joyful praises filled the earth!

O! Bethlehem, sweet Bethlehem.
Where Christ to us was born!
What light around those meadows shone!
How beautiful that morn!
The air was glad with harmonies.
And angels whispered nigh,
"Now has appeared among all men
The glory from on high!"

He was despised, rejected, and was slain,
Esteemed we not His sorrow and His grief;
We saw Him dumb in agony of pain,
We thought Him wounded for His unbelief;
We saw Him climb the weary Calvary,
We scoffed and mocked Him all the way He trod;
We saw him hanged and nailed upon a tree,
Afflicted, stricken, smitten as of God!

'Twas on that tree on Calvary
He rescued you and rescued me:
He overcame all sin and shame,
And now there's healing in His name!

Now is raised the Holy Mountain,
Now His Throne is seen on high;
Now the crucified Redeemer
To all wounded hearts is nigh!
Come! ye thirsty ones, ye hungered,
Come and leave your ways of woe;
Come to where the living waters
Through the peaceful pastures flow!

Now the feast of God is ready!
Now the gospel tidings ring!
Over valleys, over mountains,
Christ is Savior! Christ is King!
Now is life for all the dying,
Now is healing for the sore:
There is pardon in abundance,
There is joy forevermore!

FIELD OF LETTERS

December "Cronicl" has several articles discussing live subjects, such as "Future Wales," "Paul in the light of Jesus," &c. Besides, we find notes by the editor on topics of the day; events of the month; memoirs and a variety of poems.

"Myfanwy" is a novel by Allen Raine, which, if it were written in "English English," instead of Welsh, and if it had for setting an ordinary landscape, might be considered trite and over-romantic even to mawkishness, with its theatrical situations and absurd climax. But written as it is with a foreign, not to say outlandish, environment, and with a setting picturesque in every detail, the story strong in outline and free from a trace of unpleasantness, it has an agreeable effect, and is not only readable but very interesting.

"Cymru'r Plant" for December is beautiful and bright as usual, and we wish to commend its appearance and contents. Every family in Wales should take in a publication so interesting to children. Its contents for December are as follows: The Palm-trees of Palestine, the Snowdon Railroad, Tales of South America, Uncle William's Stories, &c., &c.

The Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach) was at the time of his death engaged in preparing a book on "Preachers and Preaching," which he intended publishing under the title "Gweinidog Llwyddianus Cymru Fydd" ("The Successful Minister of Future Wales"). He had written seven chapters, under the following headings:—I, "Ei Ragbarotoadau Naturiol," II, "Ei Gynorthwyon Celfyddydol," III, "Ei Waith Rheolaidd," IV, "Brasluniau o rai o Brif Bregethwyr y Byd," V, "Nodweddau Hen Bregethwyr Cymru," VI, "Hawliau Gweinidog Cymru fydd ar yr Eglwys," VII, "Ei Addylanwad ar Dynged ei Wlad," &c.

"Young Wales" for December has several articles which will not fail to interest a native of Wales, viz. "Agricultural Industry of Wales," by J. E. Thomas, C. E. It furnishes considerable information regarding farming, and lays out facts and figures which are new to many. "A Forgotten Welsh Novel" by Owen Royston is another readable paper. The other interesting articles are: "The Development of Picturesque Wales," "Gwilym a Benni Bach," "Pioneers of Nationalities," "Welsh University Notes" by the editor, &c.

The December number brings "Heddyw" to an end, and it is really a loss to see a bright publication like this disappear from among our monthlies. Are we to understand that 'Heddyw' dies not from lack of support, but from the retirement of the editor? Why couldn't it be continued under the care of another editor? This last number has a variety of articles and illustrations of interest, such as Lawrence Lowe, H. Parry's Papers, Beth a Wneir yn Mawddwy, The Defects of Bermo, &c. Insane Literati and Llanfachreth Fair are humorous and entertaining.

The December number also concludes Vol. IV. of "Wales," which will be the

last. The preface to the fourth volume is also the editor's farewell. The original aim of the editor was to make this magazine a means of enlightenment to the English-speaking parts of Wales, but he over-rated his strength and leisure. The duties of his profession calls for all his time, and this consideration compels him to abandon "Wales," as well as "Heddyw." This number contains "The Escape of Richmond," by H. O. Hughes, Newport; "Justice to the Dead Friars," by Hon. Mrs. Bulkeley-Owen; "A Lapse of Memory" by L. A. Hughes, Llanengan; and the conclusion of "The House of the Twisted Sapling."

The November "Cymru" is attractive. The cartoon is the Chapel Proclaimer. He is a character of considerable importance. His work is partly performed now-a-days by the newspaper. He used to be next in dignity to the minister. "Hanes Cymru" is continued in this number, followed by several articles which cannot fail to interest the reader, such as "Many Books," "Judge David Lewis," "Well-known Poets of Wales," "The Wizard of Cwrt y Cadno," "Cornish Literature," and several other minor papers, with an interesting variety of poems. This number is precious.

Contents of the "Drysorfa" for December are as follows: Address of the retiring editor; "Boasting in the Cross," by the late Rev. W. Ellis, Beddgelert; "The Forward Movement" by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, Cardiff; "The Rev. Evan Jones, Llandinam, with a brief history of the Wern Family," by J. Jones, J. P., Llanfyllin; "Dignity of Man" by the Rev. Owen Owen, Pentre-; "Tale of Peggy Gib" by Mrs. J. -ders; with work and move- -e denomination, reports of -on, &c. The editor for -e Rev. J. Morgan Jones, -e "Drysorfa" for the coming year articles and papers are promised by Rev. T. Levi, J. Cynddylan Jones, D. D.; Dyfed; Owen Prys, M. A.; Griffith Ellis, and many other well-known writers.

The contents of the "Dysgedydd" for December are as follows: "Paul's Gospel," by the Rev. D. M. Jenkins, Liverpool; "Michael Faraday" (continued), by T. C. Jones; "Reminiscences of Eglwysbach;" "The Duty of the Church Towards the Poor," and "Memoirs of the Rev. T. Jones, Tabor," &c., events of the month, missions, reviews, poetry and reports of associations, &c. In this number also the committee present their prospectus for 1898, wherein they promise articles by the following popular writers: Rev. D. Adams, Liverpool; D. M. Jenkins, O. Evans, D. D., R. Williams (Hwfa Mon), Proff. Anwyl, &c., &c.

The "Geninen" for 1898 promises to be interesting and instructive, and the following well-known literati have been engaged to furnish articles and papers for the January number: Principal T. C. Edwards, D. D.; The Very Rev. Deacon of Bangor; Lewis Probert and J. R. Morgan, D. D. (Lleurwg); Griffith Parry, D. D.; W. Jones, M. P.; Professor J. Rnys, M. A.; Principal Morris, D. D.; D. Lloyd Jones, M. A.; Michael D. Jones; Elfed; E. Cynffig Davies; Alavon; Ben Davies; Charles Ashton, &c., &c. The following subjects will be discussed during 1898: "Welsh Literature of the Present Century: Is it Regenerating or Degenerating?" "The Eisteddfod: Is it worth Perpetuating?" "The Welsh Pulpit: Its Influence; "Welsh Denominations: Their Characteristics." Leading writers of every denomination will express their views, and support their respective religious peculiarities.

Also articles will be continued on the lives of departed Welshmen of national fame, such as the Very Rev. Arch-

deacon Griffith, B. D.; S. R.; O. Thomas, D. D.; Ellis Wyn o Wyrfa; Thomas Aubrey; Dr. Fred Evans (Ednyfed); Monwyson; Richard Lumley; E. Wynne Parry, M. A., B. D.; Ap Vychan; Matthetes; Milo Griffith; Syr Osborne Morgan, M. P.; David Roberts, D. D.; Dean Vaughan; Cynddelw; J. Thomas, D. D.; Glasynys; B. Joseph (Myfyr); John Phillips, Bangor; T. Stephens; Dewi Wyn o Essyllt; Nathan Dyfed; John Evans (Eglwysbach), and many others.

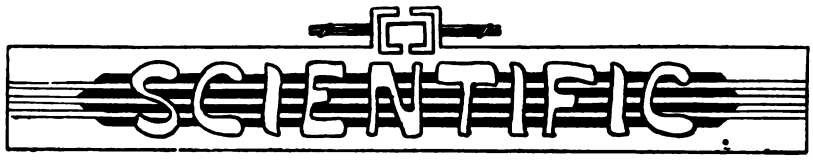
It is not every day that book buyers pick up such a bargain as that which fell to the lot of a lucky Welshman at Pontypool the other day. For the munificent sum of 4d. a volume he had knocked down to him at an auction a complete set of the Gwyddoniadur Cymreig, in excellent condition! The Gwyddoniadur consists of nine volumes, and is generally sold at eight guineas a set! This announcement will take the wind out of the sails of a well-known East Glamorgan minister, who for two or three years past has aroused the envy of his ministerial brethren with the tale of how he obtained a copy of this Welsh encyclopaedia for ten shillings.

The papermaking for Oxford Bibles is a specially important and interesting part of the work. At Wolvercote, a mile or two out of Oxford, the university has a large mill for the supply of its own requirements. A good deal of the paper they turn out here is made out of old ships' sails, the materials of which, after battling with storms in all quarters of the world, come here for the purpose of being made into paper, printed in almost every language under heaven, and bound up into volumes to be again scattered far and wide into all the uttermost ends of the earth.

This Wolvercote paper mill has much to do with the great reputation that Oxford has acquired in the production of Bibles and other devotional books. Twenty years ago and more the management hit on a valuable invention in papermaking, and ever since their "India paper" has been the envy and the puzzle of manufacturers all over the kingdom. There are said to be only three persons living who know the secret of its make, and, though the process has never been legally protected, and all the world is free to imitate the extremely thin but thoroughly opaque and wonderfully strong and durable paper of the best Oxford Bibles if they only knew how, all the world has hitherto quite failed to do so.

It is thin as tissue, but perfectly opaque, and so strong that a strip of it three inches wide has proved to be capable of sustaining a quarter of a hundredweight. Over 160 works and editions are now printed on this paper. This special advantage has very largely helped Oxford to retain the leading position which it originally gained by being nearly the first if not quite the first printer of books in the kingdom, and by the prestige of its name.—Chambers' Journal.

Literary pessimists are very fond of giving hopeless and remote prospects for the future of Welsh novelists. Yet, let the downcast in the ranks of aspirants for prose honors take heart, and remember that many English poets and authors have drawn largely from the springs of Welsh lore. Several of Sir Walter Scott's novels abound with traditions of Wales, and the "Bridal of Triermain" is of purely Welsh extraction. Then there are Southey's "Madoc," Gray's "Bard," Mason's "Druid's War Song," Tennyson's "Idylls," and Bulwer Lytton's "Harold," not to mention later stories, by living authors, which teem with Welsh lore, scenery, and description.



HOW WORRY AFFECTS THE BRAIN.

Modern science has brought to light nothing more curiously interesting than the fact that worry will kill. More remarkable still, it has been able to determine, from recent discoveries, just how worry does kill.

It is believed by many scientists who have followed most carefully the growth of the science of brain diseases, that scores of the deaths set down to other causes are due to worry, and that alone. The theory is a simple one—so simple that any one can readily understand it. Briefly put, it amounts to this: Worry injures beyond repair certain cells of the brain; and the brain being the nutritive center of the body, the other organs become gradually injured, and when some disease of these organs, or a combination of them, arises, death finally ensues.

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"Ugliness in Fiction" is discussed by Ian Maclaren in the current number of "Literature." He protests against "books which swear on every page, and do the other things on the page between. There are such things as drains," he says, "and sometimes they may have to be opened; but one would not for choice have one opened in his library." And again, "Why should the artist in life (the novelist) forsake the quest of the perfect and the beautiful, wrought out often through poverty and agony, and spend his skill on what is loathsome and disgusting? Is he not also bound to the service of the ideal, and is it not his function to fling out before us that model of high character and living which we all have imagined, after which we all strive, but which we can not express; or is it that the canon of beauty which guides the sculptor and the painter has no authority over the novelist, and he alone of artists has the liberty of deformity?"

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PLUCKING GEESE ALIVE.

It will be a surprise to a great many people who are getting their appetites ready for the savory Christmas goose to learn that the practice of plucking geese alive still obtains in some parts of the country, especially in Lincolnshire, England.

Divers opinions are entertained with regard to the process. Some persons hold it to be cruel, while others think otherwise. The task is invariably allotted to a man who is known as a goose-puller. His mode of procedure is to say the least, effective. Having caught his goose, he tucks the head of the captured bird under his left arm, and forthwith proceeds to the laying-on of hands. The plucking is performed in an expeditious manner, and in a short time the bird is set free, shorn of feathers on breast, sides, back and top of the wings. The effect is not pleasing to the eye, and detracts from the beauty and symmetry of the bird. Its advantage, however, is said to be that by the time it is ready for the poulterers it has increased two pounds in weight.

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NATURE AND SCIENCE.

Cotton-seed waste, which a generation ago accumulated at the ginhouses, filled up the streams, rotted in the fields, and became an irritating nuisance, is now worth about thirty million dollars a year. Every bale of cotton leaves a legacy of half a ton of seed, which, it is said, brings the planter nearly as much as his cotton. The

oil is used for finer grades of soap, as a substitute for lard, and is so near olive oil that an expert can hardly detect the difference. The hulls are fed to cattle, make an excellent fuel, are valuable as paper stock, and when burned, the ashes make a fertilizer which is most efficacious. It has recently been discovered that cotton-seed oil, with the addition of eighteen per cent. of crude India rubber, makes an imitation which cannot be distinguished from the genuine rubber.

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The whole population of the Hawaiian islands at the last census was 109,020, and their annual appropriation for the care of lepers is about $150,000, which makes a very heavy burden for such a small country. But they stand well repaid for the liberal and advanced way in which they have dealt with the matter, as results show. For it was a delicate and perplexing problem, one demanding an immediate solution, and one whose solution was to decide largely the future of the nation.

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MONEY FORGED BY A BLACKSMITH.

Tacoma once had a mint that coined all the money in circulation where the City of Destiny now stands, and it did not require the flat of Uncle Sam, the silver of Idaho, or the gold of California to make the pieces from Tacoma's mint pass current among the Indians, and the few hardy pioneers that were blazing the path of civilization through the forest on the shores of Commencement Bay.

Back in the early seventies the Tacoma Mill Company, not being able to handily secure gold and silver for use in trading with and paying off the Indian laborers and early settlers, hit upon the novel plan of issuing their own currency, and to this end set their blacksmith at work to fashion for them, out of scraps of iron and brass, pieces of money, or rather tokens, which could be used as a circulating medium. The pieces consisted of 40 and 45 cent iron tokens and brass $1 pieces. The 40 cent pieces were about an inch in diameter, and the 45 cent pieces were about the size of the present silver half dollar. The $1 piece were oval in shape, about an inch and a quarter long, an inch wide, and a sixteenth of an inch in thickness. These pieces were stamped with the figures showing their value, and readily passed current all over the country tributary to the mill.

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The economists and the statisticians are beginning to cry out in alarm. They calculate the population of the earth at different epochs, deduce the annual increase, and, going on from this, find by a simple example in proportion the number of persons that the world should contain at a given future date. This done, they estimate the area of ground necessary to support one man, and soon are able to assure us that in four hundred years the population of the globe will be so dense that the earth can no longer nourish its inhabitants, and that hundreds of millions of human beings must die yearly of hunger. They nevertheless find a correction to this sad prophecy in the thought that the successors of M. Berthelot may have discovered by that time a means of manufacturing nutriment chemically. Bread, meat, vegetables will then be only a distant memory, and a dinner menu will be made up somewhat as follows: a small tablet of nitrogenous matter, pastilles of fatty material, a little sugar, and a bottle of seasoning—all pure and free from microbes. And then, when the nourishment of man is no longer a daily problem, when we are no longer forced to ask humbly of God our daily bread, the earth will become a vast garden

watered by subterranean streams raised to the surface, and the human race will live in the legendary abundance of the Golden Age.—Cosmos.

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MANY VERSUS ONE.

Some curious reflections are induced by a consideration of the germ theory of diseases, which the learned author admits. When a brahmin of great holiness was shown the inhabitants of the water, which he had long been accustomed to drink, a powerful microscope being used to reveal them to his appreciative eye, he broke out into loud lamentations at the sin often repeated under which he lay of taking innumerable lives, all equally sacred according to his creed. An American can imagine the colleagues of His Highness Sir Bhagvat Sinh Jee once he has demonstrated to them the various bacilli, micrococci, microbes and other living and automobile things which may be vegetables, and then again may be animals. He falls sick of something which has a lot of wriggling specimens in it, like the comma bacillus which Dr. Koch discovered in Asiatic cholera. "If the attack be permitted to run its course, even to a fatal termination," the native scientist can be imagined as reasoning, "but a single life will have been lost; while, should we dose him, we shall have murdered all those innocent bacilli—and we have no desire to be pariah dogs in our next transmigration." The dilemma seems complete.

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ABOUT SLEEP.

It was at one time supposed that in sleep the brain was richly charged with blood. How that supposition can ever have arisen we confess we do not understand, but we assume that the theory was that a kind of paralysis overtook those who were wrapped in sleep. This is now confessed to be an error. Sleep ensues when the brain is largely denuded of blood, when cerebral anaemia is established. To partly empty the brain of its blood-supply, to keep the head cool, the body sufficiently warm, and to send the blood rather to the lower extremities—this is the physical problem of the sleepless. It is interesting to note that during sleep a great number of the bodily functions continue quite normally without interfering with sleep itself, and therefore sleep is not so like death as some of the poets have imagined. Man asleep is not so profoundly different from man awake; the two chief points of difference, however, being these, a greater indrawing of oxygen and exhalation of carbonic acid, and a complete vasomotor rest. The bedroom and the state of the occupant (assuming the absence of external noise) are the chief factors in the problem. The sleeping-room should be airy and cool, never, for adult persons, reaching a higher temperature than 60 deg., though young children need greater warmth. The head should never be under the sheets, but exposed and cool. The feet should be kept warm by a little extra clothing at the foot. With a heavy sleeper there should be no thick curtains, but with a light sleeper curtains are essential, as sunlight plays upon the optic nerve, and rouses that attention which it is the one object of the sleeper to keep in suspended animation. The bed should never be between fireplace and door, or it catches the drafts, and it is more dangerous and more easy to contract a chill in bed than in the daytime, the specially chilly period being about 3 A. M.—Spectator.

There are 46,000 Welsh people in London. It is said that 28,000 of them speak Welsh, that 8,000 of the latter attend Welsh churches and chapels, and 5,000 attend the English causes. Four Welsh missionaries work for the London City Mission, and during 1895-96 they paid 3,584,023 visits and calls.

Several Nonconformist ministers in England and Wales, it is reported, have recently received circulars offering to confer American degrees upon them at the following prices: D. D., 21p.; LL.D., 20p.; Ph. D., 16p.; M. A., 12p.; B. A., 10p.; Mus Bac, 10p.; Mus. Doc., 16p.; B. Sc., 10p.; B. D., 10p.

It is very often the case that teachers forget their own lessons, preachers their own exhortations, and even bishops need to be reminded of the cardinal truths of the gospel. Some time ago Bishop Owen's coachman forgot to light his carriage lamps, and while driving his lordship home was arrested by a policeman. Not only was the coachman inexcusable, but the Bishop should have enforced the old saying at the threshhold of Biblical studies, "Let there be light!" Doing evil, we are not under grace, while there is a cop around!

As regards the small holdings in Wales proper, there are 1,095 of one acre, and 12,179 under one acre, a total of one acre and under of 13,274. From one to five acres, there are 35,633, from five acres to 20 acres 211,267, from 20 acres to 50 acres 423,757, and from 50 acres to 100 acres 749,465, from 100 acres to 300 acres 1,238,569, from 300 acres to 500 acres 142,925, from 500 acres to 1,000 acres 32,188, and above 1,000 acres 3,925. The total number of holdings in Wales is 2,838,359. The largest number by far are those holdings from 100 to 300 acres, which really represent the pastoral farms of Wales.

"It is surprising," says a writer in "Young Wales," "how little fruit-growing is cultivated in the Principality. The orcharding in the twelve counties, according to latest returns, amounts to only 3,677 acres. Anglesey is the least with 12 acres, and Breconshire highest with 1,215 acres. Small fruit is grown upon 1,215 acres. Radnorshire is the least with 6 acres, and Denbighshire highest with 557 acres. And as regards market gardens, there is a total of 1,520 acres, the lowest being Anglesey with 7 acres, and the highest being Denbigh and Glamorgan with 605 and 614 acres, respectively."

In the following picture by the late Rev. Kilsby Jones we have the true philosophy of life and health. Nature is as necessary to our bodies as grace to our souls. "Our progenitors," says he, enjoyed many advantages. They inspired the purest oxygen from morning to night, and from night to morning, for their houses were far enough from being air-tight. Plain and coarse as their fare undoubtedly was, they who lived on it were enviable pictures of rude robust health. The arms of the servant girls which did their share of field work, were always bare except on

Sundays and holidays, and they were stout enough to serve as legs to their puny sisters who dwell in our crowded cities and manufacturing towns, while their white teeth, rosy cheeks, pink lips, and carrot-colored tongues offered few inducements to the apothecary to settle among them. They had plenty of light and air, without which nothing living can thrive."

The clerical fight in St. Asaph is a resuscitation of the old struggle between the "one man" idea, or "boss rule," as we would call it in the States, and the vox populi. If the bishop had consulted the rights and interests of the Welsh people, things would have taken another course. Briefly summarized, the grievances against his lordship are thus stated:—(1) The promotion of monoglot Englishmen to high positions and the most desirable livings in the Church; (2) the element of favoritism or personal considerations that are conspicuous in the appointments; (3) the ignoring of the curates of the diocese, and the promotion of clergymen from other dioceses to coveted positions, such as the vicarchoral of St. Asaph; (4) his autocratic treatment of the clergy, and the evident disposition he manifests to mark his displeasure upon those who incur it.

Bishop Edwards does not believe in the advisability of having clergymen chosen by "popular election." In reply to an inquirer, his lordship said:—"I should be fully prepared to give parishioners a recognized channel through which their voices might be made known to the patron of the living. I am not in favor of giving the selection of the clergyman absolutely to the parishioners, or to the communicant members of the Church. In the few parishes where such a right of selection exists it can hardly be said to have met with such success as would justify its extension."

Darwin's theory of evolution has received new and totally unexpected confirmation. The Welsh denominational press asserts that none but the children of poor parents enter the Welsh Nonconformist ministry. That is the first step. The sons of these ministers, says the same authority, invariably seek pastorates in England, or English pastorates in Wales. That is the second stage of development. The children of these, again, take the final step on the upward ladder by joining the decried Mother Church of England. Thus do Science and Revelation—as exemplified in the Welsh pulpit—go hand in hand.

The number of livings in the patronage of the Bishop of St. David's is 150, while those in the gift of St. Asaph are 114. The Bishop of Bangor has 80, while those in the hands of the Bishop of Llandaff, including the thirteen in St. Asaph, are only 74. Llandaff, in addition, it is true, presents to one living alternately with the Archdeacon of Llandaff, and five more alternately with the Crown. If the law of proportion, so far as population is concerned, were observed, the Bishop of Llandaff ought to have in his gift some 209 livings in order to be placed on a level with the other Welsh bishops.

Judge and jury affairs at Cardiff remind an old Breconian of a peculiar case in Brecon many years ago, when they hanged men for sheep stealing, and did it frequently too. In this case the judge summed up dead against the prisoner, but, to everybody's surprise, the jury promptly returned a verdict of "Not guilty." Talking with the sheriff that night, the judge remarked that it was a singular verdict, and the sheriff replied, "I said as much to the foreman an hour ago, and he exclaimed, 'Why, man, prisoner is the best ball-player we have, and if we lost him Radnorshire would have licked us hollow next match.'"

A Birmingham musical critic writes: —"It was with deep sorrow I learned of the death of the great Welsh conductor, Caradog. I had heard much of the man, for he has a reputation all through the Midlands, but it had never been my pleasure to see him till some two years ago on the occasion of the Dr. Parry Memorial Concert. What a shout went up as he stepped on to the platform, and every singer's face shone with enthusiasm. With what ease and vigor he swept along the combined choir, brass, strings, and voices, in that grand military chorus from 'Faust.' I felt sorry Charles Gounod was dead, and not there to listen to this superb rendering of his music. When it was over, I stumbled out, my bosom aflame with military ardor. Fortunately for me, there was no recruiting sergeant about, or I should most certainly have joined the militia."

The "Tennyson Society of Philadelphia," when in 1869 they sought from the English poet-laureate his consent to use his name, elicited from him the following interesting letter, which appears in the recent volume of Lord Tennyson's life and letters:—"Dear Sir, You have done me honor in associating my name with your institution, and you have my hearty wishes for its success. Will the following Welsh motto be of any service to you? I have it in encaustic tiles on the pavement of my entrance hall! 'Y gwir yn erbyn y byd' (the truth against the world). A very old British apothegm, and I think a noble one, and which may serve your purpose either in Welsh or English. Your letter arrived when I was away from England, or it would have been earlier answered.—Believe me, yours truly, A. Tennyson."

Good Hebrew scholars, it is said, are few and far between in England as well as in Wales. Latin and Greek are common enough, and in some places in Cardiganshire these languages are spoken by men breaking stones on the roadside. Hebrew, however, so it is stated, is very scarce, and men like the new Dean of Llandaff are a curiosity. It is said of him that he knows his Hebrew Bible as he knows his English, and can quote Moses and the prophets with the ease of a Calvinistic Methodist Sunday School teacher, quoting his Welsh Bible or the Cyffes Ffydd.

Quite an unexpected figure has cropped up in Chancellor Davey as the new dean of Llandaff. It is curious that gossip has been quite persistent in insisting that Dean Vaughan's successor would be found among Archdeacon Bruce, Chancellor Lias, and Canon Thompson. If any one characteristic more than another tended to make Dean Vaughan an idol of the public it was his extreme kindliness and courtly geniality. Happily, these are the qualities for which Chancellor Davey is renowned at St. David's, and almost worshiped by all Lampeter men.

The "Inglis Cos" in Welsh communities can be easily explained and accounted for. It is founded on weakness, and developed through a spirit of subserviency or obsequiousness. This is its "modus operandi." If an English-speaking man appears among them, a sudden uneasiness springs up among the descendants of Richard John Davis, and there is an immediate movement to have an English sermon just for the dilectation of an exception! An English Sunday School must be started to accomodate half a dozen Anglicized Welsh children. If the minister thinks he can preach English, a part of Sunday must be devoted for the purpose of airing that fact!

Mixing the metaphors is often done in the pulpit as well as on the platform. Said a Swansea preacher in his sermon one Sunday night, "If you do this, dear

friends, you will leave footprints on the sands of time pointing heavenwards." This mixing of metaphors is often met with in our best poets. I suppose the Welshman has more metaphors than he knows what to do with. Some of our best hymns are spoiled with too many of them. D. Charles, viewing his earthly career from the hills of Caersalem, must need describe his position as "sailing on oceans of tranquility!"

It is said that the Roman Catholics have not a single Welsh place of worship in Wales. Now that they have transformed the inside of St. David's, Cardiff, into the likeness of an ancient British sanctuary, it is to be hoped that they will occasionally introduce also the ancient British tongue, so as to wipe away the stigma. The Welsh can never be Anglicized or Romanized as long as the Welsh language is slighted. The language in which Adam and Eve conversed is good enough to pray and preach in. The gospel was foolishness to the Greek, and a stumbling block to the Jew; and it is a rock of offence to the Welsh as long as it is preached in a foreign tongue. Kymraeg is the key to the Welsh heart.

One of the "gentlemen of England" not long ago took up his residence in Wales, and at once set himself to the task of acquiring a knowledge of the language of Paradise. His progress was astonishing. "And you really learnt Welsh? How clever!" exclaimed one of his ardent admirers some time afterwards. "Oh, my dear fellow, 'tis the simplest thing in the world," was the ready response, "for all you have to do is to add the letter 'o' to the English words, and there you are! For instance—Advertiso, bribo, backo, beto, canto, carvo, counto, drivo, fixo, engago, graduato, haulio, insulto, marko, smoko, shavo, starto, shapo, and walko!"

Preachers are heading an effective revolt against John Jones, Evan Evans and William Williams. They manage it by adopting the name of the locality from which they hail as their own. A late issue of the "Tyst" contained the following additions to the baptismal names of preachers:—Caradog, Picton, Carno, Deiniol, Gwesyn, Penar, Volander, Cattwg, Wnion, Grawys, Curwen, Taihirion, Pandy, Silyn, Mydyr, Elwet, Glasnant, Meidrym, Cadfwlch, Trefor, Smyrna, Gwenffrwd, Sirhowy, Bryn, Eynon, Elwyn, and Mafonwy! It is not unusual now-a-days to meet such names as the Rev. John December Evans, or John Eisteddfod Jones!

It is gratifying to find that practical teachers in the Welsh secondary schools are beginning to recognize that a systematic knowledge of the Welsh language is a great help to Welsh children in acquiring other languages. It is not the knowledge of Welsh, it is declared, but the ignorance of it, that proves an hindrance to Welsh students. Teachers invariably assert that they find that children who possess a systematic knowledge of Welsh make more rapid progress in French than those who start without such knowledge. Starting from a language which has so many distinctive features, the Welsh pupil is all the more likely to be alive to the peculiar characteristics of other languages. Of the 80 secondary schools in Wales 31 took Welsh as a subject in the recent examination, as many as 980 papers being sent in.

ERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Welsh people are certainly mov-
ng the various lines of progress.
ed to our national anthem, "Ben-
: Gwalia" there is a "smoker."

Rev. Rice Owen, of Aberdare, has
ppointed chairman of the Welsh
an Methodist district of South
in succession to the late Rev.
Evans, Eglwysbach.

George Mathias, father of Colonel
s, C.B., who led the Gordon
nders at Dargai, died at his resi-
Victoria Street, Tenby, recently,
age of 79 years.

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best "hit" made at a Llanelly
t for a long time past is that of
vilym Evans's apostrophe to the
e town as the coming "Burning-
' Wales."

Hon. D. T. Phillips, the American
at Cardiff, in his recent report
United States Government, ad-
the establishment of an Am-
line to Cardiff, and says that
ould rival Southampton or Liver-
a place for shipments.

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grave of J. Ambrose Lloyd, com-
f that immortal anthem "Teyrn-
y Ddaear," as well as some
ymn-tunes, is wholly neglected.
course of a century there will be
ment for a monument. Thus do
or the dead. Most of our great
e immortal but tombless. By re-
their graves we would be ac-
dging their mortality!

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have two political Ishmaels in
' says Mr. Tom John, of Llwyn-
pia: "Mr. D. A. Thomas in the South,
and Mr. Bryn Roberts in the North. We
despair," he added, "of securing unanimity in ideas of Welsh organization,
unless they imply unquestioned compliance with the ideas of Mr. D. A.
Thomas."

Her Majesty the Queen has been graciously pleased to purchase a copy of the new and interesting work, entitled "The Day Book of Wonders," written and compiled by Mr. David Morgan Thomas, J. P., barrister-at-law, and son of the late Rev. Dr. David Thomas, formerly proprietor and editor of the "Homilist," and founder of Aberystwyth College.

Principal Rhys of Oxford, has made a discovery which will probably provoke some discussion in learned circles. After years of study, he has succeeded in deciphering and interpreting an ancient Ogam inscription, which forms one of the very few relics extant of the Pictish language. Mr. Rhys's discovery will be the subject of an article from his pen in a Scottish antiquarian magazine.

Sir Lewis Morris is a great purist in language. His own English is faultless, and he rises in wrath if Welsh is assaulted. He was on the bench at Carmarthen recently, and a witness, who was describing in Welsh the effects of a blow on his father, said, "A chwedyn mi ffeintiodd" ('and then he fainted"). "'Ffeintiodd'!" exclaimed Sir Lewis, "surely that is not Welsh, and people do faint in Wales, I believe." "Some say 'pango,'" said a legal gentleman who was present.

The friends and admirers of the late Rev. J. Kilsby Jones will regret to learn that his library, which contained a valuable collection of rare Welsh works, together with his manuscripts, have been sold for a mere trifle, instead of being secured for some public institution.

"That charming singer, Miss Maggie Davies," says Mr. Joseph Bennett in the "Daily Telegraph," "has been laid up for some time through nervous exhaustion consequent upon overwork. I am glad to learn that she has now recovered her health and resumed her labors. We can ill spare a vocalist so full of spirit, and so skillful, as Miss Davies."

Dean Howell says he has no quarrel with brewers and saloon keepers. "My very best wish for them," he said, "is that they may live long, and have nothing to do!" This is better than Sir Wilfrid Lawson's reply to a question whether he was going to the funeral of a well-known saloon keeper. "No," said Sir Wilfrid, "but I approve of it."

A barrister, who has been publishing some reminiscences of the Temple, recalls the reply of Dean Vaughan to the question whether he preferred the designation of "Dean" or Master, namely, "There are many deans; there is only one Master of the Temple." Dr. Vaughan immediately wrote to say that "Dr. Vaughan is equally fond of his two titles, Dean of Llandaff and Master of the Temple. At Llandaff he prefers the former; in the Temple he responds most naturally to the latter."

Mr. Lewis Pughe, the counsel who defended Mr. Tilak on the charge of inciting Indian natives to disaffection by articles in the "Kesari," is a Welshman. He is a native of Cardiganshire, and owns a large estate at Abermaide, near Aberystwyth. He represented Cardiganshire in the House of Commons for some years, but resigned in order to carry on his practice as a barrister in Calcutta. He was one of the few Welsh M. P.'s who assisted the Rev. Principal Edwards, D. D., in launching the first University College of Wales into life.

An unconsciously humorous Welshman was found in the person of Richard John, collier, who appeared before the Maesteg Council for importing a scarlet fever case into the town. He wouldn't have English at any price, because, he said significantly, "I might insult some of you gentlemen." After some little coaxing, the Chairman got him to try the Saxon tongue, but before venturing to do so, John cautiously exclaimed, "Well, your Honor, don't 'look' at my language." The Chairman laughingly promised not to do so.

The Rev. Dr. Griffith John, the well-known Welsh Chinese missionary, has just sent home a remarkable letter indicating the astonishing change which he has noticed in that empire with regard to Christianity. Since the late war with Japan quite a revolution of feeling has, he says, taken place among the governing powers in reference to the treatment of missionaries, who are now carrying on their work under the aegis of the Government, a change unlooked for ten years ago.

Lieutenant D. E. O. Jones, of the 2nd Battalion Princess of Wales's Yorkshire Regiment, who is returned among the slain at the fight in the Rajgul Valley, was the second son of the late Mr. Edward Jones, of Velindre, Llandovery, the well-known poor law auditor for South Wales. A pathetic circumstance in connection with his death, is that last summer, after spending five years in India, Lieutenant Jones visited home on furlough, and was on the point of being married to a Carmarthenshire lady when he was called back to India.

REV. W. R. JONES, B. D.

The object of the following reminiscence was born on the ninth day of February, 1828, in a place called Esgermwyn, which was a fragment of an old palace the company which owned the lead mine close to it, built a long time ago. It is located within one mile of Ffair Rhos, Cardiganshire, South Wales. That old palace had many things of interest connected with it, still would not be worth while to mention in this brief reminiscence. It is now in a heap of ruins.

Rev. W. R. Jones, B. D.

The name of the father of Mr. Jones was Jacob Jones, who was extensively known as "Jacob the carpenter," and also as a singer. The name of his mother was Sarah Jones; she was the daughter of Richard Oliver of Pantgwyn. He was the manager of the Esgermwyn and Glogfach mines. Mr. Jones lived in that old palace till he was twelve years old. Then his father moved to a small farm, which he obtained after his own father, near Ysbyty Ystwyth, in which the family lived till they moved to America.

When he was 18 years old he left his home, and went to Nantyglo, where he staid for one year, working at his trade. Then he united with the Wesleyans. In 1849 he came to America with his parents. They settled in Milwaukee, Wis. He then could talk English well enough to travel and in connection with his work, but never attended any English religious services. The first Sunday after he arrived, he went to the M. E. church, but could understand only a few words of the sermon. He felt very lonesome. He identified himself with that church. Then he attended school in the Lawrence University. There he had a good start in the Eng-

lish language. But he was poor, and the country was new then in Wisconsin, and he knew but little of the possibilities of this country for a young man, and he got discouraged, and gave up the school, still he was a close student all the time.

At this time he was married to Miss Jane James, a sister of the late deacon John James of Milwaukee, in the C. M. church. They had eight children—one of whom died when a very brilliant boy. The others have grown, and are an honor to their parents and the society in which they turn, and some of them excel in art, science and song.

After he left college he traveled in the Wisconsin Conference for several years in the English work. He stayed his full time in all his charges, except when the church remanded him to some other place; and he received a call to several places where he had been for three years. By this time his health began to fail, and he with his family moved to Nebraska. His health recuperated; he worked hard in that new country; he had perfect success in all his ministry. He spent 38 years in the effective work, ten of which were spent in the important office of a Presiding Elder. Five years ago last fall, when he finished his full term on the Hastings District, on account of the health of his wife and some of his children, he took a superannuated relation to his Conference, and moved with his wife, and some of his children, to California, where they live in Pasadena, enjoying a reasonable good health.

Caradoc, one of the most distinguished pioneers of Welsh choral supremacy, has been called to his rest. Though long expected, the end has come as a severe shock to thousands of Welsh men and women, whose hearts have been wrung with grief by the knowledge that one of the most beloved figures in Welsh musical history will no longer aid, with the inspiring influence of his intense enthusiasm, in developing the musical talent of his loved country. "Caradog is dead" was the sad message which thrilled the entire nation December 4; which later caused the hearts of thousands of our compatriots in America to throb in sympathetic response; which, when it reaches many brave Welshmen engaged in distant lands and upon far-off seas will cause them to weep tears of sincere regret. The veteran conductor breathed his last at his residence, Brynhyfryd, Pontypridd, at about half-past six on Saturday evening, December 4.

In August, 1893, Caradog accompanied by Mrs. Jones, paid a visit to America in order to be present at the Great World's Fair Eisteddfod. His reception at the hands of admiring compatriots in the States was of a most hospitable and enthusiastic description, and it was in after years very interesting to listen to the dear old veteran as he related the experience of that memorable visit. A most interesting souvenir of the voyage is the diary kept by Mr. Jones, especially as it shows his keen powers of observation, and sense of humor. The incidents he relates are full of charm.

The following is Ap Daniel's translation of W. Cadle Jones' lines in memoriam of the late John Powell, Dunmore, Pa.;

O! how the thought doth fill the heart with gloom,
That one friend more is locked within the tomb:
Oft, led by Grief, we'll visit yonder mound,
Where, calm in sleep, his mortal frame is found:
We'd love to view that cheerful brow once more,
Which oft was balm to bosoms sad and sore.
But ne'er shall we his face see here again,
A fact that, sword-like, cleaves the heart in twain:
His speech was quickly turned to silence pale,
His lips were sealed in Death's tempestuous vale:
But, "son of peace," although thy tongue is tied,
Thy virtues will above thy grave abide
He was a father kind, and true of word,
Around his door Want's cry was never heard:
By watchful care he kept the wolf away,
And heaven with mercies blessed him day by day.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE DEATH OF DAUDET.

the death of Alphonse Daudet, ch literature loses one of its most ous sons, and Parisian life loses of its truest interpreters. Though in the provinces, Daudet stood for hat was Parisian. His spirit was pirit of Paris. He knew the every l of its life, and he had studied the s and characteristics of its people ickens studied the people of Lon- Indeed, Daudet has often been d the French Dickens.

udet had risen through the direst rty to the forefront of the ranks terary genius. In his early life he written poetry. He never reckoned to his credit. Then he was a nalist, and in the facile, graceful : of the Parisian feuilleton he was led by few. He wrote plays which successful. He wrote novels that translated into many languages, sold in enormous editions all over world. From a poor lad, starving crust in the Latin quarter, his ful pen had brought him to be the essor of one of the greatest fortunes ed by literary men, and had helped to the enjoyment of all the mate- pleasures of existence.

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WISH COLONY FOR NEVADA.

ie attention of the public is being d to a new colonization scheme in sister state, Nevada. Jews from fornia have obtained a large tract nd in Smith's Valley, Lyon County, and thirty-five families have started on a pilgrimage to this new land of promise, to reclaim it and make it the location of happy homes and an altar to the honor of Jehovah. According to reports these Hebrews have great plans for the future. Their intention is said to be to invite Hebrews from other parts of the country to join them. They aim in course of time to make the whole state of Nevada a Mosaic commonwealth, with Israelitish government and schools of their own. They want to have a legislature of Jewish Elders, and establish orthodox Judaism. This is said to be their ultimate aim and ambition.

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A CAPTAIN'S CRUELTY.

Secretary Alger has done himself credit and the country a service. Capt. Lovering was guilty of an atrocity which should have been punished by the stripping off of his uniform and his own condemnation to the pillory. He abused his authority as an army officer by inflicting upon a private soldier punishments that were almost inconceivably inhuman. For this a shameless court-martial sentenced him to be reprimanded. His superior officers have tried to suppress this reprimand by placing one copy on file, and sending the other to Capt. Lovering. Secretary Alger does not deem this sufficient, as no man with warm blood in his veins could. So he has honored himself by ordering that Capt. Lovering's punishment shall be made in some degree actual. He orders that the reprimand shall be read in full to

the assembled garrisons at every army post in the United States. This is right so far as it goes. But why should a man who has shown himself such a brute be permitted longer to wear the uniform of a civilized country?

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A general treaty of arbitration is being negotiated between Brazil and France. It provides that all boundary disputes between the two governments shall be submitted to a condition for settlement. It has already been approved by the Brazillian Senate, though there was some opposition. There is no doubt that it will be finally confirmed by the Brazillian Congress in February. Thus international arbitration makes a gratifying and encouraging advance.

"Autonomy" sounds well enough, but it is easier said than done. Cuba is perfectly ruined. The larger cities are under martial law, and the country people have been gathered in the concentraciones by Weyler's orders. Thousands are thus cooped up in huts of palm-leaves, and the fever has full sway. All the haciendas are destroyed, the tobacco fields are ruined, the sugar-cane is rotting on the fields or has been burned, since Weyler prohibited harvesting because the haciendados paid a tribute to the rebels for the privilege of gathering their cane. Men and youths have gone in large numbers to join the rebels, if not from patriotism, at least to escape the pangs of hunger. Here the bayonets of the Spaniards—there the fanatical insurgent leaders. How, then, is the populace to vote on autonomy and the new constitution?

TOO MANY MINISTERS.

We often hear the cry of "too many ministers." With equal propriety might the cry be raised that there are too many doctors, too many lawyers, too many farmers, too many tradesmen, too many manufacturers, too many teachers. For there are in every department of life an immense number who are either without employment or who are working on an insufficient salary. It is estimated that there are to-day more than a million able-bodied men in this country, ready and anxious to work, who can find no employment; and if we include the women also who feel the need and want the work, the probability is that there are from two to three millions of unemployed. Of course in such a condition of things there are necessarily some unemployed ministers.—Christian Observer.

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TWO TO MAKE A BARGAIN.

The conference at Washington between the representatives of our Government and those of Canada has been fruitless so far as any positive action is concerned. This is not strange when we consider that Canada can make no treaty, as such function appertains to the British Government, and that Canada has little to offer us in the way of reciprocity. One point gained is the practical acknowledgment by the Canadian sealing experts that Canada's pelagic fishing in the Bering Sea is destructive of the seals and threatens their extermination. It takes two to make a bargain, and so skilled a diplomat as Sir Wilfrid Laurier will not have the wool pulled over his eyes. As for the reciprocity which Canada would favor, it is doubtful whether the President and the Senate could accord these privileges without the consent of the House. The reciprocity provision in the Dingley act is an inconclusive and immature affair, without elasticity, and scarcely acceptable to any of our neighbors. The statesmen who planned it seem to have determined to eat the cake and retain the penny, to expedite our exports while keeping down imports, and that policy, however it may

commend itself to Americans,meets with no favor whatever abroad.—The Ledger (Ind. Rep.), Philadelphia.

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Count Badeni and his cabinet have resigned to avoid bloodshed, and Baron Gautsch, who is more popular with the Germans, has taken the office of Premier. This, however, is not the only important news from Austria. Europe is congratulating itself that at last a strong man has made his appearance, outside of Russia, who is willing to use all his resources against the Turk. The Sultan undertook to punish, after Turkish methods, the agent of the Austrian Lloyd's at Mersina, for giving to some Armenian refugees cheap passage on the company's ships. Upon this Count Goluchowski, the Austrian foreign minister, interfered. He ordered Baron Calice, the Austrian ambassador at Constantinople, to demand full redress for this outrage, and the immediate payment of a railway debt of $1,250,000. The demand was backed up by war-ships at Mersina, and the Sultan was forced to yield. He saluted the Austrian flag with military ceremonies. He discharged the governors of the provinces and the city, and he ordered the debt to be paid at once. All this has come upon European diplomacy like a fresh and invigorating breeze. After all these months of pusillanimity on the part of the six powers, one man has brought the Sultan to his knees, and has shown, as the "Spectator" says, that the "assassin" is a "sovereign whom Europe endures, but who cannot resist by force any reasonable demand which a first-class power is prepared to support with shot and shell."

The governor of Georgia has sensibly vetoed the anti-football bill passed by the legislature of that state. He was requested to veto it by the mother of the young man whose death in a football game caused the passage of the bill. She told the governor that football was her son's favorite game, and he would not wish it abolished could he be consulted. Besides, she added, two of her son's schoolmates recently met accidental deaths, one by falling over a precipice, and one by falling down stairs, and she thought it would be as sensible for the legislature to abolish precipices and stairways on account of these deaths as to abolish football.

THE END OF THE SIX DAYS' RACE.

All previous tests of man's ability to cover long distances with the bicycle by almost continuous riding were eclipsed in the six days' race which ended at Madison Square Garden the other day. Never before has the wheel been propelled 2,000 miles in 142 hours. And never before has there been cause for greater admiration of man's physical endurance, with his new engine of locomotion.

Another thing of which America particularly may be proud, is that, in the recent contest, it wasn't necessary to go outside her own borders to find a victor. Charles Miller of Chicago is now the champion long-distance bicycle rider of the world, and next to him is Rice of Wilkesbarre, Pa. Third on the list at the finish was Schinneer, also of Chicago, while Hale, the former world's champion, from Ireland, occupied the fourth place. Behind Hale were half a dozen other riders, each of whom had over 1,600 miles to his credit.

It is fair to say that Rice was looked upon as the probable winner of first prize. Last year, it will be remembered, his final score was only 28 miles less than Hale's, and his experience and training since that time were relied upon to make him a sure victor in this race. The superiority of his record in that race over that which he made last year proved that the predictions in his favor were well founded. Rice did splendidly, but the flying Chicagoan was too much for him.

WOMEN'S POCKETS.

Ladies fifty years ago, when going on a journey by stage coach, carried their cash in their under-pockets. There were no railways opened in Wales then, and people who had not a close carriage either went in the mail coach or in a post chaise. Farmers' wives and market women wore these large under-pockets. I remember my Welsh nurse had one, wherein, if she took me out cowslip picking, or nutting, or blackberry gathering, she carried a bottle of milk and a lot of biscuits or a parcel of sandwiches, often a clean pinafore as well. Her pocket on these occasions was like a big bag. I was very proud when she stitched up a wee pocket for me to wear under my frock, out of some stuff like bed-ticking, similar to that of which she made her own big pockets.—Notes and Queries.

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MAKING A MAN FROM HARDWARE.

There was once a hardwareman who was determined to set up an image of a human being in his store window. He looked about his stock, and, finding all the needed material, went to work, and his efforts were crowned with unquestioned success.

He took the legs of a stove, the teeth of a rake, the ears of a pail, the elbows of a stovepipe, the tongue of a wagon, the nails from a keg, the fingers of a cradle, the head of a hammer, the nose of a teakettle, the hands of a cyclometer, the hair of a brush, the eyes of a needle, the bottom of a tub, the neck of a bottle, the arms from his gun department, the joints from a two-foot rule, from which he also stole the feet, the back of a refrigerator, the heel of a scythe and the cheek of his traveling man. He was a little uncertain as to the "skin," but after a moment's thought decided to give that part to the fellow next door.

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GREWSOME GOLD.

It was Oliver Wendell Holmes who said, "Some time in the future people would mine gold in graveyards," and this vividly suggests the amount of this precious metal in these ghastly places. Millions of dollars' worth of the yellow metal are annually packed and plugged into people's teeth, and many are peripatetic gold mines. Every graveyard is a Klondike on a small scale, but the difficulty would be to establish a claim. Apropos of this there is a good story, which may be true, where a humane man was rewarded for his good deeds by a kind and ever watchful providence, or by the chance of fortune. He was on his way to Klondike and found the body of a would-be miner on the road, who had died from cold and starvation. He thought to himself, "Perhaps I may fetch up in the same way, and I will give him a decent burial, as I hope for one myself." He began to dig a grave, but had scarcely reached a depth of two feet before he struck gold, solid and rich. He buried the miner in another hole, worked the first one, and was soon a rich man. All of which goes far to show that one good turn will bring another, if it is a strange one.

THE CAT'S SOCIAL STATUS.

There is no denying it but London society is "queer." Here is the National Cat Club of Great Britain giving an exhibition at the Crystal Palace, under the management of Lord Marcus Beresford, the honorable secretary, with his wife Lady Marcus in constant attendance, and the inseparable companion of the young Countess of Dudley and the Duchesses of St. Albans and Bedford, who are as cat crazy as herself. A gossipy correspondent, who knows everything apparently, says that Lady Marcus Beresford is the heroine of two elopements and of three divorce cases! What a bond of social union is the cat. For all the ladies of light and leading in London are flocking to the exhibition, and adoring Lady Marcus and her 200 cats, not to mention many other entrancing felines. It appears that these Beresford cats are kept at the lady's country place near Windsor, and it is one of the sights to see them fed in the afternoon. Three footmen bring trays of saucers and lay them out on the lawn in front of the house in rows, and every cat knows its own special place and keeps it without encroaching on its neighbor. They are all fed together, and make a splendid sight, being from all parts of the world, and of all colors, from terra cotta to Russian blue. When, pray, does our cat show come off. Bless 'em!

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THE KAISER'S ACCOMPLISHMENTS.

Many attempts have been made to enumerate the Kaiser's accomplishments, but the undertaking is fruitless, because every day witnesses the addition of some fresh talent, natural or acquired, to the encyclopaedic list. During his recent visit to the Emperor of Austria, William II. is said to have revealed himself in quite a new light. After the state banquet, when the two sovereigns and a few favored guests retired to enjoy a quiet cigar, his Majesty is said to have produced a couple of packs of cards—from his helmet—and amused the company with conjuring tricks, showing a dexterity which might have made him a dangerous rival to Dobler or Betram. We shall hear of him as a plate-spinner or ventriloquist yet.

Mr. Andrew Lang makes the philanthropic suggestion of a "Poets' Mutual Aid Society." When he himself was young and tuneful, he used, he says, dutifully to buy the works of other minor bards; but seeing that our poets are very numerous, and yet very limited editions of their books do not sell out, he is compelled to the distressing conclusion that nowadays the poets do not even read each other. How, then, he asks, should they expect politicians, workingmen and bimetallists to read them? His proposal is, therefore, that 10,000 poets subscribe a guinea a year to his Poets' Mutual Aid Society, and that there should be an annual ballot for the first hundred places for publication—the successful hundred to be published and to withdraw from the society, having had their chance. Were it not for the odious extradition laws, Mr. Lang would be happy to act as treasurer.

Mrs. Cameron's house at Freshwater, the rendezvous of many distinguished men and women, was in some sort the refuge of many whose hearts' desire it was to know Tennyson. No one she could help was ever turned away; none willingly would she have left "out of the feast of life." With Tennyson she was on terms of friendly intimacy, being in her relationship with him, as in all other matters, a law unto herself. She could and did say anything to him, though always within the limits set by high bred feeling and a heart that was never at fault. One day some American acquaintances of hers, visitors at Freshwater, went up to Farringford in the

expectation of seeing Tennyson, but soon after they returned to Dimbola with a rueful tale of disappointment. "Oh, he won't see you?" she said. "Come with me!" and thereupon, hastily throwing on her shawl she took them to Farringford, entered into the open hall door and marched them into the drawing-room, where Mr. Tennyson and his wife were seated. "Alfred," she said, "these strangers come from a far country to see the lion of Freshwater, and"—waving her hand—"behold, a bear!"

Tennyson, ever gentle with his friends, caught her direct humor and broke into a hearty laugh, receiving his visitors in the kindliest manner.

The following story is said to have been related by Hon. James G. Blaine:

"A few years ago I attended a performance of Faust at a Dublin theatre. In the third act, Faust, the lost, is dragged down into the infernal regions in a glare of fire. On this occasion the actor impersonating Faust was an abnormally large man, and the trapdoor of the stage an unusually small one. At the proper time the door separated and a volume of blue and red flame shot forth. Faust was seen dragged by a hidden power, struggling through the opening. His legs went first, and he proceeded as far as his waist. Here he stuck. Those underneath tried to pull him through, while he endeavored to get out. He could move neither way, his portly body completely filling the aperture. There was an embarrassing pause. The audience was as silent as the tomb. Then an old Irishman back in the gallery arose, and, with his eyes fixed on the scene, raised his hand and fervently exclaimed: I thank God, hell's full.'"

We take the following details in regard to Sir Edwin Arnold's recent marriage to the Japanese lady, Mrs. Watanaba, from "The Home Journal:" "The poet-journalist first met his present wife, his third, in Yokohama, in 1891, when he visited Japan with his daughter Edith. He was already, in a dilettante way, a believer in the mysteries and beauties of Buddhism. One morning Miss Edith Arnold went to the legation in great distress. She said her father had gone crazy. He claimed to have married the pretty widow of Col. Watanaba, of the Japanese Army, but, so far as she could discover, no ceremony had been performed, which shocked her European ideas greatly. Minister John F. Swift called on Arnold, who introduced him to his bride, and explained that they had been married by the Japanese method of drinking a cup of tea together. 'It is the custom of the country, and will be as binding on me as would a pompous ceremony in a cathedral,' said the poet, whereat his daughter and friends had to be satisfied."

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HOW THEY SETTLED THE CHURCH QUESTION.

A certain Governor of Rhode Island, who lived in Newport, and was a member of the Congregational Church, married a woman who was a Baptist, without any understanding as to the arrangements of religious matters. The first Sunday morning after the marriage the pair started out at churchtime together. They walked side by side as far as the corner of Church and Spring streets, where their accustomed ways to church diverged, and there they stopped. He stood with a little dogged leaning toward his church, she with the same leaning toward hers. "Well, wife," said the Governor, "which way shall we go?" She made no answer, nor did she make any sign of going his way. The Governor looked up at the beautiful spire and cheery door of Trinity Church, under the shadow of which they stood. "Ha!" said the Governor, "let's throw up both our churches and go in here!" And into Trinity they went, and were devoted Episcopalians ever after.

THE CAMBRIAN.

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WHO ARE THE WELSH?—A VOICE FROM WALES.

By Owen Morgan (Morien).

Ashgrove, Treforest, S. W.

Sir: The article on the Welsh nation, from "The Independent," of Oct. 22, which appeared in the "Cambrian" of last month, has much interested us in Wales. You have many of our fellow-countrymen in the United States, and the late the Honorable Wirt Sikes, the eminent U. S. Consul at Cardiff was always lauding their praise as citizens of your glorious great republic.

You state in your article that the Welsh are not descendants of the ancient Britons, and that the Gael inhabited Wales before the Welsh; that the Welsh inhabited Scotland before the Gael, and that the Gael drove them from Scotland into Wales, and that the Welsh in their turn drove the Gaels from Wales. This theory is based on Llwyd's article on the subject in his Archaeologia. He based his theory chiefly on the name of a river called Isca by the Romans, or Usk by the English, in Monmouthshire, South Wales. He supposed Isca and Usk were names derived from the Erse of the Gaelic *usge* (water), from which the name whiskey is derived. It is a peculiarity of Welsh nomenclature that it is of a descriptive character, and the late Matthew Arnold states very justly that in all parts of ancient Europe the Celts have left behind them local place names, each of which is a poem. It is well known to us in Wales that the names of rivers in Wales are, in every instance, descriptive of the character of the flow. What Llwyd supposed to be a name derived from the Gaelic Irish Usge is really Y Wisgi, or the Flexible, which is a description of the graceful bends of the flowing current. Thus we find that the Roman Isca of the itinerary of the Roman Antoninus commenced in the reign of Augustus Caesar, B. C. 30, is derived from the name Y Wisgi, or the Flexible, by which name the river in question was known to the inhabitants of Wales before the Christian era.

In the same article it is stated that

local place names in England are Gaelic and not Welsh. I, with great respect, deny this in toto. All the ancient local place names in England, Scotland, Ireland, and the smaller Britannic isles, are Welsh, and the meanings of those names are easily understood even at the present day by educated Welshmen. It is true the names are garbled or mis-spelt by the English of the present day. But it is a characteristic of English people in dealing with other languages, as illustrated by their rendering Usge, Whiskey, &c. All so-called English and Scotch place names commencing with Din, Den, Dun, Edin (y Din), signify in Welsh Din, a detached hill or mound. All English place names, such as Tot, Ted, Toot, Totenham, &c., are derived from the Welsh Tad (father), and whenever in England one of those affixes to a local place name is found, we always find the locality was a centre of Druidism. Tad also is the Thoth of the Egyptian priests. In Welsh Llan signifies a high place in the Old Testament sense. London is in Welsh Llandin, or the Mound High Place, and it is still to be seen on the summit of Parliament Hill, several miles to the north of the site of the House of Parliament, on the west bank of the river Thames. London is known to the Welsh generally by also the name Caer Ludd, or the fortification of Lludd, and the name Ludgate Hill on which the cathedral of the great city, called St. Paul's, stands. The Lludd was the son of King Cynbelin, or the chief Belinas, father also of Caswyllion, or the Hater of Devils, the Cassivellaunus of Caesar's Commentaries on the Gallic wars. The names Lludd, &c., land us back to a period in the history of the Welsh 55 B.C. The sacred Mound called "Tynwald" in the Isle of Man is the Welsh Twyn y Wlad, or the White Mound of the country. The Welsh name of Scotland to this day is Alban, or Sunny Heights. Our name for Ireland is y Werdd-don, or the green wave, which very aptly describes to this day the appearance—the glorious appearance of Ireland when it first breaks on the sight of the traveler coming from America. It is curious that the name of the Irish people in Welsh has no reference to the name of the country, as in other instances. They are called Gwyddelod, pronounced Gwythelod. Gwydd is the Welsh for woods, and the books of the Welsh were all made of four-sided bars of wood revolving in frames. It is hardly necessary to remind you, sir, that the English "book" is derived from boke, a piece of wood. It seems, therefore, highly probable that the name Gwyddel (singular) signifies Book Man. It is now certain that the Irish are a mixed race of Britons and Phoenicians, "whose merchants were princes." They built Carthage and their settlements on the shores of the Mediterranean, from Tyre and Sidon, to the Island of Atlantis, the friend of Venus, and to whom Atlantis gave the three mystic golden apples. By Atlantis or Atlanta is

to be understood Britannia, Greek fabrications notwithstanding. She was said to be the daughter of Jasus, who is no other than Taliesun, a title of the sun in Druidism.

It will take too much of your space to trace the connection of Phoenicia during the last 2000 years B. C. with Britain. The Welsh "Bala" is derived from the name Baal, a title of the personified sun in Phoenicia. "Pale," near Bala, North Wales, is the Phoenician Pale Mon, or the sun in December personified Old Man, and afterwards personified as aged Pan El on each December 25; but Tishri (Sept.-Oct.) first civil month among the Jews, the neighbors of the Phoenicians. Readers of Col. Conder's reports on Heth, Moab and Palestine are familiar with the wonderful Druidic remains—hundreds of Maenhirs, circles, cromlechs, &c., on the east of the Dead Sea. Bethel and Gilgals indicate still the presence there in ancient days of the Druids, and no other names than Welsh are used by every nation to describe them. The Shemetic Beth is the Welsh bwth (a small house). Beth Abara is the Bwth y Bru, by which the Druids meant the boat, symbolizing the Spirit of the mother of the sun, on the waters of the Jordan, &c.

It appears that Palestine was long a colony of Britain, long before the Exodus and the rush of the shepherd kings by way of Sinai from Egypt. Galilea is Galles, by which name Wales is still known to the French. Strabo (A. D. 21) calls the Black Sea the Cimmerian Bosphorus, and the Welsh still call themselves, not Welsh, which is derived from the name Galles, through the Latin, Wallia, but Cimmri pronounced Kimmri. Galliopolis, on the Dardanelles, means the Town of the Gauls, another form of Galles. Macedonia is Welsh, and signifies Maesydon, or the Land by the Sea. Virgil in his Æneid calls the shores of the Mediterranean Tyrrhene.

"Now, when the prince his funeral rites had paid,
He ploughed the Tyrrhene seas with sails displayed."

In Welsh, old land is spelt Tir hen. My impression is that in the Old Testament the ancient Britons of Palestine are, among other names, called Hittites, or the serpent's people, a name identical with Ophitae Petra People, the Druids!

DAYBREAK.

Thou rosy morn! O! birth of light!
O! welcome visitor so bright!
The first soft glimmer of thy rays
Inspires the earth with joy and praise.
Thou art the harbinger of grace,
Of God who shines through time and space;
Within my heart thy joy begets
Far thoughts of Him who never sets.

GREAT THOUGHTS.

Thought First: A Question of one—or two?

By a Crack Thinker.

There is something rude, crude, coarse, and even barbaric in the way the woman question is discussed by members of both sexes. I noticed in the "Cambrian" a while ago a line snugly tucked up between quotation marks which illustrates the above charge—"Woman, once our superior, now our equal." This suggests every difficulty connected with the old time-dishonored question of man versus woman, and vice versa. The idea of introducing mathematics into such a discussion, and wedding man and woman with a sign of equation! I know of no instance where comparison is so odious. The man-woman question is not one of superiority, inferiority or equality, but of identity. God said and intended they should be one. Superiority, inferiority, equality, suggest separation, which divides humanity, and brings it within the jurisdiction of law courts, which God never intended should be the outcome of courting. A law court is the very Gehenna of this question. Man-womanism is a question of addition and multiplication, not of subtraction and division.

There is an old tradition among the Jews that man and woman originally were conjoined inseparably like the Siamese twins, and that the Creator separated them in order to unite them more affectionately. They were formerly joined physically, now psychically. The eyes are two numerically, one in seeing; the ears are two, the hearing one. It is precisely the same with man and woman. This "problem" is evidently the inevitable consequence of the decomposition of the identity idea—a result of the degeneration of the unanimity of man and woman.

The great step toward the correct and direct solution of this problem is the revivification of the identity idea; or speaking algebraically, the re-arranging of the equation by placing man and woman on the same side, instead of divorcing them cruelly with a sign of equation. For illustration: a man plus woman equal to humanity, instead of a man minus x equal to woman, or woman minus x equal to man. That unknown quantity x is the very devil himself in the discussion of this question, and it needs very little imagination to behold the serpent of old, which has been busily engaged through the ages in disturbing the sexual equation. The philosophy that separates them theoretically is as immoral as the law that divorces them judicially. In fact, temporal separation is the materialization of the spiritual and affectional. The cultivation of sexual independence or individuality is ruinous

to the cause of identity, and is subversive of humanity. Hate separates the egos; love unites them. The problem will be solved by utterly ignoring differences—by simplifying the complex fractions of sexual disagreement, and introducing the identity of one-ness. This truth is graphically illustrated by chemistry. Water is made of oxygen and hydrogen; water puts out fire which both its elements separate, will feed. The man-woman controversy causes innumerable disturbances, which are pacified by true marriage. There can be no competition between the two sexes —separation and rivalry mean ruin and extinction. One eye cannot compete with its fellow without annihilating sight! One ear could not enter into controversy with its fellow, or "strike" against it! Competition in these cases would be subversive of co-operation.

Further, there can be no sexual peace based on offensive disparities, but on affectionate grounds, which is a mutual acknowledgment of each other's incompleteness. They should mutually compliment each other as complements. Women should never say with superciliousness "we-men;" nor should the men say with intent to damage "woe-men!" and "whoa-men!" as if women had been made to ruin and rule the lords of creation. Philology suggests a solution of this question because it appears that man and woman were both considered men until of late. It is said that the Welsh word "dynes" (woman) was not used until the 17th century; previous to that time man and woman, or man and wife, were called "deuddyn" (two men) without a hyphen, far less a sign of equation. Woman was never more or less than "man" among the Welsh. They were not "equals" but "chums." When the papacy prevailed in Wales the church tried so many times to have the Welsh priests separate from their wives, teaching that man was complete single; but they always adhered to their women, holding to the old Edenic orthodoxy that singleness was neither completeness nor blessedness. In some parts of North Wales, even to-day, they call young men and women hogiau (lads), and to discriminate them they say boy-lads and girl-lads.

History also supports this idea of parity rather than equality, superiority or inferiority. Adam confessed the identity of woman with man—a bone of his bone—himself over again in another ego or echo! a reproduction of his own personality, so he could love himself without the charge of selfishness or amour-propre. Polygamy is the natural outcome of the belief in woman's inferiority, because it reduces her to a fraction. Solomon had a thousand wives of all denominations, and so woman was a thousandth part of man; and so we find that he speaks of woman extremely disparagingly. He had not seen one among a thousand, for the evident reason that one was the thousandth part of one. The equation was—Solomon equal to one thousand women. Polyandry

on the other hand teaches the superiority of woman, because she is equal to several men, which reduces man to a fraction in value, Woman in such a position naturally entertains the same disparaging view of man. The one-hood of man and woman alone settles this question. Polygamy is based on woman's inferiority, and polyandry on her superiority, and divorce is a result of her equality. Love leads to and accomplishes identity; self-love emphasizes itself in equality, which breeds separation and divorce. A man or a woman that stands for equality becomes armed with his or her own perverted individuality, and commences fighting for conceited rights and serpentine prerogatives which are the diseased symptoms of matrimonial death.

RAMBLES IN EUROPE.

By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D. (Cynonfardd).

Milan—The Arcade and the Cathedral.

The city of Milan is very modern, as may be imagined from the illustrations—the Arcade and the Cathedral. This is only the entrance to the Arcade. The interior is spacious, convenient and grand. It is a happy combination of a market, department stores, refreshment rooms, and public comfort. The Cathedral is considered to be one of the three finest in the world. M. Taine, the French writer, describes it as follows:

"The Cathedral at first sight is bewildering. Gothic art transported entire into Italy at the close of the middle ages, attains at once its triumph and extravagance. Never had it been seen so pointed, so highly embroidered. so complex, so overcharged, so strongly resembling a piece of jewelry; and as, instead of coarse, and lifeless stone, it here takes for its material, the beautiful, lustrous, Italian marble, it becomes a pure chased gem, as precious through its substance, as through the labor bestowed on it. The whole church seems to be a colossal and magnificent crystalization; so splendid do its forest of spires, its intersections of mouldings, its population of statues, its fringes of fretted,hollowed, embroidered and open marble work, ascend in multiple and interminable bright forms against the pure blue sky. Truly is it the mystic candeleebra of visions and legends, with a hundred thousand branches bristling and overflowing with sorrowing thorns and ecstatic roses, with angels, virgins and martyrs upon every flower and on every thorn, with infinite myriads of the triumphant church springing from the ground pyramidically, even into the azure with its millions of blended and

vibrating voices mounting upward in a single shout, Hosannah!

One exclaims to himself, this is the true Christian temple! Four rows of enormous eight-sided pillars, close together, seem like a serried hedge of gigantic oaks, their strange capitals, bristling with a fantastic vegetation of pinacles, canopies, foliated niches and statues, of Irmensul. Light pours in, transformed by green, yellow, and purple panes, as if through the red and orange tints of autumnal leaves. This, certainly, is a complete architecture like that of Greece, having like that of Greece, its roots in vegetable forms. The Greek takes the trunk of the tree, dressed, for his type; the German, the entire tree

Entrance to the Arcade at Milan.
Photographed by Cynonfardd.

are like venerable trunks, crowned with delicate and pendant mosses. They spread out in great branches, meeting in the vault overhead, the intervals of the arches being filled with an inextricable network of foliage, thorny sprigs and light branches twining and intertwining and figuring the aerial dome of a mighty forest! Here, truly, is the ancient Germanic forest, as if a reminiscence of the religious groves with all its leaves and branches. In any event, I have never seen a church in which the aspect of northern forests was more striking, or where one more involuntarily imagines long alleys of trunks terminating in glimpses of daylight, curved branches meeting in acute angles, domes of irregular and commingling foliage, universal shade scattered with lights through colored and diaphanous leaves. A vast

rosace behind the choir, a window with tortuous branchings above the entrance, shimmer with the tints of amethyst, ruby, emerald and topaz, leafy labyrinths, on which lights from above break in and diffuse themselves in shifting radiance. A day might be passed here as in a forest, the mind as calm and as occupied in the presence of grandeurs as solemn as those of nature, before caprices as fascinating, amidst the same intermingling of sublime monotony, and inexhaustible fecundity, before contrast and metamorphoses of light as rich and as unexpected. A mystic reverie, combined with a fresh sentiment of northern nature, such is the source of Gothic architecture."

The Cathedral at Milan.

Photographed by Cynonfardd.

It is a marvel. On the apex of each of the 4,000 spires is the figure of a saint or martyr, or eminent apostle. Visitors are permitted, by paying a small fee, to climb up to the roof, and from roof to roof, until they are nearly on an equality with these "saints and martyrs;" and thus obtain an expansive view of the country. Many glittering Italian lakes, and the snow-capped Alpine peaks are in sight. During our visit into the old chapel where hangs the original painting of "The Lord's Supper," by Leonardo Da Vinci, Grimaski, the greatest living painter in Milan, was at his easel, in the act of painting a copy of the original, which is now in a dilapidated state. A wonderful piece of art in Milan is a marble statue of "a man without his skin." Argrates, the

sculptor, carved in marble a man without his skin, and threw the whole skin over the man's shoulders. The sinews of the body are to be seen; the face and form, and hair, &c., are perfectly natural; though the whole figure is quite an unnatural sight. It may leave a different impression upon artists.

Around Milan one realizes that he is in a rich and fertile country. The city is magnificent, with fine broad streets lined with palaces and mansions, full of vehicles, movement and bustle without being feverish, as the writer says, like Paris or London. It is situated on a plain, with lakes, canals and river supplying it with provisions in abundance, the surrounding country being well cultivated and fertile. Stendhal, who lived here a long time, says that the city is the land of good nature and pleasure. The people regard labor as a load to be reduced as much as possible, by enjoying themselves; to laugh, to go into the country-picnics, to get life in the easiest way. Such is the view they take of life.

The Brownings spent most of their time in Florence; but a part of their time in Venice, and this house, situated on the Grand Canal, is called the home of Mrs. Browning. It was snapped just as our gondola was passing it on a misty morning. It frequently rains in Venice. Their streets are canals, and their busses and coaches are gondolas. On what appears to us to be very frail foundations are built exceedingly fine palaces of marble. But we were assured that the foundations are

On Grand Canal, Venice—Home of Mrs. Browning.
Photographed by Cynonfardd.

solid and secure. The city of Venice is composed of a combination of small islands, 70 or 80 of them, connected by several hundred bridges. The whole city has a circumference of about 43 miles. The poet Byron thought it was a city of 100 isles.

In his Childe Harold he sings:

I stood in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs,
A palace and a prison on each hand;
I saw from out the wave her structure rise,
As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand:
A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
O'er the far times when many a subject land
Looked to the winged Lion's marble piles,
"Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles."

Not far from Mrs. Browning's house is shown the house of Shylock, the Jew, made immortal by Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." I saw the reputed house; but Shylock himself was not in.

MY ALL IN ALL.

To thee I write these wooings sweet,
My fair, my pretty grain of wheat;
Not for a day, a month, a year,
I would enjoy thy presence dear;
My love is to some purpose set,
Of deeper birth than etiquette;
My lasting love will never rhyme
With the chronology of time.

Think not of wealth, of worldly place—
A good man's love's the sweetest grace;
There's naught that beats that perfect peace
Which is the fruit of love's increase,
Then why shouldst thou, my pretty sheaf,
Disturb thy soul with unbelief;
And see but style or silly show,
Which early withers, as we know!

Now come and choose to marry me,
My sweetly pretty lilac tree;
I love thee more than tongue can tell—
My love's an overflowing well!
Be thou my Sun, and I a star—
But as the Sun not "quite" so far;
All day my sunshine, and at night
My lovely incandescent light!

: COUNTRY COUSIN AND HER CITY RELATIVES.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.

Part I.

:d in an easy chair, sat the
other. Near her stood her
lovely maiden of twenty

arling," said the mother, "I
n pass away. As for my-
mind is calm; but in the
of leaving my only child,
degree of bitterness."

ma dear," said the tearful
, "let us hope that we shall
ether for many happy

otherwise ordained my
as the reply, "I am about
your father to the better
ie Lord will be your guard-
Marvindale you have many
and in your uncle Thomas
find a kind protector."

ondly kissed her mother,
conversation ended.

Dayton had been a success-
hant in the village, and
d received superior educa-
lvantages. Her father, in
to friends, had endorsed
ders for heavy sums. This
iis financial ruin, and as
ought, hastened his death.

* * * * * *

evening. In his parlor in
rk sat Thomas Foster, the
lawyer, with his wife and
st daughters, Victoria and
He had just returned from Marvindale, where he had attended the funeral of his only sister.

"Our stupid governess fortunately has left us," he remarked. "Alice Dayton impressed me favorably. She would be a blessing to our younger children, and prove worthy of our high esteem."

"We could respect her as governess," said the wife, "but we could not consistently introduce a poor inexperienced country girl to our best society."

"Certainly not," said Victoria in a sneering tone.

"Victoria," said the father, "had you possessed the amiability and refinement of your cousin, you would not have uttered those cold hearted words. I will write to her, and I believe she will accept."

"I hope she will!" cried Maud, in the fullness of her glad heart.

"Papa," asked Victoria, hiding her real feeling, "Is Alice Dayton fair and beautiful?"

"As to that," said the father, "I will only say that you will not be frightened by her ugliness."

In moral excellence Victoria was sadly deficient. In scholarship also she was far behind. This was not owing to a lack in mental powers, but rather to idleness and love of ease. She was an acknowledged beauty, and thought that this would make up for all that was lacking

She had many flatterers, but hitherto her beauty had failed to captivate the one she mostly admired; but Mr. DeForest would soon surrender—he must be won. She was not really vicious; at times, she would be quite agreeable; but she was impulsive and passionate, and under these spells would do things wholly against her moral convictions.

William DeForest was a warm friend of Mr. Foster. His parents were dead, and he, their only child, was now filling an important position in a bank, where his father for many years had been the heaviest stockholder.

One evening, this young man was found at the Foster mansion. The mother and daughters were present, but the father was not in.

"Mr. Foster informs me that his niece from the country is soon to be one in your family," said Mr. DeForest.

"It is Mr. Foster's doing," said the mother coldly. "The girl has received a good country education. She may do as a teacher of our young children. Of course it cannot be expected that we shall introduce a poor inexperienced country girl to our best society."

"My dear Mrs. Foster, I fear that you underestimate the education and accomplishments of country young ladies," said Mr. DeForest. "Some time ago, I was in a small village in this State, and witnessed the closing exercises of their seminary, where a large class of young ladies and gentlemen of the village and its farming surroundings graduated. The scholarship they manifested was thorough. On the evening following, I met a number of these young ladies at a party, and was charmed with their intelligence and culture—of one among them in particular."

"After all," said Victoria, "they have not mingled in the best society, and of course among us they would appear awkward."

"They do mingle in what I consider the best society," was the answer, "and at that evening party, if there was any awkwardness visible, it was on the part of a young man by the name of William DeForest."

Mr. Foster now came in with a very pleasant countenance, and remarked, "I have just received a letter from my niece. It is very short, and as there is nothing in it of a private nature I will read it."

"My very dear uncle Thomas: Your kind letter received. I will arrange matters with all possible haste, so as to reach New York at the time you mention. I am not without a degree of embarrassment in view of what is before me. With the help of God I hope to give the parents satisfaction, and to be of some benefit to the dear children. At present this is my highest ambition. Your kindness to your orphan relative affects her deeply, and will never be forgotten.

Your affectionate niece."

And the father broke into a laugh.

"My dear," said Mrs. Foster, "what is there in that bit of a letter to cause laughter? Perhaps you will explain?"

I laugh at its extreme modesty,"

said the lawyer. "Here we find one of the most refined and scholarly young ladies in Marvindale embarrassed in view of teaching three young children! O, Alice Dayton!"

"What! Alice Dayton?" asked Mr. DeForest in astonishment. "Before you came in I spoke to the ladies of certain graduating exercises I attended in a small village over a year ago; and of one of the lady graduates in particular, to whom I was afterward introduced. That village was Marvindale, and that accomplished young lady's name was Alice Dayton!"

"And let me assure you William," said Mr Foster, "that your opinion of Alice Dayton does honor to your judgment."

After some further conversation Mr. DeForest left and reached his apartments under peculiar impressions. He had often thought of the charms of that village maiden, thinking that perhaps he would never see her again. Had she ever thought of him after that meeting? And in this meditative mood the young banker retired to his bed chamber.

As soon as Mr. DeForest had left, Victoria hastened to her room and gave vent to her feelings in passionate words. "I know it is wrong, but O, I almost hate her! She has already won his affection! He is thinking of her this very moment! Shall I tamely yield her this prize? No! There will be a fight. He will call again to-morrow evening, and fortunately I will have him to myself. DeForest is a Christian. Shall I do it? I know it will be a wicked thing, and my better self is ashamed of it! It is a desperate game, and I will run the risk."

The next evening Victoria sat alone in the parlor. She had taken particular pains to appear at her best. The door bell rang, and presently DeForest stood before her.

"Good evening" she said in her sweetest accents. "Unfortunately you find me alone. Papa had some professional friends to meet. Maud has gone to a party, and mamma has a bad headache."

"I find no cause for sorrow except your mother's indisposition," said the young man, "It gives us the pleasurable opportunity for a more full and free conversation."

Victoria slightly blushed, and replied: "I am glad to know that to you this is a pleasurable opportunity, and on that account it must be so to myself. Since you left us last evening I have had some very serious reflections in regard to my spiritual condition. I have lived to no good moral purpose, and I have paid but very little attention to religious things. I desire to lead a new life, and O, Mr. DeForest I want your help!"

"Miss Foster" he replied with much astonishment, "I am deeply thankful to hear from you that humble confession. Perhaps I can give you some little assistance. This wonderful change I am sure must have produced in your mind more friendly and respectful feelings toward your talented cousin Alice, who is soon to be with you. Your

father told me that she is an earnest Christian. Confide in her, and her help will prove much more efficient than anything I can do for you."

On hearing this, the impulsive beauty was not quite able to govern herself. For a moment or two the expression of her countenance was not that of an humble penitent. DeForest noticed it, and attributed it to the depth of her sorrow. She replied—

"Nay, Mr. DeForest, the human help I need must come from you alone. This interview you must consider as strictly confidential. While I have always looked upon you as a perfect specimen of a gentleman and Christian, in me you have looked in vain for those moral traits you so much admire. In this emergency I crave your assistance. Under your direction and good advice I might gradually become more worthy of your good opinion and friendship, which I would value as priceless treasures."

"Miss Foster," was the reply, "my friendship you have always had, and your honest declarations this evening merit my admiration. I would have been better pleased if your language in regard to myself, had been far less complimentary. I am very far from being a perfect Christian. I can be but a feeble guide to those who are seeking the right way. It was under a sense of my own weakness in this line that I suggested to you the name of Miss Dayton. I am sure that her abilities in that direction, as well as in many others, are far superior to mine."

Here again the young lady experienced a shock which she could not hide. Mr. DeForest noticed it, and to his astonishment he thought that for a moment he saw on her countenance a flash of anger.

"Miss Foster," he continued, "it is quite possible that your deep feeling has affected your nervous system. You need rest. Then go to your Saviour, and be as honest with him as you have been with me. I will now leave. But by the way, when is Miss Dayton expected to arrive?"

"I cannot tell you," was the answer. "My father will give you the day, the hour, and the train."

Again Victoria was alone. "And thus endeth the first act!" she cried. "My wicked scheme has proved a failure, and I find myself bound in chains of my own forging! No less than three times was I compelled to hear from his own lips the name and praise of that country cousin! Did he notice my agitation? I think he did, and believe it was on account of my sorrow for sin! O dear! I have a good mind to indulge in a good hearty laugh. But no, this is no laughing matter! What the future will prove I cannot tell, but Alice Dayton will never be my confessor."

The mother now came in, and was made acquainted with what is already known to the reader.

"Victoria," said she, "you entered into that scheme contrary to my wishes. Should Mr. DeForest find the truth he would utterly despise you. I have too long humored you in your vain notions. You must have no more deceitful projects or

you will disgrace the whole family. Try and exchange your sham seriousness for a genuine one. Our future movements must be governed by circumstances; but there must be no more lying."

This was a new departure for Mrs. Foster. Victoria stood before her in speechless astonishment, and for once was brought under a degree of conviction.

As the result of the next interview between the mother and Victoria, an invitation beautifully worded was sent, requesting the presence of Mr. DeForest at their family dinner on the evening of a day appointed. The invitation was of course accepted.

After the repast, the family with their evening guest returned to the parlor, where they freely indulged in easy conversation. Presently a servant came in and politely handed to Mr. Foster a number of letters. Quickly glancing over the directions he said—

"Ah, this is from Marvindale! and from my niece. You will excuse me for a few minutes while I retire to the library to look it over."

He soon returned with a countenance denoting a mixture of humor, seriousness and gratification. "The contents of this envelope is exceedingly interesting," said he. It contains a brief letter from Alice to myself, asking advice, and a certain communication of importance sent to Alice—O no, my dear William; you need not be alarmed, it is not an offer of marriage."

This produced a degree of laughter. On the part of the mother and Victoria it was forced, but from Maud and DeForest it was full and hearty.

"Now listen," said the father, "I will first give you the communication sent to Alice.

"Dear Miss Dayton:

Miss Benedict, who for a number of years has had the charge of the musical department in our seminary, owing to impaired health, has sent to the Trustees her resignation, to take effect at the end of the spring term. Last evening, after a free consultation with the Principal and all the teachers, the Trustees with perfect unanimity made a choice of you to fill the responsible position. Your salary will be $1,200 a year. In Marvindale you are well known as an accomplished lady, a superior vocalist, and a fine pianist. At your convenience let us hear from you.

John Budlong, Chairman.
Joseph Delong, Secretary."

Now for Alice's letter:

"Dear Uncle Thomas: The action of the Trustees has greatly astonished me. But let me assure you that I am ready to abide by your calm judgment. I have agreed to be a teacher of your young children, and I am ready to fill that agreement if you should deem it best. Write soon. In case you should advise me to accept this Marvindale position, I shall be most happy to pay my New York relatives a visit before the commencement of the fall term. Affectionately, your niece, Alice Dayton."

"There you have it all," said Mr. Foster. "William, will you be so kind as to give me your candid opinion in regard to the answer I should give her. I ask of you as a favor."

"Only at your urgent request, I comply," said the young man; "I advise you by all means to tell Miss Dayton to accept at once the honorable position offered her by the Trustees."

"Just as I expected," said the uncle, "your opinion harmonizes with my own, and with that of my whole family. I will in the morning send her my reply."

"O papa!" cried Maud, "I am proud of such a cousin! I am sure she is perfectly lovely!"

The mother and Victoria were silent. The letter from Marvindale with its revelation greatly astonished them, and their countenances denoted a degree of reflection void of hatred. In a brief interview before retiring for the night they freely admitted to each other that Alice had accomplishments and perfections that were not to be despised; and they concluded to give her on her expected visit an honest and hearty welcome.

(Concluded in our next number.)

THE FALL OF CARADOG.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips.

Chapter I.

On the first day of May in the fifty-second year of the Christian era, when the fires had been extinguished throughout the island, and had just been rekindled from the sacred altars, you might have seen at the royal palace, in West Gwalia, a distinguished party convened from all parts of the country. Among them you might have noticed the Archdruid, whose position on the right of the king, and whose long hair and long beard, white with the frost of age, made him conspicuous, and with him the priests, prophets and bards. On the left of the king you might have noticed the king's brothers, Arthur, Osgar, Iago, and Gomer, whose strong frames and family resemblance were striking; and with them were princes from North Gwalia and Cornwallia. Across the hall you might have noticed the ladies of the court and their royal guests, and conspicuous among them the dignified form of the queen, the beautiful figure of princess Clodia, and the charming graces of her royal cousins. And you might have noticed that the central person, on whom all gazed, and to whom all listened, was Caradog, whose wars were all victories, and whose fame was in all the world. His keen, dark, deep-set eyes; his broad, solid, manly head, covered with curly, black hair, sprinkled with white; and his symmetrical, compact, muscular body, with determined, athletic movement,

made him a genuine Silurian, and accounted for his fame and victories.

"It was rumored in Rome, when our merchants left the city, some time since," observed the king, addressing the Archdruid, while the company listened with breathless attention, "that the emperor had decreed to remove Aulus Plautius, and appoint in his stead Ostorius Scapula."

"I do not wonder," remarked the Archdruid, "for Plautius has been here now nine years, and all he has converted into a Roman province, even with the legions back of him, is Lloegria, while Cambria, Scotia, and Cornwallia retain their independence."

"But how could he have added these," asked Lieutenant General Owen, "when our noble king has met and defeated him on every battle field these nine years?"

"Because he has not added these, and because Caradog has been more than a match to him," replied the Archdruid, "the emperor decreed, forthwith, to remove him, and pit Ostorius against Caradog."

"Aulus," said the king, "may not have been aggressive enough to suit the Romans, but he is an experienced and skillful general, and has done well for the empire."

"He has not done well for the island," quoth the queen. "Before Claudius invaded Lloegria and appointed Plautius governor, all Britain was free and independent. And what right has Rome to rob the nations of their inheritance?"

"No right," replied the Archdruid, "save the right of war."

"Then might is right," she rejoined, "and the right of war is wrong, theft, murder; and do you sanction that?"

"By no means," answered the spiritual father, "but we must take the world as it is, and do our best to correct the wrong—fire with fire war with war, if necessary."

"It is necessary," interrupted Arthur, "to defend our rights, our homes, and our country, even with blood."

"I should like to have a chance at the Roman Eagle, and watch the effect of my poisoned arrow," articulated Gomer.

"It would be a feather in your cap," spoke Princess Clodia, "for it has pounced on all the nations, and nearly devoured them."

"But the Roman Eagle soars so high," joined Iago, "that you would stand a poor chance to hit him."

"The Roman legions," remarked Prince Edgar of Cornwallia, "have become the glory of the empire, and the terror of the earth."

"Were all the nations united against them," uttered Prince Griffith of North Gwalia, "they would soon become its shame and ruin."

"The empire has already reached the summit of its power," observed the king, "and will ere long fall by its own weight."

"The sooner the better," said Iago, "and I, for one, would be glad to hasten its fall."

"You might take a brick from the

superstructure, Lloegria, for instance," rejoined Arthur.

"You might take a stone from the foundation, while about it, and cause the fall," said Gomer.

"That is easier said than done," remarked Lieut. General Owen, "but we can do much to accomplish it."

"It was just one hundred years ago," advanced one of the prophets, who were the scribes of the Druidic priesthood, "since Julius Caesar landed on our coast, and the reasons why Julius, and after him Octavius, Tiberius, and Caius did not occupy the island are obvious."

"Obvious enough," interjected the king, "for Julius Caesar never conquered the island, and the other Caesars were too much occupied with civil wars to make the attempt. Our grandfathers, and our fathers too, who were then in the freshness of their youth, witnessed the first and second landing of Caesar, and I often heard my father state with pride and emphasis, that if the British nations had only united their forces, and armed themselves with suitable weapons, the Romans would never have landed on our shores. As it was, Caesar dared not approach the island the second time without increasing his men and means many fold, and thought it prudent to leave the island both the first and second landing under the cover of night. While father graphically described, with fire and sword in his words, some of the most tragic scenes, the blood ran hot in my veins, and I then promised myself, and afterward vowed, like Hannibal, at the altars of the immortal gods, that I would avenge, if I could, the wrongs of my country."

"You have done it already," ventured the Archdruid, "you have conquered and nearly annihilated the Roman army. Had Cassivellaunus been as brave, and done as well, Caesar would never have landed."

"Cassivellaunus," remarked the king, "had not the experience of the last hundred years, and the united forces of the country back of him."

"Shall we now listen to the bards and minstrels?" asked the queen.

"With the greatest pleasure," answered the king.

"We shall be only too happy to listen," joined the Archdruid.

"We are all fond of poetry and music," added one of the prophets. "Our nation is proverbial for both."

The master of ceremony suggested "The Glory of Britain;" and the royal bard sang with pride of the beauty and wealth of the country, of the intelligence and prowess of the people, and of the antiquity and superiority of the language, when all most heartily applauded.

Then was suggested, "Caradog in war and in peace." But on the objection of the king to any allusion to himself and family, "The Fall of Troy" was sung by the chief bard of Cornwallia. "The Fall of Babylon" followed by the Chief Bard of North Gwalia. Then "The Fall of Rome," "The Fall of Rome," came from

every part of the hall. "It must, shall, and will fall," came in rapid succession, and the Chief Bard of Gwallia sang with such prophetic instinct, comprehensiveness, and unction, that the men unconsciously drew their swords, and the women waved their handkerchiefs. Then all instinctively and heartily sang "The Fall of Rome and the Rise of Britain," the harps joining and leading the song till the ballad was sung through, and the company shouted for joy.

Chapter II.

Meanwhile light peered through the windows, and all left the hall to behold the sight. Directly east, on the distant horizon, the sky was painted red, with lurid flames kissing the heavens.

"Forest fire," exclaimed Princess Clodia.

"Bonfire," suggested Princess Cara.

"Who would indulge in bonfires on the first of May," interrogated Princess Gwen.

"It may have been accidental," remarked Prince Edgar.

"It is more likely to be a signal-fire," observed Prince Griffith.

"It must be signal fire," said Prince Iago, "for the light radiates from one glowing centre."

"It is the danger-signal," interrupted the Archdruid, "and I am afraid that we are on the eve of a bloody war, for the sky is unusually red."

"I have the same fears, and even the presentiment," remarked the king.

"As they were speaking fires appeared on the right and on the left to the extreme north and south, till the whole sky was illumined. Meanwhile by order of the king and the Archdruid, Lieut. General Owen, Prince Arthur, Captain Morris, and three Druidic priests were on their way to the lofty eminence back of the palace, and soon fire blazed from the altar of Mars, warning those further west of the danger.

"Since the landing of Claudius," said the chief prophet, "the signal-fire has neither been so general nor so bright."

"It is wonderfully brilliant," observed Prince Osgar.

"And wonderfully ominous," added the queen.

While the signal fires were still burning and their light painting the heavens crimson, the H-o-o-b-o-o-b, thrice repeated, came from the east, north, and south, and was sent thence, thrice repeated, toward the west till the whole island resounded with the signal-word.

"This is indeed a hooboob," remarked the queen, "it makes one actually deaf."

"I like to hear it," said Gomer, and see the light when all is still and dark."

"And what does it all mean?" asked Clodia, "are we to have an-

other war, and is father to lead the hosts again against the Romans?"

"I hope so," replied Gomer, "for I want to try my skill and test my sword."

"If any one can lead the hosts to victory and drive the Romans to the sea," uttered Iago, "it is Caradog."

"I fully agree with you," said the Archdruid, "but the king will never assume the command of the army except by the unanimous choice of all the nations, which, I am sure, will be readily given, for no one has their confidence like Caradog, who has always led them to victory."

"Whenever he assumes the command," joined the chief bard, "the people cannot be kept at home, but must follow him at their own expense, even to the teeth of danger."

"Shall we summon the chiefs, and appoint the time and place of the council," inquired the king.

"By all means," answered the Archdruid, "the sooner the better."

"Send us a kid without blemish," commanded the king to one of his servants.

"Slay it on the altar," said the Archdruid to the chief priest, "and dip the wooden sword to the middle in the blood; on the other half write with blood on the one side, Marsfield, May 2nd, and on the other side Caradog-Archdruid."

When this was done the king took the mandate sword and commanded his servant Jehu to run and deliver it to the first man he met, and that man to the next, and so on, till all the tribes within his kingdom were summoned, and their chiefs assembled for consultation. At this council it was voted unanimously to follow their king and join the confederacy to fight their common foe; and, to pledge their fidelity and honor, all rose to their feet and drew their swords.

On the third day the king and chiefs of North Gwallia, of East Gwallia, and of Cornwallia, joined Caradog king of Gwallia, and his chiefs in council.

"I most heartily welcome you within my kingdom," began Caradog, "but I deprecate exceedingly the necessity of the council."

"I also deprecate the necessity," said the king of North Gwallia, "but rejoice to meet again the kings and chiefs in council."

"We should defend ourselves and our kingdoms," quoth the king of Cornwallia, "and I, for one, delight to measure my sword once in a while, to keep myself in practice."

"We shall soon have all the practice we could wish," joined King of East Gwallia, "and happy the one whose practice shall make him master. It seems that Aulus Plautius was not aggressive enough to suit the Romans, and the Emperor has removed him, and appointed in his stead Ostorius Scapula, who has already vanquished the Iceni, Brigantes, and Cangi, and is determined, and now on the way to conquer the Silures, Cymry, Gwallians, and we are here to decide whether we shall bend our necks to the Roman yoke and the Roman axe, or defend ourselves, our homes, and our country, and, if need be, die like men on the battle field."

"I should rather die a thousand deaths than to bend my neck to the Roman yoke or the Roman axe," said the king of the South.

"So should I," said the king of the North.

"And so should I," said the king of the East.

"On that point we all agree," added Caradog, "but we must count the cost and consult the immortal gods."

"I have already commanded the priests to prepare the altar and the sacrifice," observed the Archdruid, "and by the time we shall have chosen our commander-in-chief they will be ready."

"Caradog," said one, "Caradog," said another. "Caradog" said all. "He has always led us to victory. He can unite our forces. None will desert or stay at home if he will lead." And Caradog was unanimously chosen.

The priests had led to the altar a Roman captive, taken in the last war with Plautius, while in the act of sending an arrow through the heart of Caradog. The man was brave, strong, and in the prime of life, with keen eyes and muscular energy. He was divested of his garments, and only clothed with the sacred vestment around his waist. By his side stood one of the priests, sword in hand, ready to strike the blow at the bidding of the Archdruid, who thus addressed both kings and subjects. "Be it known unto you all that the immortal gods demand human sacrifice on all important occasions like this, and only reveal their will, and grant their assistance through the blood of atonement. As we strike the victim on the breast with the sacred sword we ascertain their will from the manner of his fall, the quiver of his limbs, and the flow of his blood, with sometimes an examination of the entrails. "And now," continued the spiritual father, "we are ready for the sacrifice," and with his eyes fixed on the victim the priest raised his hand to strike, when Caradog caught his arm and arrested the blow.

(To be continued.)

REWARD.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Brave is the man who strongly wields
A sword upon the battle-fields;
He wears a shining wreath of fame,
And history repeats his name.

Greater reward than fame or pelf,
He finds who triumphs o'er himself;
God only knows the battles fought
Within the realm of heart and thought.

POETICAL ALLITERATION.

By J. Lombard Edwards.

At one time, the English poets thought much of alliteration; they even made a regular practice of it in their poetical exercises. Disraeli once said that alliteration is a characteristic of barbarism, somewhat in the fashion of beads, brass ornaments, feathers, showy tinsel, &c., among the uncivilized and uncultivated; and we may well believe it. Superficial minds are always interested in artificial adornment. Excess of ornament generally betokens want of thought; and culture always means neatness, and the opposite of demonstration. The celebrated author of the "Man of Genius" says that among primitive peoples all thinkers and sages were poets, and that the poetical mind with a stray tendency to alliteration, rhyme, assonance, and such superficial embellishments is the undeveloped mind. The poet is subject to a psychic excitement, or a peculiar emotion which is better relieved by such literary amusements than by prose. There is a class of poets who are never satisfied with reason, but with a poetical systematic arrangement of incoherent thoughts and unnatural ideas. It is evident also that they are not interested in the rationality of thought, as in the peculiar effects of the literary adjuncts. They are not amused or affected by the ideas at all, but by the recurrence of rhymes, and the repetition of literary trifles, which have certain inane qualities to tickle and gratify. The exaggerated importance and value given to such literary puerilities prove that the mind is yet in an undeveloped state, and cannot be reckoned rational in the true sense of the word. We also notice that these minds are unable to appreciate healthy and useful literary work; they have no taste for true learning and practical information—they don't even enjoy the ideal productions of rational poets.

Ages ago some English poets used to be adepts at alliteration, and there was hardly a line that did not betray attempts at playing with consonants. With those uncultured ages the practice almost disappeared which seems to demonstrate, in the English mind that the practice was associated with ignorance and literary crudeness. With the cultivation of the art of poetry, playing with consonants vanished, so that in subsequent English poetical literature it is rarely met with; and now it is never used except accidentally, or for the sake of amusement.

However true Disraeli's remark may be, the Welsh poets have evolved a regular system of alliteration, which is truly peculiar, and in a sense remarkable. It took ages to grow and develop into its present form and state of perfection, and there is nothing

similar and equal to it in any known language, and it is doubtful whether there is any language so adapted to it. The Welsh ear long habituated to the peculiarity of the sound produced by the recurrence of consonants appears to enjoy it, and poetical lines seems dull and insipid without it. There is as much difference between prose and alliterative poetry to the ordinary Welshman as there is between a funeral and a military parade; and consequently to the old school of poets words like those of Shakespeare, Milton, Virgil and Homer are mere prose. To them alliteration is as essential to poetry as a uniform to a member of the police force. The policeman is not a man, but a being wearing buttons and carrying a staff; so poetry is not ideas or thoughts, but uniformed or liveried expressions. A prosaic expression seems to be flabby, limber, invertebrate; and an alliterative passage among others is at once noticeable, and the Welsh ear at once recognizes its superiority in strength and vigor.

But the objection is that the Welsh ear has been viciously and mischievously trained to appreciate a clinking of consonants, which is absolutely senseless and worthless, and serve no purpose whatever except as a meaningless indulgence. Language has a higher mission and purpose than mere production of sound. As Schopenhaner well expresses it, "Words are used in order to make us interested in thoughts. Musical sound suggest and remind, but alliterations pure and simple, are meaningless and missionless; unmusical, unspiritual sound—having no intellectual aims or expressive qualities. In the language of scripture, it is "a sounding brass or a tinkling symbal." It is evident to every thinking mind that the mere repetition of consonants cannot serve any intellectual purpose, and it cannot satisfy any intellectual want except the very lowest and crudest, viz, a barbaric love of mere tinkling. It is a psychological fact that the uneducated and uncultured do love mere meaningless sounds. This love of mere sound decreases with the advancement of mental culture, as the love of toys and playthings gradually vanishes with the child's growth. Poetry is the cultivation of imagination, and any one may easily perceive that alliteration forms no part of that art. Literal charm or attractions materialize the mind as mere outward show draws the intellect away from the spiritual. Mental abstraction is impossible in the presence of superficial display. The language of poetry becomes less tinsel and more and more transparent and obtrusive with advanced culture, and becomes less expressive and more suggestive.

The strongest objection to alliteration rises from the consideration of the fact that it hinders and stands in the way of the natural and intellectual use of language. It is often noticeable in Welsh poetry that lines or passages of rare alliterative merit are intellectually or imaginatively barren, meagre and inaccurate in

thought and idea—in fact, the alliterative is very often opposed to the artistic expression of thought. The one appeals to a vitiated or pampered ear, the other to the idea-loving mind. Materialism destroys poetry, as ritualism ruins religion. Alliteration makes form more than spirit, and very often sacrifices thought on the altar of the literal.

Expert englyn-makers may produce a few couplets to amuse and please, but the fact is that our awdlau and cywyddau are monotonous and tiresome to the ordinary reader; and it is no misrepresentation or exaggeration to state that our long alliterative poems are never read now-a-days, except by the few initiated into the mysteries of this literary abracadabra.

ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Seventh Paper.

I have in the previous papers dwelt on the subject of the character of the Welsh race—that is, the possession of those native powers of body and mind to enable them to enter the walks of life, and to do and perform those functionary undertakings needful for a race to rise to the highest degree of human excellence. I have dwelt on this subject with special emphasis, because without a feeling of confidence on the part of a people no high excellence can be expected to be obtained. Confidence and will power are indispensable adjuncts to the success of great undertakings; and without a knowledge of our innate powers we cannot expect to reach a very high plane in the strife for human achievements.

In furtherance of this end, I have endeavored to lay a foundation or standpoint from which to draw conclusions. In addition to what has already been said on this subject, I beg leave to add one or two extracts from John Richard Green's history of "The Conquest of England," as follows:

"Between the eastern coast and a line which we may draw along the Selkirk and Yorkshire moorlands to the Cotswolds and Selwood, lay a people of wholly English blood. Westward again of the Tamar, of the western hills of Herefordshire, and of Offa's Dyke, lay a people whose blood was wholly Celtic. Between them, from the Lune to the coast of Dorset and Devon, ran the lands of the Wealheyn—of folks, that is, in whose veins British and English blood were already blend-

ing together and presaging in their mingling a wider blending of these elements in the nation as a whole.

"The winning of Western Britain opened, in fact, a way to that addition of outer elements to the pure English stock which has gone on from that day to this without a break. Celt and Gael, Welshman and Irishman, Trisian and Flamand, French Huguenot and German Palatine, have come successively in, with a hundred smaller streams of foreign blood. The intermingling of races has nowhere been less hindered by national antipathy, and even the hindrances interposed by law, such as Offa's prohibition of marriage between English and Welsh, or Edward III.'s prohibition of marriage between English and Irish, have met with the same disregard. The result is, that, so far as blood goes, few nations are of an origin more mixed than the present English nation; for there is no living Englishman who can say with certainty that the blood of any of the races we have named does not mingle in his veins. As regards the political or social structure of the people, indeed, this intermingling of blood has had little or no result. They remain purely English and Teutonic. The firm English groundwork which had been laid by the character of the early conquest has never been disturbed. Gathered gradually in, tribe by tribe, fugitive by fugitive, these outer elements were quietly absorbed into a people whose social and political form was already fixed. But though it would be hard to distinguish the changes wrought by the mixture of race from the changes wrought by the lapse of time and the different circumstances which surround each generation, there can be no doubt that it has brought with it moral results in modifying the character of the nation. It is not without significance that the highest type of the race, the one Englishman who has combined in their largest measure the nobility and fancy of the Celt with the depth and energy of the Teutonic temper, was born on the old Welsh and English borderland."

I have already given an account of the starting of the society, and of its banquets in commemoration of the anniversary of St. David's Day. I propose now to define the objects of those banquets and other succeeding ones.

We have no clear idea of what they really signified unless we explain their specific object. I may say therefore that that object was to make the Society take its rank among other similar institutions engaged in the same laudable purpose as its own. In this undertaking, in the selection of its first president, the Society was particularly fortunate. Had it been specially ordained that General Morgan Lewis should have been selected to have filled that position, no more appropriate selection could possibly have been made. He was eminently fitted and qualified for it. He had been a co-operator in the Revolutionary War, which culminated in the establish-

ment of the American government, and had distinguished himself by his military services and patriotism; he therefore brought with him a prestige which placed the Society in a high position at its beginning.

These societies are not governed by any fixed laws or formal regulations among themselves other than those which are observed in private life wherein the amenities and courtecies which gentlemen show to each other, were duly observed. But when a trust is coupled therewith involving the standing and reputation of others, the obligation becomes more sacred.

The general conception in regard to these banquets was perhaps, at one time, and by many persons is now, that the chief attraction in them rested upon the promise of having a good time. Well! I think that is pretty nearly the truth, but not in the sense which those who have never attended them might conceive: there are attractions besides eating and drinking and jollification.

In reading over the Charter of the Society I find the following among its objects, which I quote for general information, to wit:

"To promote social intercourse among the members of the Society, and those connected with them by the ties of kindred and country."

The Society being fully established and in working order gave its especial attention to the annual festivals, that is, the celebration of St. David's Day; extending its courtesies to other societies by inviting to its banquets on the above day, their presidents or representatives, thus placing the St. David's in friendly communication with them, who in return reciprocated the compliment. It was soon made apparent that this part of its duty, although more or less onerous, yet were grateful and pleasant. They tended to bring the members of the different societies into closer communication, and to produce a feeling of mutual respect and regard for one another.

In arranging the programme for the annual festivities of the Society, due attention was paid to the standing toasts, which usually takes precedence in the intellectual part of the dinner, the toasts being so arranged as to call forth responses from the invited guests, among whom some were specially invited to reply to particular subjects assigned to them, and for which they were eminently qualified. This has resulted in enabling the Society to invite speakers of high celebrity and standing, both in public and private life. But the good effects of these banquets were particularly manifested in the fact that many new faces were seen at them, including quite a number from the wealthier class of the Welsh residents of the city, thus giving full effect and prominence to that object of the Society which relates to the promotion of social intercourse.

These banquets when analyzed in all their bearings and accomplishments present a grand subject for study and contemplation. We be-

hold in them a picture of men of all classes and callings assembled together as a band of brothers vieing with each other in the noble effort as to who shall contribute most to the harmony and happiness of all present.

What grander spectacle can be presented to the human mind for meditation? Here we behold the rich and the poor; the literate and the illiterate mingling together on a parity, throwing aside all prejudices, hates, and distinctions affecting their social standing.

Viewed as a whole, such banquets when conducive to good ends in the main, are public benefactors. They may have their drawbacks, but there is nothing infallible save Deity; therefore when good is the ruling motive, charitable allowances should always be liberally made for human frailty. There can be no doubt about one thing, and that is that the banquets of the St. David's Society have been greatly beneficial in their moral, social, and educational influence, by bringing the Welsh people into closer and more friendly relationship with each other.

In 1837 the Society gave its regular banquet on St. David's Day, but I can only make a brief allusion to it in this paper for want of space. I will, however, print a few remarks by Gen. Lewis, quoted from the New York "Times:"

"Gen. Lewis addressed the meeting in the most eloquent manner. He stated that he was born in New York nearly 85 years ago, the city containing at that time but 10,000 inhabitants, and in the course of his single life he has seen it advance to 300,000. He spoke of the beneficent tenor of our government, and the great motive there was for every citizen, whether native or adopted, to rally in its support and defence. He alluded in glowing and deeply gratifying terms, to Wales, the country in which his parents were born. 'It is a source of pride to me,' said the General, 'that I can trace back my origin among that brave and virtuous people on both sides of my parentage, and without a cross, for perhaps a thousand years.' The General made some other remarks, all of which were received with the most rapturous applause. He appeared to be in excellent health, and with as firm a voice, and as proud a glance, as if he had passed but half his number of days.

"The German Benevolent Society held a festival the same evening at Washington Hall, Broadway, and honored the St. David's Society with a deputation offering the congratulations and friendly courtesies so peculiarly adapted to the object of their societies, when both had met to rejoice in patriotic and holy emotion. The deputation consisted of Messrs. P. W. Engs, John Leonard, and John Reineicke, Esqs., who, through their chairman, Mr. Engs, made an eloquent address, which was replied to on the part of the Society, and a deputation, reciprocating the grateful attention, was appointed to wait on the German Society. After exchanging salutations, and their healths being drank with a heartfelt three times three, the deputation from the German Society retired."

FIELD OF LETTERS

"Cwrs y Byd" for January is as strong as usual. It is strictly undenominational, and "goes" for the evils of society. Its contents are as follows: "John Locke, his influence on the Politics of Europe;" "Hush, boy;" "A Biography of Thomas Rees, Llandyssul;" "Winter" (a poem); "Books of the Month;" "How things are run;" Correspondences, poems, &c., &c.

In the January number of "Cymru" there is an interesting collection of articles: Cartoon—"The man who takes up the collection;" "The Sailor's Prayer," by the Bishop of Bangor; "History of the Monasteries of Wales;" "The Little England beyond Wales," by the Rev. D. Ambrose Jones, M. A.; "A Day in Leicester," by Ellen Hughes; "A Sunday of Peace;" "Bits about Ieuan Glan Geirionydd," by J. Thomas; "Seashore" by the Rev. J. Owen, M. A.; the "Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach)" (with portrait) by the Rev. Walter Daniel; "Through the Forest" by R. Morgan; Poems and Book Notices, &c.

A leading feature of the February Harper's Magazine is the first part of an article by George du Maurier, entitled "Social Pictorial Satire," which deals with the great satirists of "Punch." The illustrations are from drawings by John Leech, one of which, "Mr. and Mrs. Caudle," is reproduced in color as the frontispiece.

The "Drysorfa" for January appears with no change in its character. The frontispiece is a portrait of the retiring editor, the Rev. N. Cynhafal Jones, D. D., Colwyn Bay, with sketch of his life, by the Rev. Wm. Jones, Portdinorwig; "The Church" by the Rev. Evan Phillips; "The Doctrine of Perfection and the Book of Psalms" by the Rev. D. Roberts, Rhiw; "The Work of the New Year" by the Rev. W. Evans, M. A., Pembroke Dock; "Groeswen and the Calvinistic Methodists;" "The Llandudno Association;" Monthly Notes, Sunday School Lessons; Obituaries, &c., &c.

"The Living Age" is a weekly magazine, is issued every Saturday, and contains articles of standard and popular interest. It reproduces the ablest articles from the leading British reviews, also translations from French, German, Russian, Spanish, &c. The Living Age Co., Boston, Mass.

Contents of "Dysgedydd" for January as follows: "The late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin," by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; "The Function of Death," by the Rev. D. Adams, B. A.; "Michael Faraday" (Article III.) by Mr. T. Carno Jones; "Paul in the light of Jesus," by the Rev. W. Williams, Maentwrog; Sunday School Lessons, &c., &c.

The appearance of such an article as "Function of Death" in the "Dysgedydd" is decidedly a novelty, and will be read with interest.

The "Traethodydd" for January contains a number of interesting articles: "Society and the Individual" by Professor Henry Jones, M. A; "Tom Pedrog, a poet of the Old Regime;" "The Pagan" (a poem); "History of the Liverpool Privateers and an account of the Liverpool Slave Trade" by Eleazer Roberts; "Paul in the light of Christ" by the Rev. E. Keri Evans, M. A., and the Rev. Evan Jones; "A Chapter of

Welsh Beatitudes" by the Rev. Rhys J. Huws. "Welsh Beatitudes" prove the superficiality of our national ideals. Our hero is either a singer, a bard or a preacher. Our ideal man is not a worker, but a dreamer. This interesting paper deserves especial notice.

"Seren Gomer" is a Baptist monthly, editor Professor Silas Morris, M. A., Bangor, and is published by Evans & Short, printers, Tonypandy, South Wales. The January number contains several interesting articles, among which are the following: "David Owen (Brutus)" by the Rev. T. Lewis, Newport; "Pastoral Visiting" by the Rev. C. Davis, Cardiff; "God's Grace and its Natural Channels," by the Rev. David Evans, Blaencenin; "Morgan John Rhys" by J. T. Griffith, Lansford, Pa.; "The Court of Conscience" by the Rev. W. Roderick, Rhyl, North Wales; "Immanuel Kant" by the Rev. Isaac Lloyd, Swansea; with Literary Notes, &c.

"Harper's Round Table" for February contains, besides liberal installments of the two serials, "Four for a Fortune" by Albert Lee, and "The Adventurers," by H. B. Marriott Watson; the following short stories: "The Carrier-Pigeon's Message," a detective story by Lamar Beaumont; "The House of the Prodigal Sons," by Harold Martin; "Max, the Night City Boy," by Thomas W. Lamonte, and "A Warm Corner in Sooloo," by Owen Hall. There are also papers on "Baits, and Where to Find Them," by Samuel Sidney Hale; "Book-making in the Middle Ages," by G. T. Ferris; and a fully illustrated description, by Dudley D. F. Parker, of how a boy can build a "Knockabout" for cruising in shoal water.

"Young Wales" for January is truly interesting, and cannot fail to please Welsh readers. We cannot too highly recommend this number to the readers of the "Cambrian." "The Cymric Element in the English People" by T. Darlington, M. A., H. M. P., is an excellent paper, entertaining and instructive; "Wales in 1897," a recapitulation of the events of the year, is full of interest to Welshmen; "Dan's Wedding Day," by S. M. S. is pretty, and truly enjoyable; "The History and growth of Welsh Fiction" by M. H. Jones, which deals with the spirit of romance among the Welsh; "Parliamentary Impressions and a Moral" by Artemas Jones; "Elementary Schools" by Walter Brockington, B. A.; and "Our Sunday Note Book" by William George, wherein he discusses the introduction of skepticism into Welsh theology. This number also contains portraits of the literary staff of "Young Wales."

"Harper's Weekly" of January 29th contains the first of a very important series of articles by Franklin Matthews, who on behalf of that paper has been making a tour through the States of the Middle West. His investigation has been sincere and thorough. As he says in his first paper on Kansas: "One can form a correct opinion of Kansas and its people better by going to the State, and by speaking with its farmers, its storekeepers, its business men, its officials, and its professional men, than in any other way. It was for this purpose that in December last I visited the State, and in this and other articles to follow, the exact truth about Kansas and other Western States is to be told, as it was learned after diligent investigation." The title of this first article is "Bright Skies in the West. Kansas Debts and Debt-payers."

"Cymru'r Plant" is beautiful and tasty as usual, with interesting short pieces, and several illustrations. It contains "Tales of Rome;" "The Rocks of Holyhead;" "Brides of the Colony;" &c., &c.

The January number of the "Llenor" contains selections from the poetical

works of the celebrated Glasynys, and the task will be completed in another number. This also contains a brief sketch of his life. It is intended to devote the profits to the erection of a tomb over his grave.

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A NEW WELSH GRAMMAR.

Professor Anwyl's Welsh grammar completes that admirable series of parallel grammars issued by Messrs. Swan, Sonnenschein and Co., under the general editorship of Professor Sonnenschein. The work will be published in two parts. Part I., which has just appeared, contains the accidence, and Part II., which will shortly appear, will contain the syntax. The renewed and enlarged interest taken in the Welsh language in the university colleges, and the recently established intermediate schools has created a demand for a text book that will meet the requirements of both teacher and pupil. Professor Anwyl's grammar is the only book extant that will satisfy the want of both alike. It will not, of course, supersede larger and more exhaustive works ..ke that of Rowlands, but it will supply a want long felt, and will prove an invaluable boon for class work in school and college, inasmuch as it is at once simple and sufficient. There is no padding, and nothing essential is sacrificed. The book is carefully planned, and its print and arrangement are excellent. Considerable attention is given to Welsh phonology and pronunciations. Professor Anwyl's wide and intimate knowledge of the Celtic language has enabled him to produce a work that will bear the tests of the ripest scholarship of the present day.

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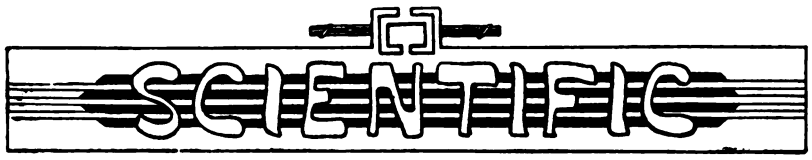
A correspondent in the "Oswestry Advertiser" says:—"In looking over some old numbers of 'Y Drysorfa,' I came across a letter signed 'Iorwerth Glan Aled, Abergele,' in which the writer states that he had then (1838) in his possession a tolerably complete 'Greek Grammar in Welsh,' which only required some revision to prepare it for the press. It would be interesting to know what became of it. Was 'Dic o Aberdaron,' the eccentric Cambrian linguist, the author?"

The Year Book now for the first time published by the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists is a distinctly new departure in Wales, and it requires no gift of prophecy to predict that the excellent example thus set will soon be followed by the other denominations. The new Year Book is an elaborate and comprehensive production, consisting of close upon 150 pages of interesting matter, and it will long remain a marvel how a work of this character can be sold, as it is, for the modest threepence. The publication of the Year Book relieves the Connexional Diary of many of its customary features, and enables the leaders of the denomination to place within reach of the churches a mass of instructive and interesting matter, which previously was obtainable only by the privileged few. The Rev. Joseph Evans, of Denbigh, who was entrusted with the editorship, has done his work carefully and judiciously, and has attained a high standard which it will be difficult to surpass. The period covered in the present Year Book is from June, 1896, to June, 1897. In future it will, it is to be hoped, be possible to improve upon this, either by publishing the Year Book early in autumn, or if the publication is to be delayed till Christmas, by letting the period dealt with be altered so as to end in September. This, of course, cannot apply to the statistics, for the tables here given relate not merely to the associations or counties, but to the individual churches, of each of which full and separate details are given.



An Englishman has just completed a journey of 1,600 miles on a motor car through England and Scotland. He was five weeks traveling, and used 114 gallons of oil, which made his traveling cost him three farthings (a cent and a half) a mile.

It has been noticed that in times of epidemics tanners are surprisingly free from attacks of the illness. This is due to disinfectant action of tannic acid. The cholera periods of 1850 and 1880, and later still the Hamburg epidemic in 1892, have clearly shown the comparative security of tanners. They are, however, attacked by two diseases peculiar to their trade, and caused by the manipulation of the skins. One particularly occurs frequently, attacking the finger tips, and making the person afflicted unfit for the work.—La Science en Famille.

The Japanese have a curious way of cleaning railroad tunnels of smoke and gases. Each end of the tunnel is provided with a canvas curtain, hung at the top so that when it is dropped it covers the entire mouth of the tunnel. When a train enters the tunnel the curtain at that end is dropped, and it is kept down until the train leaves the other end of the tunnel. The result is that all the smoke and gases are carried along with the train, and forced into the open air at the further end of the tunnel. It is asserted that this plunger action is so perfect that smoke from an engine seldom reaches as far back as the middle of the train. Scientific men are puzzled to account for the success of the system.—Boston Budget.

Nowhere in the country has there been such a persistent warfare against the microbe as in Indiana. The State Board of Health has been incessant in devising methods to defeat the microbe wherever it seeks to fight against human life. Just now the board is considering a public drinking device, which goes the individual communion cup idea one better in disposing of cups altogether in drinking. It is a drinking fountain placed on a pedestal, so as to be in the reach of the average human mouth. From the midst of the basin projects a little nozzle, shooting up a jet of water not very large, nor violent. To drink, a person simply lets the little water jet play into his mouth, and takes his fill. The jet may be turned on or off. As there are no cups, and the same water never touches two pairs of lips, there is no chance for microbes which seeks to travel from one mouth to another. The argument is that, as long as the water itself is pure, this is an absolutely safe method of public drinking.

After a long experience with typhoid patients, Dr. Ussery, of St. Louis, maintains that the best food for them is the banana. He explains by stating that in this disease the lining membrane of the small intestines becomes intensely inflamed and engorged, eventually beginning to slough away in spots, leaving well-defined ulcers, at which places the intestinal walls become dangerously thin. Now, a solid food, if taken into the stomach, is likely to produce perforation of the intestines, dire results naturally following; and this being the case, solid foods, or those containing a large amount of innutritious substances, are to be avoided as dangerous. But the banana, though it may be classed as a solid food, containing as it does some 95 per cent nutrition, does not possess sufficient waste to irritate the sore spots; nearly the whole amount

taken into the stomach is absorbed, giving the patient more strength than can be obtained from other food.

UNMUSICAL MUSIC.

Who shall define Arab music? It has been described as the singing of a prima donna who has ruptured her voice in trying to sing a duet with herself. Each note starts from somewhere between A sharp and A flat, but does not stop even there, and splits up into four or more portions, of which no person can be expected to catch more than one at a time. John Oliver Hobbes says there is a great law of infidelity in the human race—a man must be faithless to something, either to a woman, or his deity, or his most cherished belief. The Arab musician is always unfaithful—to his stave and his keynote. But faith unfaithfully makes him falsely true to the ears of his hearers, and they enjoy and applaud his wrangles with harmony. Their singing reminds one of the wails of a bereaved Thomas suffering from an acute attack of gastritis, complicated with neuralgia.

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ECONOMY IN DETAILS.

There is a good story told in a Philadelphia paper of a French officer of engineers who, during a visit to one of the large machine shops in that city, regarded with comparative indifference the massive tools and "show" features of the establishment, but paid close attention to a little tool-sharpening machine—a type of those numerous ingenious labor-saving appliances with which an American shop abounds. At the close of his inspection he stated that he had visited all the most notable engineering undertakings and establishments in America, and that he should report to his government that the biggest things in America are the little things. He was struck with the fact that in some establishments which he had visited the profits were mainly realized in the saving of materials and labor by close attention to details which in Europe are unconsidered trifles, and as an instance of this he quoted the little grindstone which he had noticed in the shops.

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Microbes are entitled to their sad notoriety. They are everywhere, in the air that we breathe, in the water that we drink, in the food which we swallow for nourishment; dust contains innumerable quantities of them, our garments are covered with them, our hair affords an asylum for legions of these tiny creatures. It is idle to say that among the countless variety of microbes there are some good ones which are not harmful, and do not engender maladies, for the most recent researches have demonstrated that there are some inoffensive microbes which can become very dangerous if they can manage to traverse several times in succession the animal organism. That is the truth. What is true, moreover, is that it has been proved beyond contradiction that microbes cause the most terrible maladies, those which decimate populations, like phthisis, the plague, cholera, typhoid fever, typhus, yellow fever, scarlatina, to mention only the best-known and most murderous diseases.—Dr. Beauregard.

WHERE THE MAGNETIC NEEDLE POINTS EAST.

Observations were taken over a strip of country between Moscow and Kharkoff, or extreme points, north and south, distant from one another as the crow flies about eight hundred and fifty miles. The greatest aberrations are found in the province of Kursk, the capital town of which is some six hundred miles almost due south of Moscow. In the northern part of the province, near Tim, the needle deflects twenty degrees; further south, in the district of

Staroi Oskol, up to thirty degrees, while in the southeast of the province, about one hundred and fifty miles south of Tim, the deflection is over ninety-six degrees, the needle standing almost perpendicular, and pointing east and west instead of north and south.

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CAN WE SEE WITHOUT EYES?

Eyes are usually considered to be quite necessary to sight, but a well-known German physician has been experimenting with a view to show the fallacy of this. Many creatures without eyes, can, he says, see—at least, they can distinguish between light and darkness, and even between different degrees of light. They do this by means of their skins. All skins, according to the doctor, are potential eyes —that is, they are sensitive to light. In many eyeless creatures the lack of eyes is in part made up by increased sensitiveness of the whole skin surface to light, and earthworms, although they have no eyes, will suddenly withdraw into their holes at the approach of a lighted candle. Oysters, if open, will shut up at once if a dark object comes between them and the light. It is anticipated among scientists that valuable and startling results will attend the experiments.

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ERRORS IN INSTINCT.

The opinion is still generally entertained that with animals, especially those of the lower order, instinct is the determining guide that incites to the proper performance of action or function, and that as such it is far less liable to err than the reasoning of intelligence. Few scientific prejudices have been more difficult to overcome than that which removes from animals the reasoning faculty, and probably many years will yet elapse before it will be recognized that all animals which come under ordinary observation are endowed with the same kind of faculty, although developed in various degrees of a descending scale, which distinguishes man and the so-called higher organisms. The bee and the ant have been frequently held up as the best exponents of the instinct class, and more recently of the "exceptional" animals which developed reasoning powers, and it was a rude shock, not only to the layman, but as well to the scientist, when Sir John Lubbock, as the result of an endless series of experiments, announced a few years ago that these animals were "sadly wanting" both in their instinctive and intellectual traits. In other words, there were many times when both instinct and intelligence erred for them.

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MORALITY IN ANIMALS.

As soon as we study animals—not in laboratories and museums only, but in the forest and the prairie, in the steppes and the mountains—we at once perceive that though there is an immense amount of warfare and extermination going on amidst various species, and especially amidst various classes of animals, there is, at the same time, as much, or perhaps more, of mutual support, mutual aid, and mutual defense, amidst animals belonging to the same species or, at least, to the same society. Sociability is as much a law of nature as mutual struggle. * * * If the numberless facts which can be brought forward to support this view are taken into account, we may safely say that mutual aid is as much a law of animal life as mutual struggle; but that, as a factor of evolution, it most probably has a far greater importance, inasmuch as it favors the development of such habits and character as insure the maintenance and further development of the species, together with the greatest amount of welfare and enjoyment of life for the individual, with the least waste of energy.—Kropotkin.

Dr. Pan Jones, our Welsh Henry George, editor of the little bantam "Cwrs y Byd," is responsible for the following:

The following is a free translation:

But the Cymric working classes
Of to-day with thorns are crowned,
Many a mother's heart is bleeding
As if from a spear's deep wound;
And this age its Cross has also,
Which we all so mutely bear;
Slaying truth was e'er the custom
Of all Pilates everywhere!

It has already been noted how, in many of the churches of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists, the "Amen" introduced after each hymn in the new hymnals has given rise to keen opposition, the innovation being regarded as an effort to ape the Established Church. In one of the Welsh churches of Liverpool, a bard has composed a satirical song on the subject, and the chorus runs:—

Let's join our scattered forces—
Our efforts consecrate—
To get this old Amen of ours
Out of the Christian state!

The seven wonders of North Wales are said to be St. Winifred's Well, Overton Churchyard, Gresford bells, Llangollen Bridge, Pistyll Rhaiadr, Snowdon, and Wrexham Steeple. Glamorgan boasts of Caerphilly Castle, Newton Nottage Well, the Taff Whirlpool, the one-arched bridge of Pontypridd, the Logan or Rocking Stone, the Dewless Hillock on Margam Mountain, and the Worm's Head in Gower.

"The Welsh triads," declares the "Ymofynydd" (Unitarian), "have recently received a significant addition. The following triad explains the ambition of the younger preachers in the ranks of the three great Welsh denominations:—Methodists, University degrees; Congregational, the chair of the Eisteddfod; Baptist, the front place at the 10 o'clock meeting at a Cymanfa."

Clergy and ministers in this country who have reason to deplore thin congregations and thinner collections may very well borrow an idea from a Free Baptist minister in Philadelphia. He has introduced girl ushers into his church, and chairs had to be set in the aisles to accommodate the crowd. When the girls started with plates for the money they got it to the tune of three hundred dollars. Even the colossal church debts in Wales ought to melt in the presence of such charming handmaids of religion.

The St. Asaph scandal seems to intimate that Bishop Edwards is hunting men for posts, while the memorialists are trying to find posts for men. There seems to be more foxes than holes, and more birds than nests. The Lord had nowhere to lay his head.

In "Cwrs y Byd" for January the system of electing ministers among the Congregationalists in Wales is condemned. The usual way of doing it is

as follows: No. 1 runs a Sabbath; No. 2 the next Sabbath; No. 3 the next; and the canvassing takes place among the members, everything carried on on political lines, and according to political methods. The ignorant members have the same chances as the intelligent, and very often the worst is chosen, as in politics!

A Welsh paper states that while the Bishop of St. Asaph is fighting tooth and nail with his insurgent clergy, the Bishop of Bangor is peacefully dabbling in poetry and music.

Periodically the old charge is made that the Welsh are liars—that sometimes they will swear to an untruth. An Aberystwyth curate lately resuscitated the old slander. A Welsh contemporary suggested that the good man had just been reading the celebrated letter controversy among the St. Asaph clergy. We may, with great propriety, reply to the curate with "You are another."

Everybody has heard of the needle hid in a hay-stack. The hay-stack is Welsh society, and the needle is the notorious John Jones. A man went to Rhondda Valley months ago to look for his cousin John Jones; and although he has seen a few hundred John Joneses, he is beginning to feel desperate!

The Rev. D. Grimaldi Davies, when Bishop Edwards offered him the Rectory of Bala, excused himself on the ground that he could not afford to incur the expense of moving from Welshpool to Bala. Locomotions are not always promotions.

December 7th the Bishop of St. Asaph sent a courteous invitation to all his clergy to meet him at Wrexham, for the discussion of the subject of patronage. On December 13th about eighteen of the memorialists met at Chester to decide what course they were to take in view of the Bishop's invitation. At the beginning of this meeting Canon Roberts showed a letter from the Very Rev. J. Howell, Dean of St. David's. In this letter, the Dean expressed the Bishop's invitation was a "clear proof of the Bishop's unfitness for his office."

Canon Hugh Roberts denied all this. He did not pass round a letter from Dean Howell. The Dean sent no communication to him, or to the meeting. The Archdeacon of Wrexham in reply to this denial, said that the Canon was only quibbling. The Rev. John Morris, Rector of Llanelidan, made the statement that he saw the letter with his own eyes, saw the dean's signature. The Dean of St. David's denied that he ever had any correspondence with Canon Roberts. Next, the Rev. J. S. Jones, Vicar of Llantysilio, corroborates Mr. Morris' testimony, stating also that Canon Roberts read the letter in his hearing!

The Rev. Morgan Hughes then states that he was at the meeting, and sat next to Canon Roberts, who was in the chair. He testified that Canon Roberts used words to the effect, that he held in his hand a letter from the Dean of St. David's, and then the Canon quoted from the letter the sentence which referred to the unfitness of Bishop Edwards. Subsequently in the "Liverpool Courier" Canon Roberts makes a statement acknowledging that the letter was from the Dean, that he didn't say it was from the Dean, but from "a high dignitary," and that the letter didn't mention "office" but "post." So it seems after all that the Canon was quibbling a good deal.

An analysis of the Welsh denominational statistics for 1897 shows that the Congregationalists are the strongest in Cardiganshire, Carmarthenshire and Glamorganshire; the Baptists in Pem-

brokeshire and Monmouthshire; and the Calvinistic Methodists in all the counties of North Wales, in Radnorshire and Breconshire in the south, and in the English towns. The Welsh Wesleyan Methodists are about three times as strong in North Wales as they are in the South.

The American line of steamships running between Southampton and New York is making a bold bid for the patronage of Welsh emigrants. One of their latest innovations is the appointment among their stewards of a large number of Welsh-speaking officials to minister to the wants of Welsh passengers.

Everybody knows that the new hymn-book of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists is not altogether a perfect production. The objections have been various, but one of the latest, and by no means the least pertinent, is taken by Manchester folk, who see in the appendage of "Amen" to the hymns a distinct tendency towards aping the Established Church. Amen!

A Welsh preacher was trying the other day to impress upon a hardened old man the fact that he was a sinner. The old fellow couldn't see it, and so the preacher began again, "Well, but you must be a sinner, you know; you must in the course of your long life have committed many sins, and, even if you hadn't, there's original sin." "What's that?" asked the hoary impenitent. "Well, original sin is the sin of Adam. Our first father sinned, and his guilt has fallen upon all of us." "Oh well," replied the ancient, "that's not very much between all of us." And the preacher went away to ponder over a new view of an old theological question.

A committee of learned Welshmen was recently engaged in a room in Chancery Lane in drawing up a list of Welsh classics to be reprinted or edited for the first time. The gravity of the proceedings visibly diminished as a paper was handed round bearing the suggestion of a distinguished member "Casgliad o Lwon Cymreig." And yet "Morien" says there are no swear-words in Welsh!

It now appears that the substitution of the English "v" for the Welsh "f" has been discarded even by the Welsh Colonists in Patagonia. The innovation, we are assured, was never popular with the Colonists, and when the "Drafod," the Welsh organ, was taken over by a company, the very first resolution passed by the shareholders was that the "new orthography" should be discontinued, and the Welsh "f" and "ff" therefore at once reinstated.

In this age, when education is a favor, when board schools, higher grade and intermediate schools are open to the poorest workmen's sons, it is well to know that book learning is not everything, and that there are industries all around us which deserve and repay attention. A correspondent says that some time ago a persevering young collier, after several years of home study, went in with great effort for the Civil Service examination, and by severe application was successful, and obtained a position in one of the Government departments. But the life! From bed to desk, from desk to bed, with only a strip of London sky a few inches wide visible to the eye, was too much. He is back now, weighing on a tip, and is happy!

Apropos of the monkey which was recently shot by a Welshman on the west coast of Borneo while it was in the act of "reading" a Welsh newspaper, a correspondent remarks that "in the face of the incidents of the story one hardly knows which to consider the more remarkable—the literary qualities of the monkey or the universality of the Welsh language, or the scope of the writer's imagination."

May a barrister, and he a temperance man, consistently with the profession and principle, appear in Court on behalf of the publicans? The Rev. Evan Jones of Carnarvon, whose zeal for the temperance cause no one will question, is strongly of opinion that he may. A barrister, he argues very fairly, who appears in court for a thief or a murderer, is not necessarily himself in sympathy with crime; nor is a barrister, when appearing for a publican, necessarily opposed to temperance. It is difficult, thinks the "Cymro," to know where exactly to draw the line between temperance and the trade. "Is the farmer who grows the barley," asks the "Cymro," "or the builder who erects a tavern, or the painter who beautifies it, or the cooper who constructs the barrels, or the artizan who manufactures the glasses, a participator in the trade?" It is, of course, much easier to put such a query than to answer it satisfactorily.

Cardiff Eisteddfodwyr are already compiling the list of subjects for the 1899 National Eisteddfod. Judging from the interest manifested in it by French and German savants, it will be a Pan-Celtic gathering. The Celtic savants of France, of which M. Gaidoz, Directeur a l'Ecole des Hautes Etudes, is prime mover, propose to offer several handsome prizes for essays dealing with certain periods in Welsh history. The essays may be written in Welsh, English, French, or German.

The national Welsh anthem, "Hen Wlad fy Nhadau," was composed and written by father and son; but the French Marseillaise" (words and music) were composed by a man named Rouet de Lisle. We are glad to congratulate J. H. Powell of Scranton, Pa., on having performed a similar feat. We wish his "Hen Walia Fendigedig" all the success it deserves.

A friend of the great leader recently referred to the remarkable feat of Caradog in beating time, and added that the adjudicators were so taken up with his method of conducting the chorus that all attempted to do likewise, but without exception failed. In commemoration of that competition, West, the eminent London organist who died lately, forwarded to Caradog a large framed photo of himself to mark his appreciation of his performance. The London "Daily News" referring to the singing in July, 1872, at the Crystal Palace, said: "The most important incident of the competitions was the splendid singing of the South Wales Choir," whilst "The Times," usually so sparing in its praise, said, "The singing of the South Wales Choir was decidedly a feature of the National Music meetings, and alone sufficient to render them memorable."

A correspondent states that the Prince Llywelyn National Memorial Fund is to be closed. The movement, which has been before the country for over two years, has not met with the support which its promoters anticipated. What form the memorial is to take will be made known when the committee meets early in the new year. The general voice of the subscribers will determine the form. Some donors have already expressed a wish that the first effort should be to rear a fitting tomb over the Prince's burial-place among the ruins of Abbey Cwm-Hir; others as strongly desire a monument to be erected as near as possible to the place where Llywelyn was killed; whilst a third section wishes to see the memory of "Ein Llyw Olaf" honored in his native Gwynedd (North Wales). It was decided at a general meeting held when the movement was started that the memorial should take the form of a Celtic cross or other monument at Cefn-y-Bedd, near Llandrindod, but the appeals for subscriptions issued later invited subscriptions towards one or more of the schemes above suggested.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

It is not generally known in Wales that Father Ignatius is a clever and successful novelist. He is the author of a series of novels called "The Llanthony Tales," which are intended to convey to the outer world some idea of the course and character of the monastic life led at Llanthony. It is said that Father Ignatius could get nearly as many monks as there are sheep in Brecknockshire. Scores have tried to lead that life, but a week or so has sufficed to convince them what poor stuff they are of which to make living martyrs.

A Glyn-Neath boy has accomplished a good thing. Master Cecil Harries, the only son of Henry Harries, manager of Abernant Works, has passed the examination for entrance into the Westminster Abbey Choir. There were forty-two competitors for two vacancies, one of which was secured by Master Harries, who, it appears, is the first Welsh boy who has ever entered the Westminster Choir. He is about ten years of age, and has been trained by Mr. Tom J. Williams, A. C., of Glyn-Neath.

The Welsh boom still continues. The latest echo comes from Pwllheli, where the literary town clerk, Mr. E. R. Davies, is issuing a popular collection of Welsh ballads and selecetions of poetry for school use. Mr. Davies is one of those who believe that if you get hold of children you get hold of the nation, and that one effective way to get hold of the children is through their school songs and recitations. He has therefore made a collection of two dozen suitable pieces, and a first edition of 10,000 copies at the popular penny will be issued almost immediately.

When a defendant in the Swansea County Court was explaining his position, he was interrupted by Judge Williams, who said that he had not heard in the man's explanation a word which he very much liked to hear. It was the monosyllable "sir." Witness: "I did say 'sir.' "—The Judge: "Well, I did not hear you; I must be getting deaf." Witness: "What more do you want me to say?" His Honor: "Simply to say 'sir' at the end of your sentences. It's a little vanity—foolishness, I dare say, of an old man."

The most ardent Welsh Eisteddfodwr in Cardiff is Professor Barbier. The genial French scholar has undertaken to act on behalf of the Cardiff committee at the Eisteddfodic foreign correspondent, and in that capacity he feels sanguine of his ability to interest many of the principal savants of Europe in the great Cardiff Eisteddfod of 1899. Said the Professor on one occasion: "If French be the language of men, German of soldiers, Spanish of God's saints, Italian of women, English of birds, surely Welsh is that of angels!"

The death of Mr. Edward Davies, of Plas Dinam, Montgomeryshire, took place January 1, the immediate cause of death being paralysis. Mr. Edward Davies was the only son of the late Mr. David Davies, of Llandinam, who, by his great industry and ability, raised himself from comparatively poor circumstances to the position of one of the largest employers of labor in the country. Mr. Davies was born in June, 1852, and was, therefore, in his 46th year. After matriculating at London University, Mr. Davies entered the collieries on the eve of the great strike of 1871. He assisted his father in most of his large undertakings, and was the

inventor, in conjunction with Mr. Metcalf, of Aberystwyth, of the exhaust steam injector, a valuable contrivance for the utilization of waste steam, which is now generally applied to stationary steam boilers. Mr. Davies, who inherited his vast wealth from his father, the late Mr. David Davies, one time M. P. for Cardiganshire, and founder of the Barry Docks and railways, held many public offices. He was chairman and principal proprietor of the Ocean Coal Company, South Wales, director of the Barry Docks and Railways, the Cambrian Railways, the London Middle-class Dwellings Company, and other companies. He was a deputy-lieutenant and J. P. for Montgomeryshire, member of the Montgomery County Council, and County Governing Body, and of the Council of Aberystwyth University College. Through a Liberal Unionist, he took no active part in politics since the cleavage of the Liberal party on the Home Rule question. A member of the Calvinistic Methodist denomination, he was well known for his support to their many aims and objects. Mr. Davies was of a charitable disposition, and in recent years he subscribed 1,000p. to Trevecca College, and a like sum to Bala College. Not only was he a liberal donor to the University Colleges of Cardiff and Aberystwyth, but was quite recently considering a draft scheme of scholarships in the Welsh Intermediate Schools, in memory of his father, for the County of Montgomery, and also for the employees to the Barry Railway Company.

AMERICAN "SANTA CLAUS" AT CARDIFF.

A children's treat, unique for Wales, was arranged for some hundreds of the little ones at the Welsh Tabernacle Chapel, Cardiff, recently. Mr. R. G. Pierce, of the Carbon State Company, Slatington, Pa., had ordered from America several hundreds of boxes containing things to gladden the hearts of the young, and, with the assistance of the Hon. D. T. Phillips, the American Consul, he carried the scheme through. During the intervals of singing and reciting, telegrams were arriving for the consul from Father Christmas, who wired, first from the North Pole, then Klondyke, then New York, and so on, till at last a wire showed that he was at Llanishen. A boy carried these telegrams in, and each time he made his appearance the excitement of the children grew. When at length a telegram said that "Santa Claus" was in The Hayes, the little ones became wild with enthusiasm, and in the midst of it "Santa Claus," clad in fur, and laden with a huge sack of presents entered, and distributed the good things, together with boxes of oranges, which Mr. Pierce had also provided. This kind of entertainment is very general in America.

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One of the most popular business men in Lima, O., is Thomas H. Jones, of the W. K. Boone Co., dealers in hardware. A generation has grown up since Mr. Jones came to Lima and began clerking for Ashton & Co., who, a third of a century ago, were conducting a hardware store in the room now occupied by the Ohio National Bank. When W. K. Boone afterward acquired the business Mr. Jones was retained, and now, with possibly an exception or two, has the distinction of having been connected with one store for a longer time than any other man in the city.

Mr. Jones was born in Wales, and came to this country with his parents in 1850, settling at Gomer. He worked on the farm for a few years, then for W. W. Williams in the store at Gomer, and afterwards at Pandora and Columbus Grove. In 1862 he enlisted in the Union army, and served three years, after which, in 1865, he came to Lima, and, as stated above, has been in the same store ever since. For seventeen

years he served as bookkeeper and salesman, and in 1882 was admitted as member of the firm.

The London Welsh Nonconformists are taking steps to organize a representative gathering of Welshmen on St. David's Day. The festival will take place in the Metropolitan Tabernacle.

A Welshman, the Rev. A. J. Griffith, M. A., will occupy the chair of the Australian Congregational Union during the coming year.

Mr. Baring Gould, who has just been elected a member of the Cymmrodorion Society, is engaged in studying and investigating hut circles and hill castles in South Wales, with the view of comparing them with those in Devon and Cornwall. When his work is completed he has promised to read a paper before the Cymmrodorion, giving the results of his researches.

Caradog was keen as a business man, as his position in life during his last years indicated. He also had an excellent idea of practical mechanics, and a large store of general knowledge. He was very sociable, good-natured, amiable, and kind, but when he heard imperfect intonations, his countenance would quickly indicate his displeasure.

A sketch of Caradog's musical feats would be incomplete without reference to his ability as a violinist. His operetta of the farm-yard was very interesting and entertaining. With one end of a door-key in his mouth, and the other pressed on the bridge of his violin, he was used to reproduce all the varied sound of a farm-yard from the cackling of a hen to the bellowing of a bull.

Rev. R. Trogwy Evans, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, intends visiting the Principality early in the New Year. Before emigrating to America Mr. Evans was pastor of the Welsh Church at Greenfield, Flint. He has just completed a voluminous work on the Book of Revelation, which bears the title, "The Revelations of the Revelation."

Mr. Owen Edwards has just celebrated his 38th birthday. He first saw light on Christmas Day, 1859, at Llanuwchllyn, a charming village nestling among the glorious mountains of Merionethshire. Mr. Edwards was the recipient of many messages of congratulation from his friends and admirers throughout the Principality.

Bonwr Lewis Jones, one of the founders of the Welsh colony at Patagonia, is about to return to the colony, after spending four months in the land of his fathers. The efforts of Bonwr Jones to form a company for the purchase of lands in the Andes, for the extension of the Welsh settlement, have not met with much success in the Principality. Miss Eluned Morgan, Mr. Jones's daughter, who has been in Wales for some time, will return with her father to Patagonia.

Following the example of her husband, Mrs. Reichel, the wife of the Principal of the Bangor University College, is resolved that having come to Wales to live she will acquire a knowledge of the language of the country. Mrs. Reichel has entered upon her course of tuition with enthusiasm, and, according to the statement of her tutor, Mr. L. D. Jones, Bangor, she is making more rapid progress with yr hen iaith than was made even by the Principal himself, who is now an accomplished Welsh speaker.

Madame Kate Morgan has a warm place in her big Welsh heart for North Wales. And so she ought to have. Gwynedd cannot do without her. Bangor National Eisteddfod gave her two big musical successes; Ffestiniog had to seek her services for the 1898 proclamation; the largest Musical Festival

Wales has yet witnessed—that held by the Calvinistic Methodists at Carnarvon—had her name as one of its chief attractions; and now she is booked for a number of engagements in Merionethshire, Carnarvonshire, and Anglesea in March next.

was fortunate in having parents of robust health and intellectual strength, which left him an inheritance of natural ability. Mr. and Mrs. John Jones were respected by friends and neighbors, and our subject honors their memory with affection.

W. Cadle Jones.

W. C. JONES. SCRANTON, PA.

The subject of this brief sketch saw the light of day in a small village called Brynonen in the County of Carmarthen, S. W., July 8, 1860; so he is now in his 38th year. From his village home he could just catch a glimpse of the sea, and this might have awakened in his youthful mind the spirit of poetry, to which when disengaged from his duties as commercial traveler for Cassidy & Co., tea merchants, of New York, he devotes his leisure time. He received all his education at the common schools, and studied poetical composition with some of the local bards. He

Since leaving school when a mere boy, he has continued to cultivate his mind and woo the muse; and he has attained such a proficiency in alliterative poetry—a literary pastime among the Welsh—that he is considerable of an expert in producing felicitous epigrams; and it is no empty flattery when we state that he is a really smart englynwr. This kind of poetry is unique and singular in construction—a kind of a Chinese puzzle to other nations. It is a kind of small verse which automatically bursts with wit. It is a kind of a bee with a sting. When Mr. Jones is not selling tea, &c., he is concocting little alliterative gibes and jokes which

he playfully fires off at his friends or explodes for general amusement at Eisteddfods.

He received his bardic degree at the Swansea National Eisteddfod; so he is a regular and duly licensed poet, not a rhyming moonshiner, or an irresponsible poetaster. In addition to the instinct of a poet, he possesses a geniality which makes him popular among his friends. He is always hunting for pleasant spots, and likes to bask where the sun shines.

Besides his native language he is fairly proficient in English and French. He is well read in literature, and enjoys roaming over the fields of knowledge. He is known among his friends and acquaintances, and in the press, by the bardic name of "Cadle," which rescues him from being hopelessly swamped in the Jones' family. This "Cadle" gives him a habitation and a name of his own. He is the only "Cadle," but not the only "Jones."

Some years after he landed in Lansford, Pa., he married Miss Harriet Edwards, daughter of J. C. and Jane Edwards, and they have a family of bright and promising children.

And in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains a Cambri-an!

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Mr. Humphrey Jones, principal tenor at Exeter Cathedral, formerly of Bangor Cathedral, seems to be achieving considerable success in the South of England. With reference to a performance of "Elijah" recently, the "Western Morning News" says: "The Exeter Oratorio Society, which claims to be the oldest musical society of the kind in the kingdom, and which has started well on the way towards its diamond jubilee, held its annual festival last evening. The principals were Madame Squire, Miss Lillian Hovey, Mr. Humphrey Jones and Mr. Watkin Mills. Those who attended were well rewarded, as the performance was one of the finest that has been heard in Exeter from whichever point of view it is judged. The soloists are to be congratulated upon the freshness which they maintained to the end. Mr. Humphrey Jones thoroughly justified his selection. He sang his numbers clearly and with exquisite taste."

In a thoughtful tribute to "Caradog" in the new number of the Musical Herald the writer says: "What an interesting picture of Welsh life the career of 'Caradog' affords! There were those at the funeral who remembered him a blacksmith in a moleskin apron, who played the violin, and was felt to be a coming man, owing to his masterful ways in Eisteddfod work. At 18 he led a small choir to victory at the Aberavon Eisteddfod. Later on the proprietors of the colliery for whom he worked offered him a public house at Treorky, and it was while he was landlord of this that he trained and twice brought to London the South Wales choral union, the headquarters of which were at his native town of Aberdare. The visit to London in 1873, with the expense of training, cost £4,500, all of which was raised in Wales, the members themselves, all working people, subscribing £2,000. What patriotism, what pursuit of an ideal this shows! The second competition over, a national testimonial was raised, 'Caradog's' former employers heading the list with 200 guineas, and he retired into private life. Soon after, he and a few friends put together a little money to found a brewery, and the success of this has been phenomenal, so that 'Caradog' had long been living in great comfort, and died director of a brewery company, and a rich man. Whether 'Caradog' did as much good by encouraging his neighbors to pour beer down their throats as he did by encouraging them to pour music from them is a question; at any rate, he was always personally a favorite. Welsh to the core, he inspired the Welsh spirit and made music an outlet for natural feeling.

CURRENT EVENTS.

JAPAN AND RUSSIA.

Japan has just cause for indignation with Russia, the Russian control of Korea being a clear violation of a treaty by which Russia bound herself to unite with Japan in maintaining the independence of Korea. This treaty was by way of partial reparation to Japan for the injury done that nation by Russia, Germany and France in concert in depriving her of the most important fruits of her victory over China. The Russian control of Korea is a serious violation of treaty obligations. It imperils Japan, as well as wrongs her.

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WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

A remarkable indication of the progress of sentiment favorable to woman suffrage in Great Britain is indicated by the fact that the general committee of the National Liberal Federation, at its recent meeting at Derby, adopted a resolution in favor of granting the parliamentary franchise to women. This action seems to commit the Liberal party to the cause of woman suffrage. A resolution was also adopted in favor of adult man suffrage, doing away with all property restrictions. The issue of electoral reform will now be pushed and settled before further attacks upon the House of Lords are made.

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THE KAISER AND CHINA.

If the German dream of a mighty world power is really a widely held national ideal, and if the German people are prepared to make sacrifices for the attainment of such an ideal, which would be as heroic as they would be insane, they will support proposals even more far-reaching than these. But this dream can not, of course, be realized without a tremendous collision with other powers—a collision in which the German Empire would run the risk of being smashed and pulverized. * * Germany must be content with expansion through other territorial powers, or she must, if possessed by this idea of a world-empire, run the risk of annihilation. * * *

If there is to be a race of economic ruin, Germany will arrive at the goal long before we do, and on her head will be the main disaster. We write in the conditional mood, for it remains to be seen whether the Kaiser's megalomania is shared by a majority of the German people. There is much good sense and a vigorous logical judgment in Germany, to which one may confidently appeal.—Spectator.

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ENGLAND IN THE EAST.

The event that seems to have most acutely offended Great Britain is the dismissal by Korea of the Englishman who has been superintendent of Korean finances and customs, and the substitution of a Russian, an agreement having been entered into by Russia and Korea, which virtually gives Russia complete and perpetual control of the Korean custom finances. By the terms of this agreement "no other than a Korean or Russian subject shall be appointed to the office of financial adviser." The

duration of the agreement is unlimited. It is evident that this contract did not originate with Korea, but with Russia. It amounts to a Russian seizure of the finances and customs of Korea, and points to unlimited political and territorial control. Russia some time ago acquired control over Chinese Manchuria, and its contract with Korea has been followed by its occupation of Port Arthur. No wonder England is considerably excited.

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TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE SUN.

The total eclipse of the sun January 22, was very successfully observed in India by two Americans, a German, a French, and half a dozen English expeditions. As was anticipated would be the case, at this season of the year, the sky was clear. Moreover, as the eclipse occurred early in the afternoon, it was observed to the very best advantage.

One of the American expeditions was in charge of Professor Campbell of Lick observatory. It used a 40-foot telescope, several smaller tubes, and five spectroscopes. The party was provided with over 100 pounds of photographic plates. The second expedition was in charge of Professor Charles Burckhalter of the Chabot observatory, San Francisco. He had with him an apparatus of his own invention, which he took with him to Japan to observe the eclipse of 1896, but rain prevented a test. The instrument is designed to secure with a single exposure a complete photograph of the corona, showing in equal perfection its fainter and brighter portions in a single picture, a thing exceedingly desirable, but never yet accomplished. Hitherto it has been necessary to make a considerable number of negatives with very different exposures, and then to combine the data furnished by them into a single representation of the whole phenomena. Both American expeditions are reported to have made very successful observations.

A NEW METAL.

The New York "Herald" says that Edison has accidentally discovered what he believes to be a new metal, which will do away with the slow and costly process of making malleable iron. Exhaustive experiments will be made, and if they are successful it is promised that full details will be given to the public.

It is claimed that after a lot of iron had been run through a magnetic ore-separating mill, the "pigs" were taken from the blast furnace as usual to be cooled and broken up. The lot in question proved refractory, for the "pigs" resisted all efforts of the men with heavy sledges to break them. The fact was submitted to chemists, and the theory was formed that there was some hitherto unknown substance in the iron used, and this is believed to be a new metal.

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HANNA.

The success of Hanna in Ohio ends one great struggle, but has paved the way for a great many others. The country has been watching the contest very closely, because of the prominence of the principal candidate and the circumstances under which his defeat was sought to be accomplished by his party associates. No doubt the Ohio voters at the last election expected the legislature would re-elect Hanna. It was understood throughout the campaign that a Republican legislature meant his selection. The legislature was Republican, but the opposition in the Republican party to Hanna caused the turmoil of the past few days. Various reasons have been given for this opposition, and various charges and demonstrations of bitterness have followed. The campaign has been remarkable for its bitterness and intensity.

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The death in England of "Louis Carroll," the author of Alice in Wonder-

land, will cause sorrow throughout the English-speaking world. "Lewis Carroll" was only a pen name adopted by the Reverend Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, who was born in England in 1832; was graduated at Oxford in 1854, first in mathematics; and who established his fame as a writer of several mathematical treatises before he astonished us all with his Alice in Wonderland, which is the best series of modern verses for children ever written. It is wonderful that a writer could turn from A Treatise on Plain Algebraical Geometry and produce the delicious nonsense contained in the Hunting of the Shark. It is not perhaps so strange that this many-sided man should have been a layman of the Church of England, for who can forget that Jonathan Swift and Laurence Sterne were both English laymen?

It is announced from Tacoma that the Rothchilds have definitely decided to build a railroad into the Yukon country over the Dalton trail, starting at Pyramid Harbor on Chilkat inlet. Engineers are at work on the right of way, and construction will commence very early in spring. It is hoped to complete the road next summer, and in all events by a year from now. It is not expected that it will be possible to operate the road during the winter on account of the intense cold weather, but the investment will be profitable without winter traffic. From Fort Selkirk or its vicinity connecting steamers will be operated to Dawson, two hundred miles beyond. The building and equipment of the line to Fort Selkirk is estimated to cost seven or eight million dollars.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly is about to contribute another argument against his own theory that Bacon is the author of Shakespeare's works by crediting him with "Don Quixote" also. All these Baconians in "trying to fill a wineglass spill a gallon." According to them he is the creator of the principal literature that appeared during his lifetime.

Mr. Donnelly has, however, a successful rival in a Detroit doctor, whose cipher is more extraordinary than his. The Detroit man has a machine turned by a crank, whereby anyone can reel off stories about Bacon by the yard. According to this "crank," Bacon wrote all of the dramas of his time, Spenser's "Faery Queen," "The Anatomy of Melancholy," and several other famous works. Bacon was, too, the son of Queen Elizabeth and the Earl of Leicester, a fact well known at the time, but accidentally overlooked by everybody but Bacon, who wrote the Shakespearean dramas and the other works, in order to advise posterity of an event which is interesting if true. But this "cipher," like an ordinary one, "signifies nothing."

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THE CUBAN SITUATION.

Events in Cuba seem drifting to a crisis. Our government is advised that the scheme of autonomy will prove a failure. It depended for success upon its acceptance by the Cubans. As to those in arms, they shoot any Spaniard who suggests it to them, and we do not learn of any class of the natives cooperating effectually in the government's plan; while a large element of the Spanish population is so disgusted with conciliation that it is on the verge of a rebellion of its own, as shown by the rioting at Havana lately. The Spaniards of this "conservative" wing are said to regard the island as lost, and to be contemplating a union with the insurgents on condition of indemnity for their losses by the war. In a military or a political view Spain seems to have gained nothing by the new policy, yet must stand or fall by it, for a return to Weyler's barbarous program would only breed fresh difficulties at home and abroad.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

CONSOLATION

To my uncle, Rev. Richard Hughes, on the death of his beloved wife, Sarah Hughes, who died Sept. 7th, 1897.

Companion of my youth and life,
Ideal woman, faithful wife,
Has vanished like a star;
The angel voice that cheered my way,
And brought me comfort every day,
Found heaven's gates ajar.

We lived together side by side,
As on the day she was my bride,
Just fifty years last May;
It seems but yesterday we met,
The sun of life for me has set,
Until I cross the way.

A sadness echoes through the hall,
A silence lingers over all,
When evening prayers are said,
Then in the twilight comes a thought,
A broken dream and love is not,
Within the garden bed.

At times I feel my strength grow weak,
A pallor settles on my cheek,
And tears unceasing flow;
Then in the gloom an angel hand,
Takes me on to the spirit land,
And leads me to the throne.

How beautiful in garments white,
Celestial vision of delight,
Beyond the touch of care;
Then unawares her presence brings,
A holy thought of wiser things,
My soul some day will share.

These separations how they smart,
They send an arrow through the heart,
And chill the pulse and vein,
But these afflictions wisely tell,
The Father doeth all things well,
His goodness will explain.

Although to-day the way seems long,
Without a mother's tender song,
Without a mother's voice;
But at the cross I still will cling,
Until the Father bids me sing,
The Savior is my choice.

Sallie A. Lewis.

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A JAPANESE ROOSTER.

The National museum at Washington has just received an example of the powers of the Japs in this mode of stock breeding which cannot be found anywhere else in this country. The fowl in question is a rooster. This rooster probably would not impress one as different from the ordinary barnyard chanticleer were it not for the enormous length of the tail. The tail is exactly 10 feet, 6 inches in length and remarkable for its great beauty. From the back of the rooster extend a dozen long filament feathers, any one of which would be long in the ordinary fowl, but three of the feathers reach the great length stated. They are of a bright peacock blue and present a beautiful coloring, especially in the sunlight.

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A DREYFUS LETTER.

If one can only suppose Captain Dreyfus to have been innocent of the odious offense imputed to him, a letter of his to his little boy, which is published in the Paris papers, is full of pathos. It runs thus:

Dear Little Pierre—Papa sends you plenty of kisses, and to little Jeanne also. Papa often thinks of you both. You will teach little Jeanne to make pretty towers with wooden bricks, very

high, like those I used to make for you and which tumbled over so delightfully. Be very good. Give plenty of nice caresses to your mother when she is sad. Be very nice, too, with grandfather and grandmother; have some good "larks" with your aunts. (In the original the word is "niches," which means harmless little practical jokes.) When papa comes back from his journey, you will come and meet him at the station with little Jeanne, with mamma, with everybody. Once more, many kisses for you and little Jeanne. Your Papa.

Dr. Temple, the new Archbishop of Canterbury, has come up from the ranks. At thirteen he lost his father. At seventeen he earned his own living. He ate coarse fare, wore patched clothes, and toiled on a farm in barn and field. As the London Chronicle says, few men have better earned the right to address the English laborers as "fellow workmen." And probably he never before worked so hard as now.

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WHISKERS.

The teacher of the Sunday-school class was telling the little boys about temptation, and showing how it sometimes came in the most attractive form. She used as an illustration the paw of a cat.

"Now," said she you have all seen the paw of a cat. It is as soft as velvet, isn't it?"

"Yesem," from the class.

"And you have seen the paw of a dog?"

"Yesem."

"Well, although the cat's paw seems like velvet, there is nevertheless concealed in it something that hurts. What is it?"

No answer.

"The dog bites," said the teacher, "when he is in anger, but what does the cat do?"

"Scratches," said a boy.

"Correct," said the teacher, nodding her head approvingly. "Now, what has the cat got that the dog hasn't?"

"Whiskers!" said a boy on the back seat.

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Much interest has been awakened in England by the discovery of a prehistoric lake village near Glastonbury. The dwellings were placed on mounds of clay raised above the level of the water. The frame work of a primitive loom was found under one mound, and the number of broken bone needles and bone splinters discovered in another mound led the explorers to think that it may have been the site of an ancient needle factory. Very few human bones have been discovered, but among the interesting finds is a blue glass bead, with a waving dark line running around it. One of the mounds contains three hundred tons of clay all of which must have been dug from the surrounding hills and carried to the spot in boats.

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STATURE OF MEN OF GENIUS.

Havelock Ellis has been tabulating the measurements of height of 280 men of genius of all lands and ages. His idea is to find out whether the facts bear out the theory often stoutly urged that great men are apt to be short men. His conclusion is that they are apt to be either above or below the medium height. In the list that he has compiled (Nineteenth Century, July), 113 of the men included fall into the list of tall men, 110 into the list of short men, and but 57 into the list of men of medium height. This medium height he places at from 5 feet 4 inches to 5 feet 9 inches. He does not claim accurate knowledge of the height of more than a small proportion of those whose names are included in the lists, classifying many by the mere description of tall or short as furnished by their contemporaries, precise figures not being

obtainable. The results tally, however, with those derived from other sources, and furnish, Mr. Ellis thinks, a fairly safe basis for general conclusions.

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The newest way to spend a honeymoon is to go and ruralize in the top of a tree. This is solitary, and has the merit of novelty. A bridal couple in California have tried it quite recently. In that State the famous redwood tree grows to a height of two hundred feet. It is bare of branches for more than half its height. The top, however, is crowned by beautiful foliage, and on the highest branches of one of these forest monsters the romantic couple are spending their honeymoon. The only means of reaching "The Cuckoo's Nest," as they call their retreat, is by a rope ladder, which is drawn up when they are at home, so that no prying visitor can disturb their sweet solitude. "Our home is a dream," says the romantic bride. "What could be more peaceful and romantic than to recline fifty feet above earth on a thin couch, piled high with innumerable cushions filled with all sorts of fragrant herbs, pine needles, balsams, and new-mown hay? We have plenty of reading matter, and hour after hour is spent in that most delightful spot. Our moonlight nights are grand."

W. H. Preece, the well-known electrician, tells an amusing story about the early days of the telephone. That the Queen might test the new invention, he put Osborne, Portsmouth and London in communication, and arranged that a band should play while her Majesty was at the other end of the instrument. The Queen was detained, and before she arrived the band had been sent away. But a happy thought struck Mr. Preece. Why not himself act as the band? He stepped to the instrument and hummed into it "God, Save the Queen," and asked if Her Majesty recognized the tune.

"Yes," she said, "it was the national anthem—but very badly played."—Youth's Companion.

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HOW EDISON PROPOSED.

The idea of the great electrican Edison marrying, was first suggested byan intimate friend, of whom Edison timidly inquired whom he should marry.

The friend somewhat testily replied, "Anyone." But Edison was not without sentiment when the time came. One day as he stood behind the chair of a Miss Stillwell, a telegraph operator in his employ, he was not a little surprised when she suddenly turned round and said:

"Mr. Edison, I can always tell when you are behind me or near me." Edison fronted the young lady, and, looking at her fixedly, said:

"I've been thinking considerably about you of late, and if you are willing to marry me I would like to marry you."

The young lady said she would talk the matter over with her mother. The result was their marriage, and a very happy one it proved to be.

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HUXLEY.

Professor St. George Mivart, the eminent English scientist, who is a Roman Catholic, pays this tribute to the late Professor Huxley in The Nineteenth Century: "Though I attended his lectures for years, never once did I hear him make use of his position as a teacher to inculcate or even hint at his own theological views or to depreciate or assail what might be supposed to be the religion of his hearers. No one could have behaved more loyally in that respect, and a proof that I thought so is that I subsequently sent my son to be his pupil at South Kensington, where his experience confirmed what had previously been my own. As to science, I learned more from him in two years than I had acquired in any previous decade of biological study."

THE CAMBRIAN.

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THE RECTOR'S STORY.

By Lewis Leyshon.

In den Bluthen tritt das vegetabilische Gesetz in seine hochste Erscheinung, &c.—Goethe.

I never think of those lines above without being reminded of my childhood days. Childhood is life's bloom; manhood and womanhood is fruitbearing time, leading on to harvest. Childhood is the morn, when everything is bright and cheerful; manhood and womanhood is the afternoon and eve, when our lives decline, and our comforts and consolations fall like leaves off the autumnal trees. It is very much the same law that governs human as well as vegetable life. This little story I am going to tell shows how in childhood we are charmed by the ideal, and how in after years we are grieved and shocked by the real in life.

Our childhood is our paradise, and there is a time when we are in the bloom of life, and have only the faculty of happiness—we are surrounded with material for every variety of human woe and misery, but we are safe within the Eden of innocence, fenced within the walls of inexperience, and everything is impressed with the idea of goodness.

The dividing line between ideality and reality is what corresponds to the fall of man; for when emerging out of childhood he becomes conscious of the reality of life. Prior to that we are perfect and sinless; and we are free from the prejudices and hypocrisies of life. During childhood we are beautifully wrapped up in imagination, and our life is a dream, and our passions and propensities are undeveloped, and we have not yet conversed with the serpent, nor has the tree of the knowledge of good and evil more than blossomed. But the day comes when the fruit dislodges the blossom, and we eat thereof, and the misfortune of knowledge opens our eyes, and we are rudely and roughly aroused into the consciousness of

reality; and next we find ourselves expelled and exiled forever from the paradise of youth. In the bloom of childhood, while the tree of knowledge and the tree of life are yet only in blossom, the serpent is helpless and harmless, for temptation is impossible. It is when the blossom of life falls off our hearts that we are first exposed to the wiles and the guiles of the serpent. It is then falling from grace becomes possible. There is an Eden in each man's and woman's life, a tree of knowledge, a serpent, a fall from a state of ideality into a condition of reality; we are so anxious to partake of the fruit of life's experience, so eager to become men and women! But alas, expelled and exiled, how we turn and long for the paradise of childhood, but the gates are closed, and angels with the gleaming swords of our own aspirations exclude us!

When I was a child about six, the first thing I remember is that a beautiful little girl of my age was my constant companion, my little Eve! She had brown eyes, flaxen hair, sweet temper, and was in the truest sense of the word, a bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh; as if during my sleep of babyhood the good Lord had taken her out of my side. For a couple of years, spring, summer, autumn, winter, we were almost inseparable—parting at eve was such pain, and meeting in the morning such delight! It is a mystery how we became so inseparately attached, and the genesis of our simple love will remain as mystical as origins generally are. During spring and summer, we would roam through fields and meadows, amble through high grass, and sit half-hidden alongside the chattering stream, making chains of dandelion stalks; bird-cages or fool's caps out of rushes; whips and whistles of willows, etc.; or we would chase butterflies, or make necklaces out of the spoils of little birds' nests. And when the beautiful sun-glow would appear in the mystic west, we would hurry home and separate with sweet good-byes and little programs for the morrow. We would hardly talk, seldom look into each other's faces, but our mutual presence was sufficient—the all-sufficient consciousness of being together was our happiness.

During the winter months how well I remember the comfortable room in our house, where my Eve and I used to spend happy hours amusing ourselves with toys, trifles and playthings; building castles on the hearth; roaming through ponderous picture-books; doing amateur pen and ink sketches of mythological, grotesque and hideous-looking human beings; and being oft absorbed in far-away and long-agone tales told by our seniors.

But this happy age passed away, never to return. Industrial depression set in, and Mary's father—a respectable laborer—moved away to another county, which to me, at that age was a foreign land. I remember the family's departure as if it were yesterday. Mary—poor child! seemed to be glad that she

was going away, thinking it was only for her delight! After her departure, I felt lost for days and weeks and months, and my life was a longing. Weeks passed, months passed, but no Mary came! Our beautiful love had turned into a dream, and her voice seemed a sweet echo!

Thirty years later I became rector of the parish of H——, when one day I received a letter. I broke the seal hastily and nervously, and commenced reading its contents. It was partly a narrative of poverty and a cry for assistance, and the sender signed herself Mary ——. It aroused my curiosity, and it struck me at once that it was my little friend of 30 years ago! I visited the house without delay. It was in a dirty little alley; and I found the home poorly furnished, but clean, although devoid of all comfort. On a bed in a back room lay a woman, thin, pale, miserable, death-stricken, and in the last stage of consumption. Misery was written in deep characters across her once beautiful face; her beauty and charm were in ruins, but her eyes seemed still lit up with the memories of the past; her voice was stronger, but its quality, its music, the same. Beside her stood a child of about six, a perfect reproduction of her mother; her mother blossomed again!

As soon as I approached her she with some effort asked me, "You have forgotten Mary, Mr. ——?" I could hardly reply through emotion; and my heart seemed to swell and my voice to choke.

"Mary!" I said burstingly; "tell me your story. You are sick! You are in need!" "Not much, sir!—I am sick, and I am well. In need? I have been, truly; but now I am passed needing. This is the eve of my life; my sun is set, and I feel around me the shadows deepening, and very soon I shall sleep and rest."

We may talk of the music of the masters; of the great passages of poets; of the perorations of inspired orators, but Mary's beautiful, pathetic, angelic resignation moved my soul more than the combined charms of poetry, music and oratory; and in the silence which followed I could fancy hearing the far away voices of angel-choirs singing a refrain to her words, "Very soon I shall sleep and rest!"

"Tell me your story Mary," I said softly. "Tell it briefly," I implored.

"Why should I tell a tale of misery and misfortune? The relation of my wrongs would but be the reopening of old wounds. I have lived the life of a drunkard's wife. I have shared the burdens of another's sin. Let bygones be bygones. Let the horrors of my life rest. O! the mysteries of judgment and mercy!" Then after a suspense during which she coughed violently, she said, oblivious to all, seemingly, "Mr. ——, I should have been resting days or weeks ago, but care, anxiety for this child's welfare, keeps me awake. I lost three boys, and she alone is left—

the Lord save her from my fate! She is Mary, too!"

"What can I do, Mary, to show you my love?" I asked tearfully.

"Rescue this child, for our childhood's sake, watch over her little life."

"Mary, it shall be done—little Mary is safe," I answered. "I give you my word; I shall be as a father to her."

Her eyes filled with tears; and she was strangely moved with a feeling of violent joy. She stretched her hands—how emaciated and almost transparent!—and took hold of mine and pressed affectionately; closed her eyes, and a smile played on her face for a few seconds! Then her features relaxed, and she fell to sleep as one beautifully reposing! To a neighbor woman who entered at the time, little Mary innocently said: "Mam is better now, she is sleeping!"

Mary was respectably buried, and little Mary has lived in my house ever since. She is now a fine young woman, and she calls me "Uncle!" We had no children, so my wife loves her as much as myself.

GETTING MARRIED UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

By Tressilian.

I will never forget my wedding-day; and after I have given you the reasons why it has so firm a place in my memory, you will not wonder at it.

I was born and brought up in the thriving village of A——, where I also received a fair education, and where I also became enamored of a beautiful and amiable young lady, with whom I became engaged to be married. About six months before the time agreed for our marriage, I accepted a position as bookkeeper with the firm of Day & Knight, a publishing house, in a city about 30 miles from the home of my boyhood. I gave good satisfaction to my employers, and was busily engaged with my avocation, until at length, the long-looked-for day for my union with the loveliest of young ladies arrived. Having obtained leave of absence for fifteen days, I spent the fore part of the day in making such preparations as I deemed necessary for the interesting occasion. At 10 o'clock I received a letter from my intended, in which she informed me that she had had an unpleasant dream, which although she felt ashamed to acknowledge it, had created gloomy forebodings in her mind; and she urged me in the most earnest manner not to allow anything to hinder me from being at her home, where the wedding was to take place, by the appointed hour. The darling girl!—how needless all this

anxiety on her part. I would not disappoint her for anything short of sickness or death.

I had procured a wedding suit of the finest quality, and as I surveyed myself from head to foot in the mirror, I felt a good degree of satisfaction with my personal appearance, and I felt that Edna (for that is her name) need not be ashamed of my outward appearance, whatever about my other qualities.

The train I intended to take was to leave at 3:30, and which also was the last one for the day, in the direction I was going. At 3 o'clock I set out for the station, half a mile distant, and walked leisurely along, as I had ample time, until I was within one block of the station, when I stepped on a banana peel, my foot slipped, and it struck the foot of a painter who was passing, carrying a pot of paint in each hand: we both fell, he and his paint pots uppermost. We both quickly arose, and the painter commenced abusing me in the most profane manner, and told me I must pay him three dollars for the loss of his paint. I told him I would pay him when he paid me for the suit of clothes he had ruined. He then struck me a violent blow on my face, which blackened one of my eyes. Thinking it not best to become involved in a street fight, and run the risk of being arrested, I hastened away. I had only five minutes to board the train, and I was completely at a loss as to what to do, covered as I was with red and green paint, and a splendid suit of clothes completely ruined. A thousand things passed through my mind in a moment—then I came to a decision. I determined to brave it through; so I boarded the train, which was unusually crowded. As I stood near the door of the car, the conductor came along, to whom I explained my condition in a few words. He laughed, and told me I could sit down on the cross-seat by the door, back of where I stood, along-side a coal-scuttle, which I did, without looking, but it caused a crash, and I soon discovered that I had sat down on some eggs, which were in a paper bag on that seat. Instantly an old woman came to me, and indignantly cried out:

"Now you have done it; you've got to pay for them eggs. There's two dozen there. You must give me 50 cents."

Instantly all eyes were turned towards my corner, and the old woman and myself became the observed of all observers. Partly from a sense of justice, as well as to avoid drawing more attention than could be avoided, I calmly said:

"Keep cool, madam; you shall lose nothing by me;" and I handed her half a dollar, which immediately pacified her, and she returned to her seat.

Soon after this the sky suddenly darkened, and a violent storm burst upon us; the rain came down in torrents; vivid flashes of lightning shot through the air, and the booming thunder reverberated through the aerial vaults. This storm continued with unabated violence until

I was within two miles of my destination, when it ceased suddenly, the sun came out, and a beautiful rainbow adorned the landscape.

The village of A—— is situated about half a mile back from the station, between which and the station runs the beautiful river B——, which I had to cross on my way. When I reached it I found that the bridge had been carried away by the freshet. The river was greatly swollen, and the current rapid. I could not reach the next bridge without wading half a mile through a swamp, so that was out of the question. Fortunately, or unfortunately, I discovered a boat half hidden by bushes not far away, but no oars. However I found a long pole which I thought might serve for the emergency. So I launched forth into the stream, but when midway across, the pole broke, and I was entirely at the mercy of the current.

I was borne rapidly down the stream for half a mile, when the boat ran violently against a large rock, which arose above the water; and it immediately went to pieces, and left me floundering in the river. But being a good swimmer, I soon gained the opposite bank, but had hardly given myself a shaking, as dogs do when they come out of water, when the owner of the boat came to me, and in an angry tone exclaimed,

"Young man, you have destroyed my boat, and it will cost you fifty dollars."

"No, I guess not," I replied.

"Yes, it will, every cent of it, and if you do not pay that sum to me I will send a constable after you with a warrant for your arrest."

I was rapidly losing my temper, and there is no telling what I might not have done had I not constantly borne in mind the one great object I had in view, and which had placed me in the predicament in which I found myself; so I pacified him by assuring him I would make it all right with him.

After walking half a mile through newly plowed ground thoroughly soaked by the rain, into which I sank half way to my knees, I gained the road, and soon reached the end of my journey, fatigued and worried.

Edna and several of her companions were on the veranda anxiously looking for my arrival, and when I reached them, and they saw the plight I was in, no artist could portray the varied expressions of their countenances, and I thought I heard the words, "must be intoxicated" from one of them. Edna ran down the steps to meet me, and exclaimed,

"Oh, my dear Edward, what is the matter? where have you been? But come in, and tell me all about it."

I was conducted into a back room, and was soon surrounded by a large company of those who were assembled, and after resting a few minutes and quieting my excited nerves, I related to them the account of the journey, with which the reader is already acquainted.

Loud were the acclamations of

praise awarded to me when I had finished my story. I was pronounced a hero, and worthy of the beautiful Edna; and she was congratulated on having secured a man who was a man, and could overcome obstacles.

I was soon furnished with dry, clean and comfortable garments, which, although not so elegant and well-fitting as the suit that was ruined by the paint-pots, still answered very well under the circumstances.

The marriage ceremony took place at the appointed hour—8 o'clock—after which I was requested to re-relate the experiences of the day, which I did to the great amusement of the company. An hour was then pleasantly passed in friendly congratulations, after which we all sat down to a richly-provided banquet, and the happiness of the evening more than compensated for the annoyances of the day.

It is now two years since our wedding day, and it is at Edna's request that I write this account. She is sitting at my elbow as I am writing, and we often enjoy a hearty laugh at my experiences on my wedding day. I have never regretted going through those difficulties to gain so great a prize; and Edna assures me she is satisfied.

PAGAN REMAINS.

By Antiquarian.

Those pagan remains, called "Cromlechau" in Welsh, are wrapped up in mystery; and probably no light will be ever shed on their age and religious value. A cromlech is a kind of table—a structure of two or more unhewn stones placed erect in the earth, and supporting a larger flat stone, also unhewn. This cromlech is also called dolmen (daul, a table, and maen, a stone). These cromlechs are found in England, Wales, Scotland, Ireland, the Channel Islands, France, Spain, Germany, Denmark, and some other countries of Europe; and are even found in parts of Asia and America. They are generally uninclosed, and often found within a circle of unhewn stones. Dr. Pugh in his Dictionary describes a cromlech as a "flat stone somewhat concave, and inclining." By the bard it is called "Throne Stone," "Settled Stone," "The Stone of Covenant," and the "Altar of the Bards." These structures are numerous in Wales, especially in the isle of Anglesea. As far as anything is known, they are very ancient remains, probably many thousand years old. There are in Anglesea about 35 of these stones. There is a large one in Pembrokeshire, and several in Glamorganshire. Some of them are found covered in mounds and barrows, and the fact of human remains having been discovered underneath such, has led many to believe that they were sepulchral

monuments. Investigations into the history, names and surroundings of those remains, have induced archaeologists to believe that they were used as monuments, altars, platforms and sepulchres. Some have maintained that they were mere altars, upon which milk, honey, &c., were offered; and animals, and even human beings were sacrificed. Tacitus describes the Druid as sacrificing slaves and prisoners of war, as

The Old and New Bridges at Pontypridd.

means of propitiation. Some deny that they were either altars or sepulchres, but maintain that they were enclosures where certain candidates for Druidic offices were incarcerated and subjected to some unknown trials or discipline. Some try to explain their original purpose by interpreting the names by which they have lately been known by the Welsh bards; but it seems very probable that these are mere modern names based on conjectures as to their ancient use. Attempts have been made by the bards to prove that these stones were not altars where human offerings were made, since it is the principal article in their creed that the Druids were highly civilized and incapable of such pagan practices. It is supposed also that these cromlechs were "thrones," or rather "platforms," whereon the Archdruid or a representative of the whole nation would take his position to teach the people, or administer justice. These structures in themselves, whatever use they were put to, prove that civilization was low, and in a state to justify the belief that they were pagan enough to sacrifice human lives. This rude architecture betokens a rude state of civilization.

It seems very probable that these were connected with religious services of some kind, and that there was one or more in each locality, and others of national size and importance, such as those at Avebury

and Stonehenge, where the whole people congregated at stated periods. These were built on a large scale, and hundreds of thousands could witness the ceremonies. Bryn Gwyddon, at Avebury, is situated on a beautiful plain, and is surrounded by circles, one of them containing 200 stones; within is another smaller, and a smaller yet immediately enclosing the cromlech. Stonehenge also has a wonderful

Druidic Remains at Pontypridd.

number of stones, but this seems to be of later origin, since the work shows marks of tools used upon them. At Carnac we find another great Druidic temple with the upright stones arranged in lines instead of circles. This contains 11 lines of great stones, ranging from nine to fifteen feet in height. Each line contains about 300 stones, and is about half a mile long; all the lines containing about 4,000 stones.

Llanwyndeg in West Wales, and Pontypridd, Glamorganshire, are places notable for these wonderful remains. Angharad Llwyd in his "History of Anglesea," and the Encyclopedia Cambrensis say that there are more of these remains in Llanwyndeg than in all Anglesea. Glamorgan is full of Druidic remains, among which are "Maen Ceti" or "Coeten Arthur" referred to in the Welsh Triad. This is located in West Glamorgan, Gower, and is supposed to have been one of the largest in existence. This cromlech in ancient times was of enormous size, but in later days it has been cut and used for making mill-stones. It now rests on four pillars; but formerly it was supported by nine. The Vale of Morganwg appears to have been the centre of Druidic attraction. In St. Nicholas is the largest cromlech in all Britain, even larger than Cromlech Pentref Ifan in Pembrokeshire. This is called "Cromlech y Dyffryn." It measures 24 feet in length,

17 in width, and 2½ ft. thick, and has a superficies of 324 square feet. It rests on five upright stones, with an opening towards the south. It forms a room 16 feet long, 15 wide and 6 high.

The "Maen Chwyf" or the Rocking stone located a little outside the town of Pontypridd in the Taff Valley, is the centre of attraction. It has a surface of 200 sq. ft., and is placed on a kind of pivot. This has been the "maen gorsedd" of the Glamorgan bards, and is unique in the present yearly use made of it in Druidical gatherings. Here bardic orders are given with considerable pagan ceremony. On this "maen" the late celebrated modern druid Dr. Price baptized his daughter, by sprinkling her with a birch-spray dipped in dew, and naming her the "Countess of Glamorgan!" Although this stone was of great weight, it was so located that it could be shaken with ease; but out of pure malice some modern iconoclast hitched a team to it with the purpose of upsetting its equilibrium, and thereby gratifying a foolish form of jealous protestantism. Pontypridd holds the unique position of being the only locality where the old Druidic religion is to some extent practiced; and there are many druids in the neighborhood who profess the old religion of the Britons, and adhere to its tenets and teachings. Mr. Owen Morgan (known as "Morien") is the present Archdruid, or the "Pontifex Maximus," of these antiquated religionists, who still love to bask in the "light of the sun" of the ancient religion of Wales.

The Old Bridge which gives its name to the town was built in 1755, and is one of the most wonderful of its kind in the world. It consists of one arch stretching over 140 ft., 35 ft. high, and 11 ft. wide. It was built by William Edwards of the parish of Eglwys Elian. It has fallen into disuse, since the other bridge was erected in 1857. At the centennial of the Old Bridge in 1855, Dewi Wyn of Essyllt sang the following englyn to celebrate its century of service:

Adeilad un-fwa uwch dy li—Taf,
Pont hardd llawn mawrhydi;
Cant oed yn awr cawn wyt ti—
Cant arall cai cyn tori.

ASPIRATION.

By J. Twyson Jones.

Who has not human limitation wailed?
And sighed in grief when often he has failed
To climb the peak of purpose grand and good
And yielding to despair, in wonder stood?
Oh cruel fate! that we should have the will
To reach the glorious summit of the hill,
And yet be forced by circumscribed power
To see our wishes wither like a flower!

E COUNTRY COUSIN AND HER CITY RELATIVES.

By Rev. Erasmus W. Jones.

Part II.

e appointed day the country
ırrived in the great metrop-
d was received with a cor-
hat fully satisfied Thomas
Her ease and graceful bear-
ether with her great beauty
and features, astonished the
and daughters.
bid you a hearty welcome,
r niece," said the uncle;
you remain with us it will
pleasure to make you

ıks, my dear uncle," was
wer. "Except what I have
l from books, I know
of city life or city man-
n view of this visit, I have
ı quite free from embarrass-
Your loving smiles and
elcome have banished all
s, and I am very happy!
er may be found in me that
d correcting, my dear aunt
ısins will always find me
ıchable and thankful."
words produced a visible
nd the mother was about to
suitable reply, when a maid
in the younger children.
ere warmly embraced by
ısin Alice, and addressed in
e and tone so loving as at
win their young hearts'

onversation went on pleas-
)n the part of the cousin it
was easy, natural and brilliant. Her words "fitly spoken" were "as apples of gold in pictures of silver." The mother and Victoria were astonished and felt some twingeings of conscience.

"We expect a call this evening from a young gentleman, a special friend of ours," said Mr. Foster. "He will be very glad to be introduced to our Marvindale young lady, and form an acquaintance."

"O, cousin Alice," said Maud, "he is perfectly splendid!"

"Dear uncle Thomas," said Miss Dayton, "I am afraid that this highly cultured city gentleman will find me greatly embarrassed."

"Ho, ho!" cried the uncle, "if there is to be any embarrassment, it will be on his part. Have you never been introduced to a New York gentleman?"

"Only once," was the answer, "it was at an evening party in Marvindale, over a year ago, and he won the esteem and admiration of all present."

"It is quite possible that the young man we expect this evening may be of the same stamp," said the uncle. "Do you remember the name of the gentleman you met at Marvindale?"

"I certainly do," was the reply. "His surname was DeForest, and

we thought it had a charming sound."

"So it has indeed," said the uncle, "Have you heard from him since?"

"O, no!" was the answer, "and in all probability I never shall."

The door bell rang, and Mr. DeForest was ushered into the parlor, when he was instantly known by the astonished Alice.

"Mr. DeForest," said the barrister, "I have the pleasure of introducing you to my niece, Miss Alice Dayton of Marvindale."

The blushing maiden gave the young man her hand and said, "Mr. DeForest, if at this moment I lack in the ease and self possession becoming a young lady, I know you will forgive me. I was given to understand that a young gentleman of this city was to be introduced to me, but in order to surprise me his name was not mentioned. The surprise is a success. Mr. DeForest I am very glad to meet you again."

The reply on the part of the young man was in the very best of taste, and the conversation soon became more general and natural. Alice was modest, and the part she took was chiefly in replies to questions and remarks particularly directed to her by her uncle and Mr. DeForest. Mr. Foster had looked forward to this visit with strong hopes that it would prove a moral and intellectual blessing to his household.

Before a late hour, Mr. DeForest left, having spent an evening of thorough enjoyment. With Miss Dayton's whole bearing he was perfectly charmed. Her mental strength and ripe scholarship, as shown in her ready replies, in a voice of peculiar sweetness and striking intonation, produced in his mind an emotion of deeper meaning than that of admiration.

After the departure of Mr. DeForest, Alice remarked, "Uncle Thomas, I have a couple of letters which must be written to-night. It will take but a short time."

"All right my dear," said the uncle, "I will show you to the library, where you will find every convenience," and together they left. At the same time the mother and Victoria retired to an adjoining room. The mother was the first to speak.

"My child, at last our blind eyes have been fully opened. The dear one, whom in our pride, vanity and ignorance we despised, has proved herself immeasurably superior to her despisers. Your father was all right, and we all wrong. I am ashamed of myself. The words, behavior, intelligence, and loving spirit of your country cousin have produced in me a thorough change; and God helping me from henceforth, I will be a better wife and a better mother."

"Mamma dear," cried the daughter, "we both feel exactly alike, and I have been looking for an opportunity to tell you all."

"This night," said the mother, "I will make my humble confession to your father, and he will rejoice to know that you are of the same mind. Maud, the dear girl, has no confession to make. Victoria, I think

that Alice should know it all. I shall be more at ease knowing that she understands the situation. But let us return to the parlor before Alice leaves the library."

After the letter-writing was concluded, Victoria conducted her cousin to her bed chamber. When the room was reached, Miss Foster sat down and said—

"You will not object to my staying with you for a short time, will you, cousin Alice?"

"Far from that," was the reply, "the interview will give me much pleasure."

"Instead of that," said Victoria, "it will give you much pain. You are startled, and no wonder. With the advice of my mother I shall reveal to you the situation as it really exists. My father as you well know is a grand good man, kind, amiable and scholarly. Maud is affectionate, intelligent and pious. As to myself, I have led a vain, worthless frivolous life, a life of moral and intellectual idleness; priding myself on outward personal beauty, while my soul was permitted to become deformed and haggard. I conceitedly looked down upon all who did not move in the upper circles. In all this I was encouraged by my mother. When we thought that you were to be governess, we sneeringly said that you could not be introduced to our best society. Of late through your letters, and tonight by what we have seen and heard, our blind eyes have been opened to see our wickedness and folly, and we have bowed in deep penitence before our Father in heaven. While I am here confessing to you, my mother is making humble confession to my father. O! my dear cousin, we love you dearly. Under God you will be our savior. I will lead a new life. I have already begun. I will be a daughter worthy of her father, a sister worthy of Maud, and a cousin worthy of Alice Dayton. O, can you forgive and love your erring but deeply penitent cousin Victoria, and her equally penitent mother?"

The answer to this was a warm embrace and words of love. "My dear cousin there is nothing to forgive. In your confession you have shown moral courage. You will yet be a woman of whom the world and the church will be proud, and your mother will now encourage you in every worthy enterprise. Before we part let us kneel in prayer." Together they bowed, and in sweet sympathetic sentences the country cousin implored the compassionate Lord to pour the balm of consolation into the penitent hearts. They parted with the happy conviction that their prayers had been answered. The next day gladness shone in every countenance, and all seemed to breathe an atmosphere of love.

The hour was somewhat late, Alice had gone to her room, and a reception party in honor of their guest was proposed by the mother, and all present were delighted with the idea. The party in all its features was agreed upon, and by the special request of Victoria, Mr. De-

Forest the next day was asked to assist in the preparation. To this, with a pleasure he did not fully express, he consented.

The reception fully met the expectation of the Foster family. Alice never appeared more charming and lovely. In the course of the evening music was called for, and Victoria with a pleasant smile led Miss Giggles, a young lady noted for her conceit, to the instrument. She played a simple piece, which was slightly cheered. She next sang a solo with a defective voice. There was present an eminent German professor of music, who had been introduced to Miss Dayton, and had understood that she was a musician. He stood up and said, "Ladies and gentlemen, we have been kindly favored with music by one of our city ladies, for which we are thankful. We shall now, I trust, be favored with more by a young lady from the country, Miss Alice Dayton of Marvindale, the accomplished niece of our worthy host," and he led the blushing maiden to the piano. After striking a few chords, she played a lengthy difficult piece in a faultless style. At the close the applause was loud and protracted. The professor was in ecstasy, crying at the top of his voice, "Grand! grand!" He then said, "Our Marvindale wonder will now give us a vocal piece with accompaniment." And in a voice that thrilled the company she sang the noted solo, "For I Know that my Redeemer Liveth." This brought tears to many eyes, and was of too sacred a nature to admit of common applause. The professor refused to play, and in the name of the well-pleased company he thanked Miss Dayton for the treat she had kindly given them, and soon the company dispersed. The vain and conceited ones who attended the party went home with wiser heads and better hearts.

The wonderful and somewhat mysterious influence of Alice in her uncle's family was daily becoming stronger. One evening, they sat together, the parents and children listening with deep interest to every sentence uttered by their visitor. Her uncle looking at her with loving astonishment said—

"Alice, you seem to have free access to some hidden fountain of perpetual happiness. If it should not diminish your own enjoyment, you might reveal the secret to us who are often gloomy."

"I have no secret to reveal, uncle Thomas," was the smiling reply. "I am naturally of a merry temperament, for which I am very thankful. But the chief source of my happiness, is the religion I embraced when but a child. It has enabled me to rejoice in the midst of adversity. I have followed the remains of a father and a mother to the city of the dead, and in the sad bereavement my cup of spiritual consolation was full. From this fountain, dear uncle, we may all draw and be happy."

To this there was no direct response, but tearful eyes gave evidence of deep emotions. Through

Alice's influence, under the divine blessing, that house became a house of prayer and devotion—the parents and children active members of the church of Christ.

Alice Dayton's visit was about to terminate. On the morrow she was to leave for her quiet native village; and when the hour arrived the family lavished upon her their affectionate embraces, and by her uncle's side she was conveyed to the station.

O no, gentle reader, Mr. DeForest is not forgotten. I have no passionate love scenes to relate. During Alice's four weeks visit, the young banker had found repeated opportunities for private interviews with the girl that he now ardently loved. Her uncle had spoken to her of the young man in terms of the highest praise. And Victoria had once told her in all sincerity that she, her cousin Alice, was the only woman she ever saw that was good enough to be the wife of William DeForest. Suffice it to say that Alice gave DeForest as loving a heart as he gave her. Before God they were betrothed.

* * * * *

A year and more had passed away. The country cousin at the seminary had given perfect satisfaction, and the trustees with all others connected with the school were astonished when she handed in her resignation. She gave as a reason that she had been offered, and had accepted a responsible and lucrative position in New York City. With this they were satisfied, and asked no questions. One day, as she expected, her uncle Thomas was seen at Marvindale, and the next morning, after exchanging good-byes with a large number, she started again for the great city in charge of the eminent solicitor.

Not many weeks after this, at an early hour in the evening, the Foster mansion was brilliantly illuminated, from basement to attic. It was evident from the line of elegant carriages seen in that part of the fashionable thoroughfare, that the occasion was one of importance. That fine residence was thronged with happy smiling guests. Under the circumstances the service of a clergyman was necessary, and the Rev. Dr. Clinton of Marvindale was the one chosen. The ceremony was brief and impressive. William DeForest and Alice Dayton were pronounced husband and wife, in the name of the Holy Trinity. The scene was brilliant throughout, and no one wore a more cheerful countenance than Victoria Foster.

TWILIGHT.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

All is quietness and rest,
And the lingering day is done;
In the vermeil-tinted west
Glows the far declining sun.

And the twinkling evening star
Comforts us in heaven above,
Like hope coming from afar
Yet to feed the fires of love.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

III.

Lucretius' great philosophical poem, "De Rerum Natura" (On the Nature of Things) is certainly one of the most remarkable and interesting productions of ancient times. The scientific tendency was extremely strong in him, and although his theories are often fantastic, and his exposition of things erroneous, perusal of his entertaining pages proves that his mind was sublime and his genius daring; and although surrounded by, or rather enveloped in darkness and superstition, he struggled bravely, and to some extent, successfully, to free his mind from the scientific ignorance of his age. As the Hebrew prophet in religion, this great Roman was in the realm of science, and the philosophy of nature.

He was well versed in ancient philosophy, and had independence enough to doubt and reject opinions and views that did not satisfy his mind. The physical part of his philosophy was largely taken from the works of Epicurus and Democritus, who were both believers in the all-sufficiency of Nature to produce all her things. Lucretius in some passages seems to recognize the existence of gods, but teaches that they never created this world, nor could rule it, since they could not protect their own temples from lightning, fires, &c. He strives to show that Nature is able to account for itself; and proceeds with great boldness and even audacity, to expound his views. He was the inveterate foe of every form of superstition and credulity, and his great aim was to free philosophy from every interference on the part of ignorant authority. When we contemplate how the ancient mind was filled with supernatural fears in an age when belief in the multiplicity of gods and demons was common orthodoxy, every occurrence or event was explained or accounted for by the intervention of supernatural agency, since ignorance of natural laws was universal. When superstition held such sway over the intellects of the children of men, and when terrible credulity "displayed its frightful aspect from the regions of the sky," was not this Roman thinker a philosophical hero to defy the bigotry of his time? This brushing away of superstition from the philosophy of nature he calls "reason and contemplation of truth:" for he is always anxious to show, that however things were created, the gods of mythology, the contemptible beings which the popular mind and the vulgar religion of the time accepted, were utterly unfit to produce. The fabled gods were not possessed of sufficient majesty to account for the universe: not one of the gods of Homer and Hesiod was worthy of the glory of having created the

world, and their station and power were so insignificant in his estimation that he believed Nature not only the producer of animals and everything green, but even the mother of the gods themselves! Nature of her own energy and physical wealth had produced all, and questioning this conclusion seemed to him the misfortune of ignorance. Although Lucretius appeared to be an atheist, he was not an atheist in the modern sense of the word, because the superstitious views of gods in his time were widely different to the modern rational idea of God. The gods of Lucretius' time were ignorant, brutal, and possessed of all the weaknesses and failings of human beings, and, in fact, they were merely magnified human beings; so that the idea of their having created this boundless universe was to a thinker of Lucretius' intellectual acumen the extremity of folly.

He commences by stating "that nothing is ever divinely generated from nothing," and he goes on to argue that when we shall see clearly that nothing can be produced from nothing, the inevitable conclusion will be that everything has been developed gradually by improving lower forms. He was averse to believe that Nature was acting in a fitful, spasmodic, and disconnected manner. "If things once," says he, "came from nothing, they would spring from nothing now, because they could be more readily and directly produced in that expeditious way than by gradual processes." His objection to the irregular mode of creation has a good deal of solemn humor in it. "If things," says he, "came forth from nothing, every kind of things might be produced from all things; nothing would require seed. In the first place, men might spring from the sea; herds and other cattle might burst from the sky; nor would the same fruits be constant to the same trees, but would be changed, and all trees might bear all kinds of fruit." He believed in the constancy and continuity of the laws of nature. Then he proceeds: "Vacant space would suffice to produce abundance, and varieties of beings. If things could be produced so easily and suddenly out of nothing, why could not nature create men of such size that they might ford the ocean on foot, or tear mountains with their hands? On the contrary, since everything comes from something previous, a growth from a seed, a seed from a growth, he was led to conclude that creation was eternal. He could not conceive of a time wherein there was no thing and no physical energy or life, nor could he perceive the practicability of beginning in nothing! He, therefore, maintains that matter is eternal; and that it is made of small atoms, solid and imperishable, or they would have been used up and reduced by wear and friction long ago! This solidity has preserved these little world elements from wasting through the infinite space and time These atoms are eternal; but the bodies they constitute are

finite and within time. Things come and go, but the atoms themselves last forever unchanged and unworn. These atoms by infinite arrangement have and do produce all varieties of things, as a few letters constitute an endless variety of words. These atoms also by varied combination produce substances different to the individual nature of the elements, as letters, meaningless in themselves, constitute words that have a great variety of expressions.

Mark as my easy verse spontaneous flows.
How common letters nervous words compose,
Tho' verse from verse, and word from word be found
To differ widely both in sense and sound:
And hence convicted, let thy reason own
What wondrous change position forms alone.
Thus common seeds, more numerous far, unite
In all the different forms that greet the light.

The daring manner in which he speculates on the way atoms were influenced to form things without the operation of a directing Mind, is truly astonishing, and again, amusing. "For certainly," says he, "neither the primary elements of things disposed themselves severally in their own order, by their own counsel or sagacious understanding; nor, assuredly, did they agree among themselves which motion each should produce; but because, being many and changed in many ways, they are for an infinite space of time agitated, being acted upon by forces throughout the whole, they thus by experiencing movements and combinations of every kind, at length settle into such positions, by which means this sum of things are produced." Summing up the whole argument and reviewing all his statements he urges his reader "to keep in mind these things, and this system of nature will immediately appear as a free agent, released from tyrant masters, to do everything itself spontaneously, without the help of the gods."

Reviewing the gods of his time he apostrophizes: "Who is able to rule the whole of this immense universe? Who can hold in his hand with power to guide them the strong reins of this vast combination of things? What god can at the same time, turn around all the heavens, and warm all the earth with ethereal fire? Or what god can be, at the same moment, present in all places?" Studying the theology of paganism, and canvassing the nature and character of the gods, as he found them in the creeds and poetry of his time, he discarded with contempt and impatience the idea that Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, Mercury, Vulcan, and such superstitious vulgar fictions could perform the immense task of creating and sustaining this vast universe. The Greeks and Romans did not possess the idea Paul had of a "Lord of heaven and earth who giveth to all life, and breath, and all things." Who can read the above passage without the consciousness of his feeling after Him, and was not far from grasping the Eternal. It is hardly surprising, when we

think of the character of pagan gods, that the Greek and Roman philosophers were sceptics, that they denied their almightiness; and preferred the more rational conception of investing nature with the glorious office and glory of Creator. In fact, it was more rational to ascribe life to Nature than to Jupiter, &c. Even Ovid when describing creation can hardly see one of the gods worthy of the honor and glory, for he says quisquis deorum (whichever of the gods) it was who performed the work! Since the heavens were the habitation of pagan deities, and since he was loth to accredit to them the work of creation, he perseveres in applying his mind to prove that Nature is Originator, Mother and Nurse of all. Although he seems to believe in the existence of gods, he pictures them as being far removed from this world, and enjoying a state of tranquillity and unconcern.

Omnis enim per se divum natura necesse est
Semota ab nostris rebus sejuntaque longe.

ODE TO HEALTH.

By J. D. Morgan.

Oh, rosy Health! of thee I sing,
And to thy praise my tribute bring,
Though not a bard who treads the earth
Can ever duly sing thy worth.

With thee we hail the morn with joy,
And all the hours of day employ;
E'en daily labor yields delight,
And then we sweetly rest at night.

The eye, thou makest clear and bright,
The muscle strong, the footstep light;
Thou givest courage, strength of nerve
That even danger cannot swerve.

'Tis thou that givest life its zest,
Thy smile makes man supremely blest;
But when thou frownest, all is gloom,
We only see the yawning tomb.

Deprived of thee, all else is drear,
The world can neither charm nor cheer;
All earthly comforts fly away,
In pain we languish and decay.

Some, in the hot pursuit of wealth,
Lose hold on thee, Oh precious health,
Then spend their riches, but in vain,
In seeking thy return again.

When thou art lost, 'tis then alone
Thy real worth to us is known;
How trivial then is earthly gain,
When life itself is only pain.

Thou hast thy laws, minute and strong,
And those who trespass do a wrong
Unto themselves, and they must pay
The penalty some coming day.

THE FALL OF CARADOG.

By Rev. Daniel Phillips.

"The man shall live. Bring forth a bullock. Divine from that," quoth the king.

They released the man and sacrificed the beast, from which they divined war and also victory—with the tongue and not with the sword.

"Had any one else opposed the priests and interfered with the sacrifice," spoke several under their breath, "the Druids would have excommunicated and ostracized him at once, but Caradog is too powerful and important."

"Victory with the tongue and not with the sword," repeated the kings and priests among themselves. "What can it mean? Are the gods beside themselves? Or are the priests unable to understand them?"

"The gods are offended," ventured one. "Rather the priests are offended," ventured another.

"Offended or not," ventured a third, "I admire Caradog, who had the grace to forgive his enemy, and the courage to defy the Archdruid. He is every inch a man, a leader, a hero, worthy the command of the Britons. The gods save Caradog." "The gods save Caradog," repeated the others with emphasis.

Chapter III.

Within a week Caradog led his forces into the country of East Gwallia, and encamped on an elevated ground, at the junction of two rivers, where he fortified himself, and arranged his army. On the right were the Cornwallians, on the left the North Gwallians, and in the centre the East and West Gwallians —all in the order of their tribes, and under their own commander, with Caradog in command of the whole. Back of the army, at the foot of the mountain, which commanded a view of the camp and the valley below, were the women, the baggage, and the carriages drawn up in the form of a crescent, to encourage the soldiers, nurse the wounded, and in emergency check the enemy.

"We are to have the most terrific battle I have ever fought," remarked Caradog to his wife, their second evening in camp. "The enemy are two to our one. The valley and the hills beyond are covered with them. Tertius, the Roman captive, whom the priests would have sacrificed, estimates them at sixty thousand. Besides, they are well armed, well disciplined, and flushed with victory."

"But if our men will fight as usual, with the position we have taken, and with you to command them, we ought to conquer," said the queen.

"Is there any doubt of the issue?" asked Clodia, "you have always conquered."

"There is hardly an even chance

for us," answered her father. "But we shall fight like heroes, and leave the result with the gods."

"Do you think the gods are displeased with us because Tertius was not sacrificed?" inquired Prince Edgar.

"The priests may be displeased with us, but not the gods," replied the king, "for they are not so cruel as to take the life of the innocent."

By early dawn both camps were in motion, and Caradog, having instructed his lieutenants, dashed from division to division, from nation to nation, and from company to company, encouraging each and all to be courageous, and do their best. By the hour of ten the whole army was drawn up in line of battle and ready for the signal. On the outskirts of each division were the charioteers, then the cavalry, and in the centre the foot soldiers.

When Caradog had reminded them of their ancestors who repulsed Julius Caesar, of their own victories on other battlefields, and of their duty to their wives and their children, to their country and their gods, he gave the signal, when all at once rushed into the conflict. The chariots frightened the horses, and mowed down the Romans by the hundreds. The cavalry followed the chariots with great havoc. And the footmen gleaned after the cavalry. Till late in the day the conflict raged, and victory hung in the balance, when the military shell and shield of the Romans surpassed the strength and valor of the Britons. Thousands fell on both sides, and among them famous generals. But Caradog, whose life was twice saved in the hottest fight, once by Lieut. General Owen, who dispatched the assailant, and once by Tertius, who fell in the conflict, escaped, at the most earnest entreaties of his Lieutenants, to raise another army, and came by night to the queen of the Brigantes.

Chapter IV.

Cartismandua, who was conversant with Caradog's fame, and charmed with his person, received him graciously, and significantly remarked at length, "I shall now have the first commander in the country to lead my forces and defend myself against Ostorius."

"A poor commander and protector, a defeated general," quoth he, with courteous dignity.

"I would have sooner believed that Alexander, Hannibal, or Caesar had been defeated than Caradog, the invincible Briton."

"Caradog the Briton, but not Caradog the invincible, for I am here to seek your protection, till I shall rally the army to protect my home, my kingdom, and my country."

"Why not make this your home, your kingdom, and your country?"

"Because it would be wrong, mean, infamous. Better far the Roman yoke and the Roman axe. By the loss of a battle by accident, treachery, or otherwise, I lost not

my manhood. That I shall always preserve, whether in Britain or at Rome, whether in life or in death."

"You know that you are in my power."

"I know that I am at your mercy."

"You have counted the cost, then?"

"I have counted the cost, and nothing can purchase my manhood."

"So mote it be," she muttered, and left the hall with disappointed hope and revengeful purpose, and soon returned with thirty soldiers, whom she commanded to bind the fugitive, and deliver him to his master.

On his return to the scenes of conflict, where Ostorius still encamped, he found that Osgar had escaped with Lieut. General Owen, that Iago had fallen in battle, and that Arthur and Gomer, together with the queen and Clodia, had fallen into the hands of the conqueror.

As the royal captives were led into the Roman camp all were charmed and awed at the dignity of the queen and the beauty of the princess, and the manly bearing of the princes. But when the king was led in chains into the presence of Ostorius, the astonishment was intensified into excitement at his courteous manner and royal manliness.

The report of his defeat and capture had gone before him, and all the way from Britain to Italy was thronged with people to catch a glimpse of the man who had kept Rome at bay nine years, and whose fame was in all the world. But when the royal captives entered Rome the whole city was thrown into excitement to see the sight and behold the man, who for so many years had defied the Roman arms. Nay, the people were summoned to see him, as a rare spectacle; and the praetorian bands stood under arms in the field before their camp. Then the servants and followers of the British king moved in procession, and the trappings and collars, and all he had taken in wars with his neighbors, were borne along; then came his brothers, his wife, and daughter, and last himself, attracting the gaze of all. All the rest descended to humiliating supplication under the impulse of fear; but "Caractacus"—the Roman name for Caradog—who seemed not to solicit compassion either by dejected looks or pitiful expressions, as soon as he was placed before the imperial tribunal, thus spoke: "If my moderation in prosperity had been as great as my lineage was noble and my success brilliant, I should have entered this city as a friend, rather than as a captive; nor would you then have disdained to receive a prince descended from illustrious ancestors, and the ruler of many nations, into terms of alliance. My present lot, as it is to me ignominious and degrading, so is it a matter of glory and triumph to you. I had men and arms, horses and riches; where is the wonder if I was unwilling to part with them? If you Romans aim at extending your dominion over all mankind, it does not follow that all men should take the yoke upon them. Had I at once been delivered into your hands

a prisoner at discretion, neither had my fall nor your glory been thus signal. If you inflict punishment upon me, the affair will sink into oblivion; but if you preserve my life, I shall form an imperishable record of your clemency." Claudius upon this pardoned him, with his wife and his brothers. The prisoners released from their chains did homage to Agrippina also, who at a short distance occupied another throne, in full view of the assembly, with the same expressions of praise and gratitude as they had employed to the emperor."*

While meditating on the past, some years afterwards, Caradog remarked, "On our departure from Britain Osgar was made king in my stead. As we stood before Claudius, he was leading his army into the province; and before the end of the year he had nearly exterminated the Romans, which worried the life and caused the death of Ostorius."

"I knew he would avenge the wrong," said Arthur.

"Am glad of it," joined Gomer.

"And do you blame him, father?" asked Clodia.

"By no means," he answered. "I would have done the same if I were there."

"Victory by the tongue and not by the sword," remarked his wife, "I understand to mean, by your words before Claudius, and by the gospel from the mouth of Paul, by which we have a better kingdom, and Clodia has become the wife of Pudens. Your fall and rise shall be the fall and rise of Britain, and through Britain, the fall and rise of many nations to the ends of the earth, till the kingdom of Christ shall be supreme.

*Tacitus Annals, Vol. I, B. R. XII 36-7.

AFTER THE STORM.

By E. M. Jones.

How fair the calm that follows after storm
When is disclosed again the radiant sun
And earth and sky suffused with golden light;
Yet fairest skies are dark to those whose souls
Are foul with sin, and racked by guilty fears.
Yet Christ, who calmed the storm on Galilee,
He calms the raging storms of doubts and fears
In every soul, that prays to Him for help.
He brings sweet peace where erstwhile torments were,
And in this earthly life of strife, there comes
Unto the souls that simply trust in Him,
Often bright gleams of light celestial,
Of light that beameth from the throne of love.
In holy writ is pardon offered free:—
Calm after storm, through power of God and Christ;
Peace after strife, through love of Christ and God.

SITTING UNDER THE SHADOW OF CHRIST.

By the Rev. Robert W. Pritchard, Utica, N. Y.

"As the apple tree among the trees of the wood so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."—Song of Solomon, 2: 3.

This is the language of the spouse, or the church, concerning her beloved. The glorious excellence of His person and character, the condescension and love of his undertaking on behalf of mankind, the suitableness and preciousness of his righteousness, atonement and mediation, &c., of all the offices which he sustains for our benefit, are set forth in this song of songs, in very striking but highly figurative language. He is here compared to an apple, or rather to a citron tree, for it is generally admitted that it is the latter that the word in the original signifies. This tree, though not so stately as the cedar or the palm, grows to a fine large size, its fruit is peculiarly valuable, and it affords a pleasant shade, as the text intimates. It is green all the year, and in due season the snow-white blossoms and golden-colored fruit may be observed at the same time upon the same treee. A delightful and powerful fragrance breathes from every part of it. The eastern traveler, scorched by the noonday sun, gladly shelters himself beneath the branches of such a tree, and as he wipes his moistened brow, and stretches out his dusty feet on the soft green carpet spread all around him, and refreshes himself with the fruit, his weariness begins to depart, his looks regain their former cheerfulness, and he is soon refreshed and strengthened for the remainder of the journey. And many a foot-sore traveler along the narrow turnings, and across the sultry plains of this troublesome world, remembers seasons when remorse of conscience and fear of deserved wrath, with the temptations of Satan and the injuries of the world dismayed or distressed him, and left him without any conceivable refuge but that found under the tree of life. To this he fled with earnest desires, and under it he sat down and sheltered himself. How sweet was the rest which he enjoyed beneath the pleasant canopy of its luxuriant branches! His drooping spirits revived, and refreshed and strengthened he arose up to pursue his journey, feeling ready for any emergency, and prepared to brave every difficulty. There was neither despondency in his looks, nor complaint in his tone as he hastened forward, but with a beaming countenance and a joyful voice he gave vent to his emotions in some such words as these, "God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble." "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil." "My soul doth magnify the Lord, and my

spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour." "As the citron tree among the trees of the woods, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet unto my taste." Oh, how delightful is it amidst the glare and the turmoil, the discomforts and the weariness which so often disturb and distract our spirits, to turn aside from the world for a season, and to sit down under Christ's shadow! He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might he increaseth strength; and invigorated by our association with him, we are enabled to run without being weary, and to walk without being faint.

"I sat down under his shadow with great delight." There is something soothing and attractive in the very words—words suggestive of peace, and rest and joy. We read in them the grateful acknowledgment of a satisfied and rejoicing heart. Let us look at them a little more closely. What are the ideas which they express and illustrate? Let us consider:—

I. What is implied in being under Christ's shadow?

There are at least three purposes which a shadow may be said to serve. It affords a shelter from the storm; a defence from the heat, and rest and refreshment for the weary.

1. Under Christ's shadow we find a shelter from the storm. There is no refuge from the tempest of the wrath of God but Christ. "The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against all ungodliness and unrighteousness of men." The anger of God against sin is most terrible. How often like a storm has it carried away the disobedient and rebellious. "The angels who kept not their first estate were cast out of heaven and are reserved in everlasting chains under darkness unto the judgment of the last day." When our first parents sinned against God they were driven forth from Paradise, and their descendants continue to reap the bitter consequences of their fall. When the guilty race were sunk in all but universal corruption, and God looked down from heaven and saw that the wickedness of man was great upon the earth, and that every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually, the foundations of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened upon the polluted world. When the cry of Sodom and Gomorrah was great and their sin had become very grievous, he swept the plain of its guilty cities for ever. When Egypt rebelled, the judgments of God descended in ten dreadful plagues upon the land. When Canaan had filled the measure of her guilt, he led forth his people by the way of the Red Sea and the wilderness to drive out its inhabitants before them. But what need is there to multiply examples; all history teaches us the impressive lesson that the wrath of God is revealed from heaven against the sins of men. Upon Nineveh and Babylon, upon Tyre, Jerusalem and Rome. He opened the vials of his wrath, pouring out upon each its

appropriate doom. How fearful was the storm that descended upon Him who now affords, under his shadow a shelter from the tempest. When our great Redeemer reached the spot where he was to take the place of sinful men, to be numbered with the transgressors, and to give his back to the smiters, standing in the stead of the guilty, then the anger of the Lord appeared. The earth quaked, the sun hid his face, as deserted by the Father, the atoning Son of God uttered that piercing cry, "My God! my God! why hast thou forsaken me?" and he bowed his head in death. But let us remember that in all the manifestations of his wrath, the anger of the Lord is righteous. No malice, no cruelty, no passion is mingled with it. The beauty of holiness shines in the anger of the Lord. It is because he is a holy God that he cannot but hate sin, and must punish the evil-doer. He may have borne long with our sins, but he is not slack concerning his threatenings. The tempest of the wrath of God is coming rapidly against every evil-doer. It will soon be here, and then all resistance will be vain. Entreaties, tears or groans will not avail to ward it off or mitigate its horrors. No language can utter the terrors of the coming tempest. The wrath of God is an everlasting wrath. He who cannot lie has said, "These shall go away into everlasting punishment; the smoke of their torment ascendeth up for ever and ever; their worm dieth not, and their fire is not quenched." The gospel points to Jesus as the refuge which infinite love has provided. He is the only effectual shelter from the storm. Have you, dear friends, sought refuge under his shadow? There is no other place of safety. But there you are safe, for the tempest cannot reach you there. Confiding in him death will be robbed of its sting, and eternity of its terrors.

(To be continued.)

FIELD OF LETTERS

There is a good collection of interesting papers in the "Geninen" for January. The following list will show the nature of the contents: Welsh Mythology" by Prof. John Rhys, M. A., LL. D.; "The Poet and his Relationship," by the Rev. Lewis Probert; "The Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach") by the Rev. Hugh Jones; "A Translation of parts of Moliere's Bourgeois Gentilhomme," by the Rev. Emrys Ap Iwan; "Universal Brotherhood" (an ode) by Berw; "S. R." by the Rev. Ifan Jones; "Rolant the Carpenter" by Tafolog; "The Land Question in Wales" by Richard Jones, J. P.; "Alliterative Gems" by Alafon; "Heinrich Heine," by Philomel; "The Late Rev. David Roberts, D. D.," by the Rev. M. O. Evans, F. L. S.; "The New God" by "Truth Against the World;" "On Listening to Sermons" by Prof. D. Rowlands, B. A.; "Slate Manufacturing" by D. Peris Jones; Literary Remains, Correspondences and Poetical Selections.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for February has a variety of interesting things for the young, among which are the following: "The Rev. Griffith Parry, D. D.," with fine portrait; "The Brave Little Seaman;" "Water Carriers in Egypt;" "Paul in Lystra;" "Oliver Goldsmith," with portrait; "Satan and Jesus Christ;" "The History of Jesus for Children;" "The Rev. John Williams of Aberystwyth;" "Madame Patti and the Old Woman;" Books, Queries, Puzzles, &c.

"Cymru" for January contains several excellent papers, among which are the following: "Chapters in Welsh History;" "Reminiscences of Pen Bryn" by Dr. D. A. Hughes; "The Beginning of Teetotalism in Meirion," by Ellis Jones; "Muse and Art," by Prof. Roberts, M. A., Aberystwyth; "The Shield of Achilles," by R. Morris Lewis, Swansea; "Gleanings from old Welsh Fields," by Carneddog and Myrddin Fardd; "The Intermediate Schools of Bethesda; Books, &c., &c. Dr. Hughes' Reminiscences are very readable, especially the reference to the doings of Rebecca. More Rebecca information is promised in coming numbers.

Mr. T. C. Evans (Cadrawd) has now placed his "Hwian Gerddi," a collection of Welsh nursery and children's rhymes, in the hands of the chairman of the Cardiff Cymmrodorion Society, Principal Edwards, for publication.

The February number of the "Drysorfa" contains some excellent articles: "The Present Reward of Keeping God's Commandments," by the Rev. T. Levi; "Reminiscences of the Rev. Owen Thomas, D. D.," by the Rev. Benjamin Hughes, St. Asaph; "The Late Edward Davies of Plas Dinam," by the Editor; "The Calvinistic Fathers," by the Rev. Daniel Davies, Ton; "The Story of Peggy Gib," by S. M. Saunders, Penarth; Monthly Notes by the Editor, News, Obituaries, &c., &c.

The "Tyst Dirwestol" is a monthly devoted to the cause of temperance. Its motto is "In Morals, Temperance; in Politics, Prohibition, for the sake of Christ, Home and Neighbor," under the editorship of R. Prys Jones, Denbigh. The February number contains the following articles: "The Rev. John Evans (Eglwysbach) as a Temperance Man," by the Rev. E. Berwyn Roberts, Pontypridd; "The Beginnings of the Temper-

ance Cause in Wales," by the Rev. Benjamin Hughes, St. Asaph; "Welsh Temperance Physicians," by the Rev. Joseph Evans, Denbigh; "Temperance and Labor," by Charles Wakely; "Why are we Total Abstainers?" by several leading ministers; Monthly Notes, &c., &c.

"Cymru'r Plant" for February is bright and attractive, and is a beautiful little monthly for the young. It contains several articles of interest to children.

The "Cronicl" compares favorably with the best publications in Wales. In the February number there is a good collection of interesting papers on questions of the day, among which the following are deserving of especial mention: "Sectarian Notes," by Keinion; "Inspiration and Higher Criticism," by T. Jones, Llanrwst; "Paul in the Light of Jesus," by the Rev. T. Griffith, Bethesda; "Gleanings from Saxon Fields," by T. Rhys; "Unmailed Letters," by Gwylfa; "A Watchnight in 1817," by the Rev. Ellis Jones, Bangor; Religious, Political and General Remarks; Events of the Month; Poems, &c., &c.

In the "Dysgedydd" for February we find several good articles, among which we name the following: The Late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin, by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; "Paul in the Light of Jesus," by the Rev. D. Williams, Maentwrog; "Is Conscience Reliable as a Leader?" by the Rev. J. C. Jones; "Conventions; their Place and Functions," by the Rev. R. Talfor Phillips, Ffestiniog; Notes, Reviews, &c., &c.

Among the latest compositions by Prof. T. J. Davies, Mus. Bac., of Scranton, Pa., is a beautiful part song for male voices entitled "All Thro' the Night." The composition is published in octavo form, and contains Welsh and English words, and is issued by D. O. Evans, of Youngstown, O. Mr. Davies' compositions are becoming more popular each season, and are in demand at nearly all of the musical conventions. On March 17, at Hazleton, the male chorus entitled "Cambria's Song of Freedom," by Prof. Davies, will be one of the works used in the competition for a prize of $200, and at Wilkesbarre, May 30, "The Radiant Morn," by the same author, will be sung by parties competing for the prize of $16.

"It is not that Mr. Caine is devoid of talent. In the first place he has the talent of choosing for each of his books the style and tone most in fashion. . . . Mr. Hall Caine does not know how to compose a romance, but he does know how to give to different scenes of his novels a relief and movement which makes them peculiarly exciting. It is an art which, without doubt, he learned in the school of Dickens, for he has written nothing some part of which. one can not help feeling, has not been adapted from something else. But it has been well adapted. . . . . And then he knows how to write, which is not common among authors of his kind; and this disguises the vulgarity or improbability of his romantic inventions. Finally, he knows the Isle of Man. . . .

"But all these qualities are not sufficient to excuse this mixture in a Christian romance. I know very well that the Isle of Man is not like other islands. for there the cats are born without tails; but I can not believe that it is injurious to it to suppose it incapable of producing so false a specimen of Christian as John Storm, bad priest and bad lover, profaning the truth he pretends to serve."

The Literary Section of the Guild of Graduates of the Welsh University will proceed immediately to issue the first of the reprints of Welsh texts which were announced some time ago. The committee appointed to negotiate with publishers has just come to terms with Messrs. Jarvis & Foster, of Bangor,

a firm that has already made a reputation for its beautiful printing of Welsh books. The first issue under the auspices of the Guild will be "Llyfr y Tri Aderyn," or "The Book of the Three Birds," by Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd, and it will be edited by Mr. Thomas Ellis, M. P., who has latterly been hard at work on the book, which is likely to be a publication of great interest.

Where, then, as Dr. Johnson remarked on a memorable occasion, is the merriment? The inquiry would be a singular one, and certainly nobody would have been more delighted than Mr. Dodgson if a chain commencing with "Alice" had been shown to extend, not merely into logic and mathematics, but into the farther wonderland of metaphysics and psychology. And yet it seems probable that we relish "Lewis Carroll's" nonsense, because in it we see mirrored certain dark and mysterious portions of our nature. In the eighteenth century philosophy had come to the conclusion that man was a purely rational animal, and from this standpoint Johnson judged "Lycidas" to be rubbish, or something very near it. But it seems probable that man is not only born rational, but also irrational, that deep in the heart there is a dungeon, where two-sided triangles abound, where Achilles chases the tortoise in vain, eternally, where parallel straight lines are continually meeting. It is the world of contradictions, of the impossible realized, the world of which we dream at nights, and, above all, it is the world which is the home of children, far more true and real to them than all the assemblage of rational sublunary things. "Lewis Carroll" had perhaps learnt from his friend Mr. Dodgson, the mathematical tutor, that such a sphere existed, and he journeyed into that dim and mysterious land, and has succeeded in telling us the story of his "Voyage and Travaile." This, surely, is the secret of "Alice," this is the secret of its charm for children, whose thoughts are ineffable, and those of us who read the tale in later years feel, unconsciously, that we, too, have passed through the Looking-Glass, and have been in the realm of contradiction. Maundeville described the incredible wonders of the material world; "Lewis Carroll" shows us the marvels of the microcosm, that little world of the soul, in which there be many simulacres and monstrous creatures.—"Literature."

The new Welsh hymn-book compiled by the Bishop of Bangor has just been issued by the publishers, Messrs. Jarvis & Foster, of Bangor. Its full Welsh title is "Emyniadur yr Eglwys yng Nghymru: o dan olygiaeth y Gwir Barchedig Daniel Lewis Lloyd, D. D., Esgob Bangor." It is a conveniently arranged, well printed and well bound book of some 250 pages, and contains 730 hymns. The Bishop, in his introduction commends the book to the notice of Welsh Churchmen, in the hope that it will prove a help to many, and a means of improving ecclesiastical music in Wales. His endeavor has been to make the collection as catholic, in the true sense of the word, as possible; and although the majority of the hymns are original hymns by Welsh writers, he has added to them translations of the hymns of other nations. He hopes it will be accepted as not only a national collection of hymns, but as a truly catholic collection also.

"Emynau Catholig" is a small book of hymns published by St. Teilo's branch of the Catholic Truth Society. They are stated to have been translated from the Latin (17) and English (5) "by various learned Welshmen, and collated by Mr. Hywel W. Lloyd, M. A.," and edited by "J. H. M.," of this society. Howel Lloyd was, says the "Western Mail," of gentle lineage, born at the family seat of Rhaggatt, in Merionethshire, on the 27th of August, 1816. Having received the care of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, he became a member of Balliol and a scholar of Jesus, Oxford. He became curate of St. Asaph, and subsequently vicar of Voelas. His investigations into Catholic truth unsettled his conceived ideas, he resigned his cure, and on the 6th of April, 1846, he was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

SCIENTIFIC

Baptism, as sometimes administered, is, in the opinion of "The Lancet," by no means devoid of danger. It says: "We would impress upon the clergy the necessity of having the water warmed. Baptism, it is true, is seldom or never administered by immersion, but even when affusion is used the contact of cold water with a child's head might injuriously affect one with an already sufficiently low power of resistance."

Recent experiments to demonstrate the effect of alcohol on animals, in which spirits were given regularly to one pair of dogs, and withheld from another, "show," says "Science," "that of the progency of the alcoholic pair, twenty pups, born in three litters, eight were malformed, and six born dead. The normal pair produced sixteen whelps in three litters, and not one of these was born dead, and only one was malformed. During an epidemic of distemper one of the alcoholized dogs died, and all save one were seriously affected; none of the other dogs exhibited any serious symptoms of disease."

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UNITY OF THE HUMAN SPECIES.

A noteworthy contribution to the study of the unity of the human species is made by the Marquis de Nadaillac in a recent article in the "Revue des Questions Scientifiques." "He points out," says "Science," "the unending similarities in implements, arts, funeral rites, and religious symbols in tribes of like stages of culture in all times and places. That these are proofs of psychic identity there can be no doubt. But it is not quite clear how the author interprets them. In some passages he speaks of such customs and inventions being 'handed down from unknown ancestors by generation to generation;' while elsewhere he says the solution lies 'in the identity of the mind of man in all periods and in all regions.' The latter is the position which is most acceptable to the trained ethnologist."

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TEMPERANCE DRINKS.

"Not long ago," says "The Medical Record," December 18, "attention was called in London to the popularity among tippiers of certain so-called temperance beverages, an analysis of which showed that they contained more alcohol than many straight-out goods in black bottles. The Massachusetts board of health has recently made a similar discovery concerning tonics and bitters, particularly those recommended as 'temperance' drinks, in which the percentage of alcohol was found to vary from 13.2 to 14.6."

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MARRIAGE AS A PREVENTIVE TO INSANITY.

"The first report issued by the Commissioners in Lunacy," says "The Mail," London, "calls attention to the alarming increase of madness in this country [Great Britain]. One part of the facts, however, has a bright side; it can be used quite fairly as an argument in favor of marriage, an old-fashioned and honorable institution that has of late years been foolishly attacked from many quarters. Married life has its trials—as the spider said when his wife gobbled him for her breakfast—but a man who may be now asking himself, 'Shall I marry?' ought to take into the account his chance of going mad if he did not marry. At every age, from twenty to sixty-five and upward, the chance of a single man going mad is much greater than the chance of a married man going mad. At ages twenty to twenty-four the 'odds' against the

single man, as compared with the married man, are 55 to 10—that is, 5½ to 1—and these odds against the single man, although they become smaller as his age increases, are so much in favor of the married man that, in sober earnest, the facts now dug out and shown ought to be carefully thought over by all unmarried men. As regards women, the married women show a marked superiority over unmarried women as regards not going mad, but their superiority over single women is not so great as that of married men over single men."

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FAKE SCIENCE.

I wish to protest against the many articles appearing in the sensational papers of New York from time to time purporting to be interviews with me about wonderful inventions and discoveries made or to be made by myself. Scarcely a single one is authentic, and the statements purporting to be made by me are the inventions of the reporter—the public are led from these articles to draw conclusions just the opposite of the facts. I have never made it a practice to work on any line not purely practical and useful, and I especially desire it to be known, if you will permit me, that I have nothing to do with an article advertised to appear in one of the papers about Mars.—Thomas A. Edison.

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A PROSPECTIVE SHORTAGE OF OXYGEN.

Persons who happen to be inconvenienced by dearth of anxieties are invited to agitate their spirits by contemplation of the prospect of a shortage of oxygen in the atmosphere. It seems that there are well-informed persons, Lord Kelvin among them, who find reason to believe that this calamity is impending. The figures (estimated) in the case are that the world uses annhally six and a half billion tons of oxygen for breathing purposes, and nearly half as mhch for fires. This is a big consumption. To repair it we rely on vegetation, which we are pretty constantly restricting. So we use more and more oxygen all the time, and make less and less. No wonder Lord Kelvin says the earth is undergoing "a steady loss of oxygen." As yet, though, the atmosphere does not show it, and it may be a few thousand years yet before the difference will be measurable. To the shortsighted the prospect may not seem distressing, but folks who need anxieties should not neglect this one, since, after all, in anxieties and ancestry, and such things, a little remoteness does no harm.—Harper's Weekly.

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"Go to an American plowman," says Vivekananda, "and ask him his religion. He will tell you he goes to church, but doesn't know anything about religion. Ask him about politics, and he will talk with you for hours about Democracy and Republicanism and silver. Go to an Indian plowman, ask him for his politics, and he will tell you he does not know anything about it; he pays his taxes. But you mention religion to him, and his countenance will light up, and his being will become vibrant with the expression of the most profound philosophical and religious ideas."

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BRAIN WORK.

Brain-work succeeds best while the activity of the animal organism is reduced to an indispensable minimum. The mind is never clearer than early in the morning, when the work of digestion is finished; and for similar reasons digestion proceeds most prosperously while the brain is at rest. Mental distress almost paralyzes the bowels of sensitive indviduals, and a business man of my acquaintance denies himself to all comers for the first three hours after dinner to lessen the risk of his dyspepsia being aggravated by unwel-

come news. * * * The healing and soothing faculty of nature can work to best advantage while the meddlesome mind not only forbears interference, but ignores her proceedings altogether, and consents to undergo the temporary eclipse of slumber or of a deep fainting fit. "We owe that victory to the snow-storms of the last week," said General Traun, of the Austrian army; "there was a messenger on the way with the usual budget of crazy instructions from the Kriegs-Hofrath (the chief war-office), but the snow stopped him, and being once left to ourselves we rushed in and routed the enemy."—Health Culture.

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AUTOMATIC WINDOW SHADES.

"What is probably the latest development in automatics," says "Electricity," "is a sunblind recently introduced by a Berlin firm. As soon as the sun shines on the room or window to be protected the blind lets itself down, and when the sun 'goes in' the blind draws itself up again. Two glass bulbs are connected by a U-tube partially filled with mercury. A platinum wire melted into the glass makes contact with the mercury at the bend of the tube, and there are also platinum contact wires brought into the sides of the tube, one of which is in contact with the mercury only when it stands level on the two sides, and the other only when the mercury in one side of the tube rises. One of the bulbs contain only air, the other is filled with black wool. When no sun is out the air in the two bulbs occupies the same volume, and the mercury stands at equal heights in both legs of the tube; but when the sun is shining, the bulb with the black wool absorbs the sun's rays, and causes the mercury to rise in the opposite side of the tube. This closes the circuit of a motor which lets down the blind, an automatic switch switching off the current as soon as the blind gets to the end of its range, and reversing the connections of the motor so that it is ready to wind up the blind as soon as the other contact in the tube is made. When the blind reaches the top the current is again switched off, and the connections are reversed at the switch."

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BABY INCUBATORS.

In France a great many babies are born so weak and puny that they can not be raised even with the most tender care their parents can give them. They are so frail that the slightest change in the amount of heat or cold to which they are exposed, or the slightest impurity in the air they breathe, brings a quick end to their poor little lives. The population of France, instead of increasing or staying at the same number, as in the case in most other countries, began to grow rapidly smaller. It became a serious matter, and it became important to save the lives of the little babies of which so great a number were dying, because they were too weak to live through the early days of their lives. So the doctors turned their attention to the matter, and one of them, Dr. Lion, invented an incubator which does for the baby what "the artificial mother" does for the little chicken who has just pecked his way through the egg-shell. He made many experiments before he was at last able to provide the pure air and the even warmth which is needed to keep the weak baby alive.—N. Y. Humanitarian.

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Does our coughing, not to say coffining, depend on the sunspots? Apparently it does, as may be seen from an article in the "Lancet" on 'Mortality from a Cosmical Point of View,' by Mr. A. B. MacDowall. M. A., the eminent investigator of meteorological phenomena. Our winter cold varies with the sunspot cycle of eleven years, or thereabouts, the greatest cold occurring near the time of least sunspots. Mortality from diseases and old age (which is sensitive to cold) is shown by Mr. MacDowall to vary in accordance with the prevalence of sunspots. It tends to rise when the sunspots diminish, and fall when they increase.

The chairman at an entertainment recently held at Neath, declared that he had no objection to the audience giving applause, but he begged of them not "to clap with their feet."

Welsh is getting hard hit in the house of its friends. A Standard VII. girl in a Cardiganshire school described in "Welsh" a fountain-pen to a friend thus:—"Invention splendid yw e at writo love letters heb i mami specto bech i 'neyd."

They have long grappling irons, so to speak, at the Porthcawl Congregational Chapel. The last pastor came from Africa, the present one from America, and the minister who "gave the charge" to the church started preaching in New South Wales forty years ago.

Probably the deepest coal mine in Wales is Harris's Deep Navigation. It is eight hundred yards deep, and the winding-rope weighs six tons.

That favorite Welsh air of "Y Deryn Pur" has been selected as one of the test pieces for vocal competition at the next Irish Feis Ceoil, or the Eisteddfod of the Green Isle.

It is said that in many Welsh villages the yew tree and the church are of the same age, the one being planted when the other was built.

"Can dogs be said to hold any theological views?" asks a Carmarthenshire man, who we shall allow to speak for himself. "Two years ago,' says he, "I was given a dog—a cross between a setter and a retriever—by a friend, who is a Baptist deacon, living four miles away from my home. I am a Congregationalist, and in my immediate neighborhood there is a Baptist chapel. Of a Sunday morning Carlo (the dog) accompanies me to chapel, but invariably stops at the Baptist conventicle, where he awaits my return. I am not one of those who believe that irrational animals have souls, but Carlo's conduct nearly persuades me that theological dogmas are not unknown among the canines."

"Ystorm Tiberias," the musical portion of which was composed by the late Rev. Edward Stephen (Tanymarian) to words by the late Rev. Richard Parry (Gwalchmai), is to be performed at one of the concerts of the Blaenau Ffestiniog National Eisteddfod. This is most appropriate, for the late Tanymarian was a native of Ffestiniog, and Gwalchmai was for several years minister of Bethany—the mother church of Congregationalism in the neighborhood.

It was a dull and heavy morning and the congregation in a large Congregational chapel in Carmarthenshire failed utterly to keep awake. The preacher plodded on, discouraged, and was all the more chagrined because the sermon, though long, had cost him much labor and thought. "Friends," he said, suddenly raising his voice, and everybody sat up—"friends, I fear you haven't heard much of the sermon. I took much pains in its preparation, and I am sure you will like it, so if you will keep

awake I will go over it again from the beginning." And he did.

The Welsh Nonconformist statistics for 1897 show a considerable increase all round. The Calvinistic Methodist Year Book shows 1,330 churches, 1,536 places of worship, and 150,442 members (an increase of 3,145), or, including children and probationers, 220,733, an increase of 3,392. Their chapel debt amount to £332,878, an increase of upwards of £19,623. Their Sunday schools have a membership of 199,059, including 25,139 teachers.

We wonder some of the old Welsh saints of the last generation don't turn in their graves! At the prize distribution at Carnarvon County School lately, Principal Reichel emphasized the importance of games as an essential part of the school curriculum. He spoke with such convincing force that the vicar (the Rev. J. Wynne Jones) got up and announced that he would next prize-day give a guinea prize to the best all-around athlete in the school, and, not to be beaten, a Methodist minister followed suit by saying he would give a prize of half-a-guinea to the second best.

A lively discussion concerning the relative merits of the Church and Nonconformist Press in Wales is carried on in the columns of the "Llan," the Welsh organ of the Church in Wales. A writer in this week's number complains bitterly of the lack of support given to the Welsh Church Press by Welsh Church dignitaries, and he adds, "While the Nonconformists have published scores of commentaries on the Bible, and portions of the Bible, theological dictionaries, memoirs and sermons, the bishops, deans, and canons of the Church in Wales have not published even one complete commentary on the Old and New Testaments during the whole of the century which is now closing. * * Wales would have famished, in a literary sense, had not someone outside these dignitaries undertaken to supply her wants."

March 1st, the St. David Society of Philadelphia, Pa., will celebrate the 100th anniversary of the foundation of the Society by a grand banquet at the Bellevue Hotel at 7 o'clock. President, David T. Davies; Vice President, David Jones; Treasurer and Secretary, William Lloyd and W. H. James. "Oes y Byd i'r Iaith Gymraeg."

It seems, although considerable poverty and consequent suffering prevail in South Wales, yet the poor classes in spite of all, manage to spend or rather to waste a portion of what they need, on intoxicating drinks. It looks as if drink is the chief necessary of life in some parts of Wales, and it really appears strange that society has not adopted effectual means to rid itself of such a social curse.

A writer in "Young Wales" for February says: "The late Edward Davies of Llandinam, was one of the most remarkable Welshmen of the century. He was one of the richest in Wales. He employed directly or indirectly an army of 20,000 or 30,000 workmen. His income in many years probably exceeded the whole of the clerical tithes of Wales. Yet he remained a strict teetotaler, a sparing and plain eater, a hater of show and despiser and shunner of society, a model husband and father, and an orthodox and devoted Calvinistic Methodist."

In Joseph Arch's biography we find why he left the Church of England and joined the Wesleyan community. Although a mere boy, he had the eye to see and the heart to resent what he considered an outrage on Christianity. One communion Sunday he looked through the keyhole of the Church door and beheld the religion of Christ mocked. He saw a spirit of pride and

inequality, upheld in front of the altar, sinners classified, the squire's family, then the well-to-do farmers, then the poor farm laborers in their smocks, and among them his own father, successively partaking of the bread of life! His little soul was so fired with indignation that he has never got over it. He has taken up the cause of the farm-laborers ever since, and has worked well for justice and fair treatment for the smocked classes.

It is difficult to conceive that the North Welsh and the Hwntw are of the same race; the Northman with his strong, if narrow, nature; the Southern with his easy and facile temperament. The Northman is pertinacious, the Southern is impressionable. No Southron has written an epic; no Northman with the exception of Ann Griffiths, who was a woman—has written a "revival hymn." The North Wales genius is seen at its best in Iolo Goch and Gronwy; the South Wales genius in Dafydd Ap Gwilym and Pantycelyn.—Darlington in "Young Wales."

Last year bitter complaints were made that the St. David's Day festival at St. Paul's was being utilized by Churchmen for sectarian and political ends, and in the result the Welsh Nonconformist leaders in the Metropolis resolved to organize a Nonconformist festival as a protest. The arrangements for this festival have now been completed. It will assume the form of a Cymanfa (preaching meeting), and will be held on St. David's Eve in the City Temple. The four Welsh denominations will be represented by the Revs. Ossian Davies (C.) and Cadvan Davies (W.), who will introduce the service, and the Revs. E. T. Jones (B.), Llwynpia, and J. Williams (C. M.), Liverpool, (late of Brynsiencyn), who will preach. An unsectarian choir of a thousand voices, conducted by Mr. Maengwyn Davies, will take part in the musical programme, and solos will be rendered by Miss Gertrude Hughes, who, by the way, is the daughter of the Rev. Hugh Hughes (W.), Carnarvon, and not the daughter of the Rev. H. Price Hughes, as has been published in some of the religious papers.

Gayety is the recognized note of the Irish character; a certain wistful melancholy dominates the Welsh. What has the Irishman in common with the excessive sensitiveness of the Welshman? You may extinguish a Welshman with a sneer; suppress an Irishman in one place, he presently emerges smilingly in another. Lack of self-confidence handicaps the Welshman in every walk of life; the Irishman's splendid audacity carries him triumphantly through every difficulty.

The committee of the Irish Feis Ceoil (an organization founded on the lines of the Welsh Eisteddfod) are now taking steps to further follow the example of the Welsh National Festival by establishing an Irish Gorsedd. With this object in view the committee are seeking the aid of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language, and it has been arranged that a special meeting of the Council of the latter body shall be held at Dublin on the 1st prox. to consider the proposal. At this meeting the method adopted at the Welsh Eisteddfod will be considered, and the necessary initial steps for the formation of an Irish Gorsedd on similar lines will be taken, so that the Feis Ceoil of the future will resemble more closely the Eisteddfod of Wales.

The Queen has not forgotten her liking for musical Wales. The Rhondda Male Voice Party, under the conductorship of Mr. Tom Stephens, has been commanded to sing before the Queen at Windsor on February 22. The audience will consist of the Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, Her Royal Highness Princess Henry, and her Grand Ducal Highness Princess Louise of Battenberg, amongst other members of the Royal

Family, and a number of august visitors. Her Majesty has repeatedly expressed her great liking for Welsh music, and has an especial desire to hear more of the male voice singing, the fame of which has spread, perhaps, further than any other. The Rhondda Male Voice Party and their conductor thoroughly deserve the honor conferred upon them, and there is no doubt that their Royal audience will find all anticipations more than realized. The Queen has upon more than one occasion expatiated on the beauties of Welsh male voice singing to her foreign guests, and it is understood that the present command is given in relation to a wish expressed by members of the Royal Houses upon hearing Her Majesty's kind expressions of opinion.

Calan Hen, or Old New Year's Day, is still observed in some parts. On these occasions at Llandyssil there was an ancient custom which had come down from time immemorial of kicking football "cicio'r bel ddu" as it was termed, in the parish on this day. It was a contest between the inhabitants of Llanwenog and Llandyssil. The goals were the Rivers Cerdin and Clettwr. Drinking booths were erected in different parts of the parish, and a good deal of drunkenness, fighting, and other allied evils were indulged in on the day, and it is said that loss of life was not unknown. The Rev. Enoch James, then vicar of the parish, determined to combat this evil, and in 1833, with the assistance of the neighboring clergy, started a Sunday School festival. He met with great opposition from the promoters of the game, and on one occasion the ball was kicked into the church through one door and out through the other. But, notwithstanding, the festival survived. The Rev. Enoch James was the father of the Rev. Rhys James, rector of Marchwiel, of "pastwn onen" fame.

It was at Bethania Chapel, in a little Welsh village, and the preacher was carried away by his "hwyl" as he described the religious indifference of the present generation. "Where, oh, where," he pleaded, "is the fervent old Amen? Oh, that it would but return once more into the churches." Whereupon Peter Jones, who sat in the "set fawr," let loose four of them in rapid succession. "Amen, amen, amen, amen," exclaimed he, and his voice resounded throughout the building. The preacher paused in astonishment, then bending over the pulpit he fixed his eye on the unctuous deacon, and remarked in an icy tone, "One at a time, brother, one at a time —that is a disgraceful waste of the precious Amenau."

The suggestion which Father Ignatius, O. S. B., the "monk of the Welsh Church," has sent to the secretary of the Blaenau Ffestiniog Eisteddfod, that the Sunday preceding this year's Eisteddfod should be an "Eisteddfod Sunday," is not new, for the old Eisteddfod Council had an "Eisteddfod Sunday" on the Sabbath following the Llandudno National Festival of 1864. The members of the congregations of the four denominations and the Established Church assembled at the Eisteddfod Pavilion, at the foot of the Great Orme to hear the late Ven. Archdeacon Griffiths preach, and that "Eisteddfod Sunday" service was a memorable one.

Mr. T. Darlington, her Majesty's inspector, tells in "Young Wales" that in some districts of the North of England certain fragments of the old Cymric tongue have continued to be used down to our own time. Mr. Darlington refers to certain numerals used by the shepherds of the Northern dales in counting their sheep. The numerals from ten to twenty, as heard in the typically English county of York, are as follows:— Dik (10), yan-dik (11), tyan-dik (12), eddero-dik (13), peddero-dik (14), bumfit (15), yan-o-bumfit (16), tyan-o-bumfit (17), eddero-bumfit (18), peddero-bumfit (19), jiggit (20).

CURRENT EVENTS.

POLITICAL PRIMARIES.

A convention of delegates from about twenty States met in New York last month to consider the subject of primary reform. The meeting resulted in the formation of the National Primary Election League, of which Oscar S. Straus, ex-Minister to Turkey, was made president, and R. M. Easley, of Chicago, secretary. The objects of the organization are declared to be:

"The encouragement of legislation in the several States which shall compel integrity in and properly regulate the conduct of enrolments, registrations, primaries, caucuses, conventions, nominations, and elections, assuring and securing to voters and delegates their rights as such, and forbidding, and providing adequate penalties for violation of such statutes, and for the improper use of money and other corrupt practices in connection with nominations and elections."

The discussion of various plans by the convention, and the fact that legislation regarding the primary is up before the legislatures of New York, Virginia, Kentucky, Illinois, and several other States, induce a mass of editorial comment.

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DESTRUCTION OF THE MAINE.

The announcement that the United States cruiser Maine had been destroyed by an explosion while at anchor in the harbor at Havana came like an electric shock to the American people. The meagre details that accompanied the first report of the disaster threw no light on the cause of the Maine's destruction, and left the people to draw their own inferences. Very generally, as might naturally be expected, it was that the vessel had been blown up by the Spaniards, but as yet no information has been obtained to confirm such a suspicion. The Spanish authorities assert that it was an accident, and the mystery that enshrouds the cause of the fearful catastrophe precludes any positive contradiction of the Spanish theory, although nothing can remove the suspicion that there was treachery, until investigation has revealed the cause of the explosion. No desire is apparent to accuse the Spaniards unjustly, but the circumstances are such that it is impossible to shut out the feeling that the explosion was caused by foul means. However, the Spaniards are entitled to the benefit of the doubt, and until it is known that the destruction of the Maine was not due to an accident, it would not be fair to accuse them of having intentionally blown up the ship. It is therefore best to withhold judgment until such time as sufficient particulars on which to base an opinion are received, but the gravity of the situation, in case it turns out that the explosion was not due to accident, must be admitted.

The Maine was a battleship of the second class, and was regarded as one of the best ships in the new navy. She was built at the Brooklyn navy yard, and is 318 feet long, 57 feet broad, 21.6 feet mean draught, and 6,682 tons displacement. She has two ten inch vertical turrets, and two military masts, and her motive power is furnished by twin screw vertical triple expansion engines, having a maximum horse power of 9,293, capable of making a speed of 17.45 knots. She carries four

ten inch and six six inch breech loading guns in her main battery, and seven six pounders and eight one pound rapid fire guns and four Gatlings in her secondary battery, and four Whitehead torpedoes. The Maine cost $2,588,000. She had a steel hull and a complement of 874 men.

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THE DE LOME INCIDENT.

The publication of a personal letter written by the Spanish Minister at Washington, Senor Enrique Dupuy de Lome, which contained reflections upon President McKinley, at once made the writer persona non grata to this Government. De Lome admitted his authorship of the letter, and promptly asked the Spanish Government to accept his resignation. Spain promptly accepted it, and Premier Sagasta declared through the press that friendly relations between the two governments should not be affected by the incident. The offending letter was addressed to Senor Don Jose Canalejas y Mendez, proprietor of the Madrid Heraldo, said to have been sent to the United States by Spain for the purpose of finding out the status of Cuban affairs here. Canalejas went from this country to Cuba, and thence to Spain; the letter from de Lome by hook or crook reached the Cuban Junta in New York, and was thereupon given out for publication. The letter, written on paper of the Spanish legation, but undated, refers to President McKinley's message to Congress last December which dealt so largely with Cuban relations.—Literary Digest.

The offensive portion of the letter:

"The message has undeceived the insurgents, who expected something else, and has paralyzed the action of Congress, but I consider it bad.

"Besides the natural and inevitable coarseness [groseria] with which he repeats all that the press and public opinion of Spain has said of Weyler, it shows once more what McKinley is; weak and catering to the rabble, and, besides, a low politician, who desires to leave a door open to me and to stand well with the jingoes of his party.

"Nevertheless, as a matter of fact, it will only depend on ourselves whether he will prove bad and adverse to us. I agree entirely with you; without a military success nothing will be accomplished there, and without military and political success there is here always danger that the insurgents will be encouraged, if not by the Government, at least by part of the public opinion."

"It is self-evident that a Minister who has put down in black and white his belief that the President of the United States is 'a low politician' and 'weak and catering to the rabble,' is no longer eligible to conduct important negotiations with that executive. It may be remarked that there might be reasons more clearly based on national duty than this letter for presenting the Spanish Minister with his passports. But the present case is entirely apart from the international questions with Spain. It goes on all-fours with the Sackville-West case, in which the dismissal of the Minister for his personal indiscretions did not at all effect the pacific relations between the two governments."—The Dispatch (Rep.), Pittsburg, Pa.

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THE ZOLA-DREYFUS AGITATION.

The trial of Zola in France is important mainly for what may result from it. In essence the struggle is between a few Frenchmen, with Zola at their head, who believe that individual rights ought to be respected, and the old system which so often makes the pretended republican form of government of France seem a hollow sham—the system which protects officialism against the accusations of private citizens, just or unjust. The whole energy of the French government is now directed to the protection of the secrecy of the trial

of Dreyfus. Whatever the military officers determined in that trial must remain inviolate, and no one is to be permitted to question either the secrecy of the proceedings or their consequences, no matter what new evidence may have come to light. In order to protect officialism, the heads of the French government are endangering the safety of the republic; for though the Paris crowd is apparently with the government and the army, the agitation for the right of the individual against the wrong-doing of an official must eventually greatly increase the numbers of the socialists. Jaures is already triumphing. As to the fear professed by the government that the revelation of the evidence on which Dreyfus was convicted would endanger the national safety, we are inclined to think with M. Laborie, Zola's counsel, that "the allegation that the matter under discussion is connected with state secrets and the national defence is a mere jest." Apparently, at the most, a Russian would be revealed as the foreign trader in French secrets; but from such a revelation the essential unnaturalness of the recent treaty is likely to occur to the people who have as yet gained nothing from it.—Harpers's Weekly.

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A GREAT ENTERPRISE.

One of the greatest undertakings of the century will be the great canal which Russia is to build to connect the Black Sea with the Baltic. It will be 1,000 miles long, and will have an average depth of twenty-eight feet. It will be navigable for large battleships. The cost will be about $97,000,000. The Baltic entrance of the canal will be at Riga, and the Black Sea terminus at Kherson. Portions of the Dneiper and Riga rivers will be utilized. It is to be finished in 1902. This great work is to be executed for military and strategical reasons. Russia now has a fine Black sea fleet, but with Constantinople in the hands of the Turks and Gibraltar as well as the Mediterranean in the hands of the English, that fleet is practically land-locked. It can be effective only in the event of some combined movement either between the Russians and the Turks, or between Russia and some other power against the Turks. An outlet to the Baltic, however, would give Russia an opening to the world's great oceans for her Black sea fleet, and at the same time enable her to concentrate her entire navy, if she should so desire, at the gates of Constantinople.

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COMMERCIAL INTERESTS IN CHINA

From an interesting and timely editorial in the New York Tribune, we condense the following facts: Great Britain has vast interests in China. Her commerce with that empire amounts to $172,000,000 a year, in a total of $258,000,000, or just two-thirds of the whole foreign trade of China. Of the 37,132 ships entered and cleared at treaty ports in 1895, 19,579 were British, and only 2,684 were German. The tonnage of the former was 20,525,798, and of the latter only 2,442,185. Japan stands second to Great Britain in magnitude of trade with China, having $25,000,000 a year—far more than Russia or all the rest of Europe put together. Our own country has great interests in China, our trade with that country being now over $16,000,000 a year, ranking next after that of Japan.

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Mr. Ffrangcon Davies, who will be visiting Bangor on the 8th of next month, has taken Berlin by storm. He made his first appearance there of late, and an indication of his reception may be gleaned from the fact that he was re-called fifteen times, and gave three encores. The press and public in Berlin are enthusiastic over the appearance there of the famous baritone.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

On Monday, January 17th, David Charles of St. John, Tooele County, Utah, departed this life. Mr Charles was a native of South Wales. He was born at Llanelly, South Wales, January 1819. Brother and Sister Charles crossed the plains in 1854, and settled in Tooele and resided there for seven years. They then moved to St. John, and took up a small home there, and have resided up to the present, a quiet unassuming, and industrious man; a consistent member of the Mormon Church.

They raised a family of twelve children, five sons and seven daughters, of which two sons and five daughters survive. There are also forty-eight grand children, and twenty-one great grand children. Funeral services were held at the St. John Meeting House; addresses were made by Bishop Caldwell, Bishop St. Jeor, and N. Draper. The remains were interred in the St. John cemetery. A large number of relatives and friends followed the remains to their last resting place. The widow and family have the sympathy of many friends in Tooele County.—W. C. P.

At about 9:30 o'clock on the evening of January 25, 1898, Mr. John R. Thomas, President, and practically the owner of the Thomas Furnace Co., the Niles Fire Brick Co., and the Aetna Iron Co., passed peacefully away at his home in Niles, O. Bronchial pneumonia caused his death.

Although Mr. Thomas had been seriously ill for three weeks, and it was known that his condition was critical, the news of his death came as a terrible shock to the legion of friends of the family. All had hoped that the undaunted spirit of the man would rescue him from the ravages of disease. But it was not to be, and Monday the attending physicians felt that the end was near. He however seemed to rally Tuesday morning, and appeared stronger. But at about 8 P. M. a change for the worse was noted, and he gradually grew weaker until at last the spirit departed. The members of the family were present when the soul of a most devoted husband, and loving father, left its earthly habitation.

It is worth noting that Dr. Gomer Lewis has delivered his World's Fair lecture almost as often as poor Ellen Sweeney was convicted for drunkenness. The doctor's number is 289.

The ever-growing success of Miss Hannah Jones, the Madame Patey of Wales, is a theme on which English and Welsh musicians dilate with much pleasure. "Hannah," as her friends love to call her, has just been engaged for Mr. Ben Davies's operatic tour, and she is to sing also with Mr. Edward Lloyd at the Ffestiniog National Eisteddfod as chief contralto in "Elijah" and "Traeth y Lafan."

Welsh pilgrims may like to know that at Jersualem there lives a Welsh dragoman named Hughes.

The Rev. J. Morgan Jones, of Cardiff, the moderator of the General Assembly of the Calvinistic Methodists, will be the editor of the "Drysorfa" for the next five years in succession to the Rev. Dr. N. Cynhafal Jones of Colwyn Bay, who retired from the editorship at the end of 1897.

A Welsh centenarian has just passed away in the person of Mr. Thomas Jones

of Llandyrnog, Vale of Clwyd, at the advanced age of 103. The deceased was a native of Gyffylliog. He remembered the funeral of the late Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala, and had often listened to the late Revs. John Elias, W. Williams of Wern, and Christmas Evans preach.

We are indebted to Mr. David Matthews, Sierra Valley, Cal., for photographs of the Old Bridge and druidic stones at Pontypridd, S. W. The reader will find Mr. Matthews standing on the rocking stone. He visited Wales last August, after 46 years in the States, and spent some enjoyable time around Mynyddislwyn, Bedwas, Caerphilly, &c., and paid a visit to Pontypridd, where he had the photographs taken.

Griffith Jones (Caradog.)

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CARADOG.

Griffith Jones, or as he was more widely known, "Griff o'r Crown" and "Caradog," was born in the "Rose and Crown," Trecynon, Aberdare, S. W., December 21, 1834. He was the son of a millwright employed at the Llwydcoed Iron Works, where Griff also was apprenticed to the trade of blacksmith, which he followed for many years. His father was son of the Rev. John Jones, Vicar of Llanishen, Llysfaen and Llaneden, near Cardiff; and his mother was a daughter of David Hughes, a Northwalian, and a Baptist preacher in Pontneddfechan. When Griff was young he showed a musical instinct which soon developed into something unusual among his contemporaries. Although a poor working young man, he was possessed of a rare musical talent, which in after years proved him to be one of the leading choral leaders of his time. Under his rough garb and unpolished manners was a wonderful taste for music, and an executive ability which was really phenomenal.

In 1858 he was appointed musical director of a united choir, and at the head of this body of vocalists he gained his first laurels. He evinced a decidedly superior ability to interpret the masters, and spurred his contemporaries toward higher musical achievements. He inspired choral singing with a new love and life, and was instrumental in inaugurating a revolution in singing. His fame was then merely local, extending

through the County of Glamorgan. In 1870 he moved to Treorki, Rhondda, where he established a choir of men. In 1872 came the great call which put his ability to the test. A few musical friends met in Aberdare, and broached the plan of competing at the Crystal Palace for the celebrated cup, and a committee was formed to make the initiative. Many able leaders were available, but Griff was named by Robert Rees, and appointed to the leadership.

The victory which followed proved the wisdom of the selection, for Caradog had not only talent, but was possessed of a wealth of power which this undertaking served to call out into execution. The man's nature was like a mine which under an outward rough aspect contained a depth of musical treasure, which astonished even his intimate friends. This was shown in the masterly manner he led the orchestral and choral parts in the great contest in the Crystal Palace. There his friends and admirers might have expected the amateur; they found the master.

This contest took place July 10th, 1872, when the Welsh choir was awarded the Cup. The choir numbered 456; and that was the best, most spirited, and most inspiring choral singing ever heard in London. After the contest, they had a special invitation to appear and sing before H. R. H. the Prince of Wales, at Marlborough, when Caradog was introduced to the Prince and family.

Caradog moved from Treherbert to Llanybydder, Carmarthen, whence he returned to Cardiff, finally settling down in Pontypridd, where he died December 9th, 1897.

His character was impressed on his face. He was plain, honest, genial, determined, and impatient of all pretences and hypocricies. From acquaintance with him socially no one would dream that he had such an exquisite musical sense, and that he was such a strict disciplinarian. He was extremely popular in Wales.

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A Welshman is nothing if not emotional, and this trait in his character, says Mr. M. H. Jones, of Aberystwyth College, comes out in accosting a friend. An Englishman asks, "How do you do?" while a Welshman puts it, "How do you feel?"

Some men have honor thrust upon them. This was the case with Rev. Elvet Lewis the other day, when he was lecturing in a Lincolnshire town. A few hours before the lecture commenced "Elfed" heard from his host's house, the town crier announcing in his official voice that the lecturer of the evening was "the Poet Laureate of Wales."

A capital story about the late David Davies, Llandinam, is resuscitated by the "Saturday Review" in a note on the late Mr. Edward Davies. Mr. David Davies sat in the House of Commons for Cardiganshire, and was ever dwelling on the fact that he was "a self-made man." Disraeli (the "Saturday" reminds us), after one of his speeches, remarked, "The hon. and genial member for Cardiganshire is never tired of repeating the information that he is a self-made man. I think the House will agree that, whatever the value of the hon. member's opinion, there is no doubt that he worships his maker."

In the obituary notices of the late Signor Nicolini two interesting characteristics of the great tenor have failed to find a place. As a host the late tenor was second to none. The "Westminster Gazette" says that not only did he greet his guests at his wife's castle, Craig-y-Nos, on their entrance into the palatial hall, but his fund of anecdote related with a pleasing, unaffected foreign accent, made a dinner at the castle a never-to-be-forgotten delight. After his retirement from the operatic

stage, Signor Nicolini invariably dressed in fancy costume when his wife was entertaining company at Craig-y-Nos, and many amusing stories are told of mistakes made by the diva's guests in taking her husband, thus gaudily attired, for one of the many liveried footmen of the castle.

The North Wales papers teem with praises of an infant prodigy in the person of a seven-year-old reciter, who has taken Carnarvon by storm. Most announcements of public entertainments in the town have his name in bold type as though Ben Davies were announced to take part, and his recitations invariably elicit a big encore. He is a Cardiff born Welshman, Master Myrddin Evans, the youngest son of Mr. Beriah Evans.

There are few Welshmen whose services are more eagerly sought for to address non-political meetings of their fellow-countrymen on both sides of Offa's Dyke than Sir Lewis Morris. In England he has addressed Welsh societies in London, Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Nottingham and Middlesbrough, while there is hardly a town in Wales which can boast its Welsh National or Cymmrodorion Society but that he has been invited to address a meeting of his appreciative fellow-countrymen.

The new editor of the "Journal," Carmarthen (Mr. Tobit Evans, J. P. of Cardiganshire), is a staunch adherent of the Society of Friends. Unlike most Quakers, he is lively and brimful of fun; but, like them in kind deeds, he is ever ready to do a good turn for his fellow-mortals, being a fearless champion of the oppressed. He ought to be a Radical; unluckily, he is the Welsh literary advocate of the modern Unionist, his pet hobby being the Brython, which is capitalized by one of the wealthiest newspaper companies in Britain.

Daniel L. Jones who died at Brooklyn, N. Y., February 11, was one of the most distinguished and remarkable of Cambro-Americans in the United States. He was 91 years of age, and was active in business until within a few weeks of his death. He settled in Brooklyn early in the thirties, and bought the home in which he has resided for over 45 years. He has been prominent in Welsh circles from the time of his arrival in this country. It was in his home that Williams, Frost and Jones, the noted Welsh Chartist exiles, found a home; and it was through his influence, that the English government granted them a pardon. Deceased visited Wales in 1840 and in 1891, when 84 years of age, he made a tour of England and Wales.

In his home at Brooklyn he had an office filled with valuable curios. One is an oil painting of Oliver Cromwell, painted during his life time. He was a personal friend of Gen. Lewis, who over half a century ago presented him with an oil painting of himself and with his sword which he wore during the revolutionary war.

In 1834 a dinner was held by the Welsh residents of New York, presided over by E. W. Davis, and aided by T. Ingram Jones and the late Daniel L. Jones. The success of the dinner suggested the idea of organizing a Welsh national society, and a draft of the constitution and by-laws for such a society was made. Out of this initative grew the present St. David Society, which has helped hundreds of distressed Welshmen who have stranded on their arrival in the United States. Daniel L. Jones was president in 1863. Among its presidents have been Gen. Thomas L. James, Hon. Noah Davis, Ellis H. Roberts, the present United States Treasurer, and a score of other prominent Americans. It was through Mr. Jones that the government permitted a stone to be placed in the Washington monument to represent the little principality. This stone was imported from a quarry near Swansea. It bears the following inscription:

Fy Iaith, Fy Ngwlad, Fy Nghenedl,
Wales.
Cymru am Byth!

Mr. Daniel L. Jones was a faithful, consistent and patriotic Welshman.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

THE HILLS OF GOD.

Who shall ascend the hills of God?
'Tis they who walk as Jesus trod,
With humble hearts and willing hands
To do whatever God commands.

They shall ascend the hills of God,
The souls made pure through Jesus' blood;
Led in the way of sin no more,
But born to worship and adore.

They shall ascend the hills of God,
And from their summit grand and broad,
Through mists of tears by love impearled,
Look with a God-faith o'er the world.

A man with a specialty is never at a loss for a subject for conversation. When the late Gen. Neal Dow was in Libby Prison during the civil war he would stir up his fellow prisoners with patriotic addresses.

In the midst of his eloquence, if any of the guards appeared, he would quickly take up temperance as his theme, much to the delight of his hearers, and the guards would only hear the familiar remark:

"Yes, gentlemen, we must put down the grog-shops with a strong hand."—Youth's Companion.

—The Academy says that when Rudyard Kipling was a lad he went on a sea voyage with his father, Lockwood Kipling, the artist. Soon after the vessel got under way Lockport Kipling went below, leaving the boy on deck. Presently there was a great commotion overhead, and one of the ship's officers rushed down and banged at Mr. Kipling's door. "Mr. Kipling," he cried, "your boy has crawled out on the yard-arm, and if he lets go he'll drown." "Yes," said Mr. Kipling, glad to know that nothing serious was the matter, "but he won't let go."

PREPARING FOR THE FEAST.

In the north of England a cold ham is considered the only respectable piece de resistance of a "funeral" tea. Friends and relatives are always "put away" with ham.

A dying Yorkshireman was visited by the doctor, who informed the weeping spouse that her husband's hours on earth were numbered, and that she could give him anything in the way of food he fancied or craved for.

"Is there aught you fancy, loove?" she asked him.

"Nay, woman," he said, freely. "Ah cannot bite aught."

Suddenly his dim eyes caught sight of a freshly cooked ham reposing on "t' best dish," embellished with pink and white paper.

"Ee. Ah could like a slice o' you 'am," he whispered eagerly.

"Nay, mon. Ah cannot coot into thot!" she cried; "It's for t' funeral, lad."

Cecil Rhodes, whose connection with the Jameson raid against the Transvaal republic brought him into such unenviable notoriety, has had a remarkable career, and is, or rather was, possessed of wonderful powers of endurance. A writer in Sketch says of him:

"I have seen him when hard at work, dictate for ten or twelve hours at a stretch, absolutely wearing down the

endurance of three typewriters, one after the other. All the time he has been pacing to and fro, up and down the room, turning all his immense faculties upon the matter in hand. Of course, his brain requires constant artificial stimulant, and the alcohol which is necessary merely to sustain him in time of pressure would send any weak man under. Yes, all this must affect his constitution in the end, and he is not now the man he was some few years ago; but, at the same time, not one man in a hundred could stand what he has faced and conquered."

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STRANGE HAPPENINGS.

An unusual sight was witnessed at Cranbrook, in Kent, England, the other day. A swarm of bees settled on a post letter box, and soon afterward a second swarm located themselves inside the box, the whole colony following the queen through the aperture provided for letters. Every preparation was made for the capture of the swarm upon the arrival of the rural postman to clear the letters; but, owing to the awkward position of the winged visitors, it was found impossible to hive the bees until night, when they were smoked and safely housed. Owing to this unusual incident, the letters posted before the bees took possession of the pillar box were delayed for several hours.

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Lady Millais, widow of the well known painter, is suffering from cancer of the throat, the same disease from which her husband died. She was at one time the wife of John Ruskin. That was when Ruskin and Millais were young, and the future president of the academy and England's greatest art critic were firm friends. Ruskin's wife was a beautiful woman. Millais painted her picture, fell in love with her, and she with him. With rare self-effacement, Ruskin permitted his wife to obtain a divorce. When she married Millais, Ruskin attended the wedding, and was often afterward a guest at the house. The circumstances of the marriage militated considerably against Millais in one way, as Queen Victoria long opposed his election to the presidency of the Royal Academy on account of it.

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The follwing beats even the proverbial "Yankee smartness." A fellow in Paris made it his business to visit department stores to watch for shoplifters. He would follow them home, represent himself as the store detective, and make the women disgorge their plunder; sometimes, if his victim was wealthy, even more! His ingenious method of "making a living" was discovered when a woman interviewed the owner of a large dry-goods house, begging for mercy. She said she had pilfered a small article, only whilst the "detective" was robbing her of all she had.

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DR. EVANS'S FAULTLESS SET OF TEETH.

Mme. K., a once noted Russian beauty, was famous for the length and sumptuosity of her trains. She was also lavish of her smiles. One evening, at some grand reception, I was gazing at her as Comte Horace de Choiseul led her through a suite of salons. Dr. Evans came up to me. We talked about the sumptuous train. He then asked, "What do you think of her teeth?" "They light up her face like sunbeams; they eclipse even the pearls of Mme. de Rothschild's necklace." "It was I who provided them," said the doctor; "no, I'm not joking." "But surely they are too transparent to be of composition?" "They are not of artificial stuff. I chose teeth from the mouths of twelve Brittany girls to make the set." "Why from twelve?" "Because the twelve had the proper number of faultless teeth. Besides, Mme. K. is superstitiously orthodox. She wanted her teeth

to be a reminder of the twelve apostles. To please her I inserted a bit of the true cross in the gold setting."

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PRETTY SMALL THIEF.

The newspaper thief who was fined $25 by Justice Kersten got off easily. He should have been sent to the penitentiary for life. The newspaper thief is the smallest, most contemptible, most exasperating of all thieves. He steals an article valued at a penny, and causes $100 worth of annoyance. He throws the domestic economy of a household into disorder for a beggarly red cent. Sneaking along in the gray of the morning, he filches a newspaper from a doorstep, and by that miserable theft upsets the harmony of an entire family. The master of the house feels lost without the market reports, the housewife misses the "slaughter sale" advertisements, and the rising hope of the family languishes in ignorance of the indoor baseball scores and the latest oration of Mr. James J. Corbett. Everyone begins in a bad humor, and keeps it up all day. For this the wretched, picayunish newspaper thief is responsible, and he gets off with $25 fine. He ought to be boiled in oil.—Chicago Chronicle.

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CONFLICTING LEGAL STYLES.

A good anecdote is told of the two celebrated barristers, Balfour and Erskine. Balfour's style was generously verbose. Erskine's, on the contrary, was crisp and vigorous. Coming into court one day Erskine noticed that Balfour's ankle was bandaged.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked Erskine.

Instead of replying, "I fell from a gate," Balfour answered in his usual roundabout manner:

"I was taking a romantic ramble in my brother's garden," he said, "and on coming to a gate I discovered that I had to climb over it, by which I came into contact with the first bar and grazed the epidermis of my leg, which has caused a slight extravasion of the blood."

"You may thank your lucky stars," replied Erskine, "that your brother's gate was not as lofty as your style, or you would have broken your neck."

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A PARALLEL TO THE DREYFUS CASE.

A parallel to the Dreyfus-Esterhazy case is to be found in "Alice in Wonderland." Here is the extract from chapter 12:

The king turned pale, and shut his note book hastily. "Consider your verdict," he said to the jury, in a low, trembling voice.

"There's more evidence to come yet, please your majesty," said the white rabbit, jumping up in a great hurry; "this paper has just been picked up."

"What is it?" said the queen.

"I haven't opened it yet," said the white rabbit, "but it seems to be a letter written by the prisoner to—to somebody."

"It must have been that," said the king, "unless it was written to nobody, which isn't usual, you know."

"Who is it directed to?" said one of the jurymen.

"It is'nt directed at all," said the white rabbit; "in fact, there's nothing written on the outside."

He unfolded the paper as he spoke, and added, "It isn't a letter, after all; it's a set of verses."

"Are they in the prisoner's handwriting?" asked another of the jurymen.

"No, they're not," said the white rabbit, "and that's the queerest thing about it." (The jury all looked puzzled.)

"He must have imitated somebody else's hand," said the king. (The jury all brightened up again).

"Please, your majesty," said the knave, "I didn't write it, and they can't prove I did; there's no name signed at the end."

"If you didn't sign it," said the king, "that only makes the matter worse. You must have meant some mischief, or else you'd have signed your name like an honest man."

There was a general clapping of hands at this; it was the first really clever thing the king had said that day.

"That proves his guilt," said the queen.

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SHAKESPEARE vs. BURNS.

At the close of a lecture to the members of a certain literary society, the following dialogue between a Scotchman and the lecturer was overheard:

"Ye think a fine lot o' Shakespeare, doctor?"

"I do, sir," was the emphatic reply.

"An' ye think he was mair clever than Robbie Burns?"

"Why, there's no comparison between them!"

"Maybe no: but ye tell us the nicht it was Shakespeare who wrote 'Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown,' Now, Robbie would never ha'e written sic nonsense as that."

"Nonsense, sir!" thundered the indignant doctor.

"Ah, just nonsense. Robbie would ha'e kent fine that a king, or a queen, either, disna gang to bed wi' the crown on his head. They hang it ower the back of a chair."

The doctor's face dropped, for he realized that his lecture had been given in vain.

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WHISKERS FOR PILLOWS.

That history repeats itself has just received another proof. Some years ago the men of a Bavarian regiment, of which Prince Maximilian was chief, in order that they might show their devotion to him, cut off their mustaches and sent them to the princess who had just become a mother, that she might use them as a pillow. Something like a repetition of this has just taken place at Rappolstweiler, in Alsatia. The chief of the fire brigade was a few days ago presented with the first child, a boy. The firemen thereupon called a meeting at which it was decided to make the baby boy an honorary member of the corps, and the men susequently cut off thir mustaches and beards to form the stuffing of a red velvet pillow for the baby's use.

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CURIOUS CUSTOMS.

A curious marriage custom obtains in the island of Himla, just opposite the island of Rhodes. The Greeks, by whom it is peopled, earn their living by the sponge fishery. No girl in this island is allowed to marry until she has brought up a certain number of sponges, which must be taken from a certain depth. In some of the other Greek islands this demonstration of ability is required of the men, and if there are several suitors for the hand of a maiden her father bestows her on the man who can dive best and bring up the largest number of sponges.

Walter Savage Landor always insisted that green eyes were the most "wonderful." In support of his argument he was wont to tell the following story: "It so happened that when I was a young man at Venice I was standing in the doorway of the Cafe Florian one day, watching the pigeons on the Piazza San Marco, when an old gentleman rushed up to me and said: 'Pardon me, sir, but will you allow me to look into your eyes? Ah, I thought so! Sir, you have green eyes! I never saw but one pair before, and they belonged to the late Empress Catherine of Russia; they were the most wonderfully beautiful eyes in the world.' I have reason," continued Mr. Landor, "to remember this, for while the old gentleman was examining my eyes .I had my pocket picked."

MY OLD STOVE-PIPE.

My old stove pipe, my good stove pipe,
Thou art my comforter;
When wind is cold and weather foul
From thee I hardly stir;
Although thou never talk'st to me,
Thou never smok'st, I know;
Thou art a good old chum to draw—
And never known to blow!

Although thou hast no heart in thee,
Yet thou art good indeed;
O, thou can'st make the coal burn bright,
The brightest I have "seed;"
I fill the stove with good small bits,
And thou wilt do the rest;
I care not for those smoky pipes,
The smokeless are the best!

I care not for those smoky pipes,
Which fools with poison cram;
My stove pipe is a useful pipe,
And not a mere sham.
Now get your coals and twist the lid,
And pour the crystals down—
Now work the lever at the side
And let Old Winter frown.—H. C.

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THE FRENCH PRESS.

Three or four journals excepted, the decadence of our press is manifest. It is vulgar, corrupt, given to dirty thoughts. It is continually in financial difficulties, forced to pander to the masses, who are neither very intellectual nor of over-nice morals, and who can not afford to be truthful. But laws can not reform it. The people have the press that is fit for them, and if we would change it for the better, we must first raise the present low moral level of the country. And that, again, can only be accomplished by the men of the press, that is to say, the honorable among them. They must absolutely refuse to prostitute their pens in the service of the average newspaper. Unless that is done, society will topple over. Nobody knows that better than the Socialists, who, with logical cynicism, regard the press as their allies.—Revue Bleue.

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PROHIBITION AND CORK SCREWS.

When, at the Princeton banquet in New York City last week, some of the alumni cheered Dr. Shields, only what might be expected occurred. Without doubt many fully approve of the drinking facilities that had been furnished at Princeton Inn. But if the reports are not misleading, President Patton could not well have spoken to worse effect than he did. He indorsed the graduates and condemned prohibition. He had only disapproval for those who have opposed all connection of the university with a drinking-place. But the climax of presidential folly was reached when he declared: "Prohibition will not stop drinking in Princeton. It will only increase the sale of corkscrews." If this does not mean that because there will be drinking there should be a university saloon, and that as the saloon there is closed, drinking in the rooms will not be greatly opposed, the reason for saying it does not appear. Opposition to an evil always calls out its full strength in increased activity. If on this account the evil is to be unopposed and even fostered, then penitentiaries are a social mistake, and the bottomless pit a blunder in the divine administration of the universe.—The North West Presbyterian.

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FALSE EXPEDIENCY.

Sensationalism in the pulpit is as distasteful to well trained and intellectual men and women as is the so-called "realism" of some of our trashy modern fiction. It is disgusting, and is only a vehicle for the exploitation of self on the part of its practitioners. It is demoralizing in the church and injurious to the home.

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A FLASHLIGHT PICTURE OF A WELSH PREACHER.

By Ioan Ieuan.

In a volume of sermons and essays by the late Rev. John Thomas, D. D., Liverpool, the readers of the "Cambrian" may find a very instructive treatise on "The Welsh Pulpit." At the close of that able paper he gives a description of two of the most eminent preachers of the principality in the first half of the present century—the Rev. Mr. Williams, Llandilo, and Rev. John Jones, Llanllyfni, or Talsarn. The one was a Congregationalist, and the other was a Calvinistic Methodist. It may not be wholly unacceptable to the readers of the "Cambrian" to have a full translation of Dr. Thomas' pen pictures of these eminent men, as he saw them, the one at the "Gymanfa" of the Congregationalists in Breconshire, South Wales, and the other at the "Sassiwn" of the Methodists at Carmarthen.

Dr. Thomas heard Mr. Williams for the first time at Bwlch Newydd in 1841. To him had been accorded the unusual honor of preaching at a meeting of the "Gymanfa" within the bounds of his own shire. That distinction was reserved by a rule almost as invariable as a law of the Medes and Persians for the members of the association living outside of the shire where its meetings choosed to be held, and for such distinguished men as had been specially invited.

Many ministers outside of the circuit had been invited, and were expected, but some failed to arrive on time, so it was announced that Mr. Williams and a "stranger" would preach on the afternoon of the first day.

The meeting was held in the open air, on the slope of a little hill just outside of the village. The crowd was immense, and space and time fail us to describe the scene—the great crowd of people in their pic-

turesque costumes, the fervor of the devotions, the splendid singing, the swelling surging tide of religious emotion induced by the sermon, the prayers, and other exercises that led up to the supreme moment when the great preacher of the day rose to speak.

There he stands, a strongly built man of 32 years of age, possibly a little more, of moderate height, not corpulent, yet inclined to stoutness; a fine face with moderately high cheek-bones. He is cleanly and neatly dressed—nothing foppish on the one hand, nor mean on the other, so as to attract attention. He stands erect, turning over rapidly the leaves of the big Bible resting on the extemporized pulpit in front of him. It is evident that he is laboring under some excitement—there is a shade of sternness in his eye, his face is not in its natural hue, his lips are slightly livid. His soul is aroused, and evidently he feels like a man who has an important message to deliver. The multitude is also in an expectant, almost anxious mood. You can see in those eager faces that one from whom much is expected is about to open his lips.

The singing ceases, and hardly has the great crowd settled itself to listen than the preacher reads in rather a high key, his text—Revelation iii. 12, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of my God," &c. There was nothing particularly striking in the reading of the text—it was a trifle hurried, with no regard to emphasis or accent, and the nervous energy with which the speaker began indicated a little "stage fright," which a casual observer might easily mistake for boldness and self-assertion.

The introduction to the sermon was a comment on the epistle to the angel of the church at Philadelphia, and the remarks were clear, leading up appropriately and naturally to the theme. Something, however, is lacking. The attention of the people is not enlisted; the ministers sitting behind the preacher on the platform are listless; the preacher himself seemingly feels fettered, and the fetters must be broken before he and his auditors can come together. But how can this be done? One word may do it, but the trick is to get hold of it. After laboring for some time, yet not so tediously long, neither so hard as to weary his audience, he announces and "divides" his subject. "I will consider the character and rewards of the godly." His "heads" are simple and commonplace enough, but immediately after stating them, in a pleasant familiar way, he tells the people that he had not the slightest thought of preaching when he came to the "Gymanfa," as he was in his own shire, "but inasmuch as you have called me to work," said he, "I am going to call you to war." This little pleasantry was greeted with a smile by those in front of him, which broadened over the whole assembly, and lightened up the faces of the ministers on the platform. In an in-

stant all restraint is gone. The fetters are broken, the sternness in the preacher's eye changes into beaming friendliness, the whiteness on the lips and the pallor of the face have vanished, and the whole countenance is radiant with the joy of the spirit.

But the preacher would strengthen and deepen his hold on his audience, and increase his own spiritual power, and he asks his brethren and sisters to pray that his efforts to make them all conquerors may be blessed of God. A thousand amens in response bear witness that at last the preacher and his hearers are in close touch with each other. The multitude is moved as a grove of pines is swayed by a strong yet gentle gust of wind. The preacher notes this, and girds himself anew as one who realizes that he too has a battle to fight and a victory to win.

"The Christian—one who overcomes —a conquering hero. Note here three things—first, his foes; second, the conflict; then, his victory. The Christian," the preacher said, "has four foes; they are the world, the flesh, the devil, and himself." Then with marvelous skill he described the myriad protean forms which these enemies assume—their stratagems, the fierceness of their hold, their subtlety, and craftiness, and their persistency—making all luminous and realistic to the last degree by the use of simple illustrations, apt metaphors, graphic and lively description and apposite remark, until the whole audience hung breathless on his lips.

After this vivid description of the enemy, the preacher moves vigorously and grandly forward to attack him, and his hearers move with him. He summons the Christian to the fray, and proceeds to arm him with the "whole armor." He impresses on his mind that he must prepare himself for a hard, heavy, hot, tremendously fateful struggle. The aspect of the listening multitude changes. While with lively fancy the orator depicted the cunning and craft, aye, even the malice and hate of the foes, the auditors could smile; but now that he summons them to the field, and brings home to the conscience and heart of every one his own personal responsibility for defeat or victory, and assures each of them that this conflict is a "hand to hand fight, in which blood is given for blood, and life for life," a deep and awful seriousness settles down on the attentive throng—this seriousness deepens into anxiety, for the preacher speaks not about the people, but to them. What he says is not something to be known, but to be done; not to be understood only, but to be lived. He follows his hearers to every corner. He will tolerate no shirking. Each one must master every appetite, bring into subjection every impulse, crucify every lust, mortify every inordinate desire, and bring every tendency of a corrupt nature under control. He looks the eager listen-

ing throng in the eye, to catch if possible any sign of yielding, and as he is not fully assured that he has reached his aim, he rallies once more all his forces, and reattacks with such tremendous physical, mental and spiritual force the fast crumbling defences of unbelief that may still remain in the audience, that at last the whole multitude is swept into the swirl and cyclone of the mighty strife—the groans and cries everywhere resounding, attesting that it is a day of "battle and strife" with their souls; and as the preacher dismisses this side of the subject with the ejaculatory prayer, "Oh God bless this meeting and the preaching of thy word to the winning of many recruits for the Lord's army," uttered with great unction and earnestness, his words are caught by the excited multitude and are echoed and re-echoed in a shout of amens whose volume and magnificent roll resembles the "sound of many waters;" the ministers sitting behind the preacher rise to their feet, and press up close to him at the very edge of the platform, drawn and held by his overpowering eloquence, while he sweeps grandly forward in a magnificent and masterly description of the Christian's triumph over all his foes.

"He that overcometh." He shouts it over that vast audience with such tremendous emphasis that every follower of Jesus feels as if he were under oath not to indulge the shadow of a ghost of a desire to turn back or beat retreat, no matter how hot and desperate the fight may be. He notes briefly the conditions of success, but in a moment he is back again with redoubled earnestness enforcing the duty of whole heartedness in the service. He deals with the individual soldier, presses home on his conscience that he must remain in the field until every foe is under foot. He shouts once more, "He that overcometh" with such a piercing look into the faces of the people, and such an energy of earnestness that no one, for a moment, can doubt that the preacher will be satisfied with nothing less than an unconditional surrender of the enemy, and a complete victory over him by every one of his hearers.

For forty minutes he holds every hearer so completely under his control that not one feels as he could dare look at his fellow. The moment is too serious, the stake too momentous, the conflict too urgent to risk anything by inattention, the foes are so numerous, so vigilant, so crafty, that the slightest relaxation on the part of the hearer may expose him, although in the full tide of a victorious struggle, to irretrievable defeat. The effect of this tremendous oratory however is not the rending, or crushing, nor even the melting of the audience into tears, it is rather to overcome it, so that it feels vanquished, subjugated by the splendid movement of the mighty soul panoplied with all the noblest weapons of its richly endowed mental arsenal. A suppressed murmur as of admiration at the

masterful attack on the embattled hosts of sin and Satan, and the splendid triumph over them, runs through the host, and needs but the earnest ejaculatory petition of the preacher, "Lord give success to thy truth," to swell and burst forth in a loud shout of amens that reverberates in every corner of the field.

But the end is not yet. This "master of assemblies" must strike a still higher note, and carry his hearers to higher levels. He has fought his way gloriously to a splendid triumph. He has carried his hearers with him. The fruits of the victory are now to be gathered; the spoils are to be divided. His whole aspect changes, as he utters the words, "The war is over, and the victory is won." All this is said in a voice so sweet, so musical, and yet so strong that it sounds like the notes of a silver trumpet floating over and far beyond the enraptured auditors, "The prize is to be awarded," he continues, and then he repeats his text, "I will make him a pillar in the temple of my God, and I will write on him the name of my God, and the name of the city of my God, and I will write on him my new name." "The Christian is to be made a pillar in the temple of his God, to commemorate the grace that saves him; to support and maintain the cause of his Redeemer; and to abide forever in the very presence of the king who has ennobled him." All this was said with such beauty of language, striking freshness, and originality of illustration, and such exquisite modulation of voice and manner that the whole audience was as if beside itself with rapturous enjoyment. He stops a moment after a glowing description of the pillar, and then proceeds—"Let us read the inscriptions—the name of my God, the name of the city of my God, and my new name. They are the names of his Father, of his Mother, and of his Elder Brother." Then raising his voice a note or two and with a peculiar intonation he repeats, "My new name." The audience is electrified. It sways to and fro in perfect time and sympathy with the rhythmic movement and cadences of the singularly beautiful voice expressing in equally beautiful phrase the exquisite thoughts of the preacher. Men forget where they stand. The whole audience has been swept and borne on the strong wings of the preacher's eloquence to the very gates of heaven. A sense of disappointmnt or regret comes over it when the preacher's voice ceased, such as we sometimes feel on awakening from dreams in which we have heard the angels sing.

ST. DAVID.

By David Davies.

The greatest name among the Welsh is St. David; and we may add that he is the only national name among us that is especially honored, celebrated and banqueted. Ages ago, Prince Arthur, the mirror of chivalry, used to be the hero par excellence; but the Christian reformation has contributed more and more of late towards removing him and his mighty deeds out of the Welsh mind. As the Welsh are preeminently religious, Arthur as representative of the State has been gradually thrust into the background, while St. David, the religious character, has become more and more prominent among Welsh patriots. There is something foreign in Arthur's name—he may have been Roman, Greek, &c., but, certainly, he never was Welsh. We have no Arthurs, but we have Dewi in abundance. Arthur also represented secularism; Dewi represents the spirit of the Welshman which is instinctively religious. The Welsh townhall is the chapel, and his political speeches are sermons. His Marseillaise is a hymn; and his political platform is the Ten Commandments. This consideration shows how David superseded Arthur.

Although St. David is so popular among the Welsh, there is hardly one in a hundred that knows where he lived or how he fared. All they know of him is that he was a saint, and was a good man. A saint is far more popular among the Welsh than a statesman. But although so little of him is known, the fact that he was Welsh, and was a follower of Christ, is enough to introduce him into the hearts of Welshmen and Welshwomen in every country. An essential element in a Welshman's life is his religiousness; and his obituary is very unsatisfactory if it cannot be stated that he belonged to a chapel or church. Now, David was a religious man, a typical Welshman, and modern Welsh do not wish to be reminded that he was Catholic. If it could be proved that David was slightly tinged with Romanism, his popularity would be in jeopardy. Although he is known to have been Catholic, he has never been proved to be anything but "Cymro i'r carn." He loved Christ (who was not Roman), but he certainly loved Wales more than Rome. He was Catholic, but not of the extreme type that becomes obnoxious. He was Welsh first, last and all the time. He did not take either his politics or his religion from Rome, but direct from the "fount of blessing."

Dewi flourished in the small hours of the morning of the Christian era,

ıccounts for the paucity of ents of his life. He lived dim rush-light of history ore shadow than truth; ything seemed strange, in- nd mythical, and when it ı easier to work a miracle ommon chores. He lived when history was largely of stories, tales, legends, l such; when miracles were r than natural events. Da- ry is one series of wonder- s. From his birth to his is the performer of incred- . There was certainly, a se in writing his biogra- strong effort was made to a position of awe and in- er his people; but among al, matter-of-fact country- id could not hold that fort . From his elevated seat is he was affectionately wn to an elevation a little friends. Instead of being for intercession, he has ed to dine at banquets and social gatherings!

ıurch and churchmen in ages endeavored to mag- ittle Welshman too much; to make him Archbishop , and so establish the in- ce of the Welsh church; extremists went the whole asserting that David was p of all Britain! But that ıg the little saint too much; ıe is not metropolitan or itan; David is merely hose were his enemies, not his friends; and the Welsh nation have succeeded long ago in restoring him to his own proper sphere, viz. a Welsh saint, sociable and unpretentious. All the Welsh saints when stripped of the foolish pomp and vanities of "Bucheddau'r Seintiau," were poor, useful, serviceable, ordinary Welsh churchmen; but in the 11th and 12th centuries a spirit of exaggeration and lying prevailed to such an extent that everything was misrepresented and inordinately described.

David's mother was a nun, named Nona, and his father, Sandde, of royal descent. The manner of his birth is not very creditable to the sense and taste of old Catholic writers. He was a kinsman of King Arthur. The old chroniclers in order to magnify the saint, recorded the most ridiculous fibs and stories about him, which show that they had no sense of propriety. David commenced to work miracles, and performed wonders before he was born! Saint Gildas was in the act of preaching in church one day when Non, then enceinte, entered; he immediately became dumb because he found himself in the presence of one possessed of the greatest grace and dignity. When he had recovered his speech, he prophesied the unborn David would rule all the Welsh saints, not only in this world, but also after the day of doom! The day he was born, all nature shook and trembled. The elements raged, and frightful rains fell amid thunder and lightning; and everything was

drenched except the place where the saint was born, which happened to be as dry as a lime-kiln! The sun shone on that very spot alone! The incidents attending his baptism were also truly miraculous; because a well burst forth near the mother and child in order to meet the occasion. A blind old man who held the child in his arms had his sight. This was done by sprinkling his face three times with the water in which David had been immersed. A similar legend is told of St. Teilo, who, when a new-born babe jumped out of his mother's arms into the water and baptized himself!

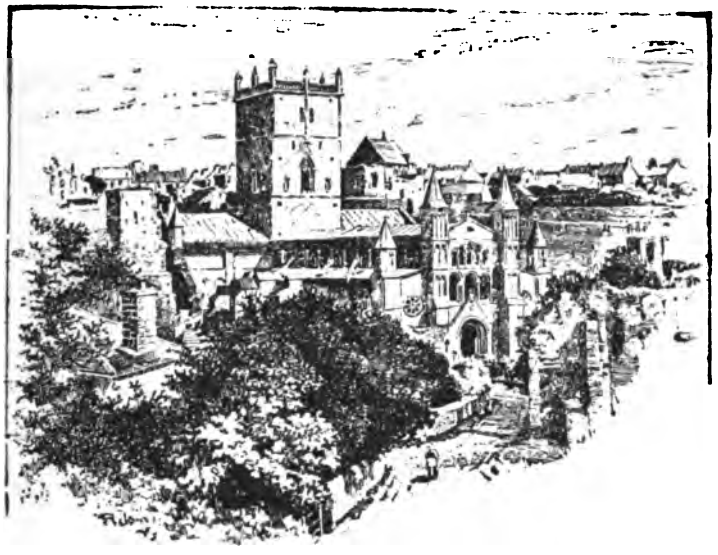
The manner of David's education is also truly wonderful. He began to study at a place called Henllwyn (Old Bush), where he had for his tutor a dove with a golden beak, which taught him to read, write, and sing hymns. Subsequently, he went to Paulinus, a celebrated monk and scholar, to be taught the scripture and theology, of which, probably, the golden-beaked dove had no knowledge. He was ten years under his care and tuition, and before finally leaving his school he cured him of his blindness, for which Paulinus bestowed on David every blessing found in the Old and New Testaments, which account for his being such a good man, and so popular among the Welsh. He was called to his work by an angel expressly delegated to instruct him. He built twelve monasteries, besides performing a great number of miracles and wonders. Everybody and everything connected with Saint David had miraculous powers; even his horse could swim from Pembrokeshire to Ireland with Saint Barry astraddle. Like tales are also related of Catog the Wise, another Welsh saint, who could carry fire in his mantle, set fire to a barn at will, turn animals into stone, and make unfailing nostrums by mixing waters, &c., &c. Catholic writers seemingly kept a kind of a ready-made store of ecclesiastical legends, with which they could dress up their saints to strike the sentiment of the credulous crowd; and this alone can account for the uniform lives of some saints.

One of the characteristics of ancient and mediaeval history is the writers' utter disregard of fact. Their chief aim is to evade the highway of truth, and wander into the wilderness of fables and myths of the Jack the Giant Killer stamp. They had no taste for accuracy, and believed lying piously a religious duty. The biggest story-teller seemed to the times the best historian. They had a set purpose when narrating a saint's life, and that was to teach and inculcate some pet creed or doctrine. Those chroniclers who wrote on David had the pet scheme of proving that he was an Archbishop, independent not only of the English Church, but also even of the Roman Church, because they invented and concocted the story that he went all the way to Jerusalem, accompanied by Sts. Teilo and Padarn, and was invested by the

Patriarch, who gave to him presents of great value and power, viz., an altar, a bell, a mantle and a staff.

It was after his return from this journey that he entered into that great conflict with the arch-sceptic of that time, Pelagius, or in modern Welsh, Morgan. This Morgan was considerable of a rationalist, as he was reasoning a good deal about the doctrines of the church. He entertained peculiar views regarding original sin, paedo-baptism, total depravity and eternal damnation, &c., which gave great offense to the high dignitaries of the Church. It is worthy of notice that in the primitive ages of Christianity the orthodox way of opposing and convincing a disbeliever was by authority rather than by arguments and reasons. An opponent was often disposed of with threats and carnal weapons. Reason was met by ecclesiastical rage.

St. David's task after his return from Jerusalem with his staff and bell was to crush this Morgan. This was a conflict between religion and science—between authority and reason. Such was the significance of this struggle that the chronicle says that all the Welsh were there at Llanddewi Brefi—118 bishops, a great number of princes, elders, abbots, laymen and women. In those days bishops were extremely multitudinous, and princes were as numerous as sparrows. It is not known whether all these 118 bishops were Welsh; so we better drop that matter. There was such a vast multitude present at that convention that no one there could talk loud enough and be heard by all, "not even," says one writer, "if he spoke



St David's Cathedral.

through a bugle." St. David had not yet arrived, and it appears as if he were little known in Pembroke. Many had made attempts to address the vast concourse, but to no purpose. One half the audience could only behold the gesticulations of the speaker. Finally Paulinus rose and said that St. David was the only man that could supply the demand. Two saints, Deiniol and Dyfrig, were sent to bring David to the meeting. On the journey thither he raised from the dead a man of the name of Magnus.

After he had arrived he was asked to preach, and they piled their mantles and cloaks high for a pulpit, but the saint would not ascend. He told the man he raised from the dead to spread a handkerchief on a low spot, and stepping on it he commenced a great harangue against Pelagianism. When speaking, a white dove descended from heaven and lighted on his shoulder, and at once, the low "pant" became a high hill until he was visible to all, and his voice was so changed and strengthened until he was heard miles around! The Jericho of Morgan's theories fell into ruins, and the faith of Wales was re-established!

There is one little story told which shows how envy and malice follow the footsteps of success. Some became jealous of his greatness, and a base attempt was made to poison this greatest idol of his countrymen. A piece of bread was poisoned, and was given David by a religious brother; but an angel interfered, and the saint was mirraculously saved. He took the piece of bread and broke it into three parts; he gave one to a greyhound close to him, which after eating fell dead; he threw the other to a crow perched on a branch over-hanging a stream, which after eating suddenly dropped into the water, and was drowned; and he ate the last himself, and it did not hurt him!

The story of his sickness and death is truly poetic. The voice of God came to him one day, and told him that he would be removed out of this wicked world, and that all that was beautiful in heaven and earth would visit him that day. When his sickness became known the whole land mourned; scholars asked Who will teach after he will have gone? Who will help? said the ecclesiastics; Who will pray and intercede for us? said the princes. All lamented and wept, from the old man to the suckling babe!

The story of his death is creditable to the chronicler who wrote it. It is a beautiful picture. At cock-crowing the little town of Tyddewi was crowded with the hosts of heaven, and when the sun gazed over the eastern hills it shone on bright legions of the sons of God who had accompanied Christ to take the old saint home. After his fasting and thirsting, after his labor and weariness, after his austerities and pilgrimages, after his sufferings and temptations, David left for the land of endless light, the land of eternal

rest, the land of unmixed joy, a land of brightness, fairness and victory over all, a land of health without pain, of youth unfading, of peace without malice, to sing the praises of the Redeemer with saints and angels! This took place on the first of March.

David, Teilo and Padarn were named "The Three Blessed Guests of Britain." This signifies that they were received with honor in all places, and they visited high and low, rich and poor, in order to teach the simple truths of Christianity, and they performed this beautiful task "heb dda na diolch." They visited the poor and needy to teach, instruct, feed and clothe. They did not live for personal enjoyment and ostentation. This fact will suggest to us the best and most honorable way of celebrating the old Saint's Day, namely by charitable deeds, by true patriotism, and certainly not by expensive banquets and rhetorical effervescences.

ENCOURAGEMENT.

By Llywelyn.

Aim high, young man, the world expects from thee
A page of record in the Book of Time,
With marks of duty wrought in loyalty,
And truth embossed devoid of taint and crime.

Employ thine years to cultivate the mind
In studies that will beautify the soul;
Lay worldly joys as vanities behind,
Set honor high as the sublimest goal.

A cloud of witnesses with eager hearts,
Will hail thy efforts in this glorious strife;
Thy moves and progress in the useful arts
Will help the rise and reign of higher life.

Launch out, well trimmed, and never be afraid
Of storms and depths—sail on, sail on in peace;
Thy strivings soon will turn the flow of tide
To ports of rich success and tranquil ease.

Be staunch with thine own self—play well thy part!
And then around with thoughts of kindness scan;
At every point leave, with a noble heart,
Impressions of the Brotherhood of man.

ST. DAVID AND HIS DAY.

A RESPONSE TO THE TOAST "THE DAY WE CELEBRATE," AT THE GORONWY LODGE BANQUET, UTICA N. Y., MARCH 1, 1898, BY G. H. HUMPHREY.

We celebrate the day of St. David, the recognized patron saint of the Welsh nation. I use the word nation advisedly, for the reason that there has been an inclination in some quarters to deny that the Welsh people have a distinct nationality. As a matter of historical fact, their nationality is older, purer and better preserved than that of any race under the British flag. Welshmen in all parts of the earth will remember that this is a day set apart by common consent to pay annual tribute to the memory of St. David. That there was such a man can not be doubted. Great movements that are traceable to his times could not have originated with a nonentity, nor even with an ordinary person; for causes are necessarily commensurate with their effects. We recognize in David one of the great and good men who rendered a splendid and lasting service to our father-land. The memories of such men, like wine, become better as they become older. For that reason there has been during the closing half century a revival of veneration for the name of David, so that his countrymen to-day are very willing to second the act of the good pope who in the eleventh century canonized him. We would all do well to study the life of this devoted and mighty man, as well as of other men who have left their impress upon the world's condition. History is a fabric made up of many biographies; biographies are the web and the woof of history; consequently he that is familiar with the careers of the world's greatest men is familiar with the world's history. St. David like St. Patrick, lived at a period that was like the month in which their anniversaries have been fixed, at the turning point between a previous winter of ignorance and degradation, and a following spring of blooming vitality, winged songsters, and circumambient fragrance.

But in addition to that, we are here to rally around St. David's name as the representative of the Welsh national feeling or sentiment. We claim that the cultivation and continuation of that feeling is beneficial to the English people abroad, and to the American people at home, on the ground that the Welshman has some traits peculiar to himself, that will be a valuable contribution to the composite manhood of the future citizens of the British isles and of the American continent. In one respect the Irishman and the Welshman together make such a Yorick as Shakespeare has described in

Hamlet, the Irishman being the "fellow of infinite jest," and the Welshman being the "fellow of most excellent fancy." These Celtic ingredients constitute the salt and pepper that the unmixed Anglo-Saxon and Teuton character lacks. Besides, the sons of Cambria excel in the senti ment and taste that leads to the cultivation of poesy and song. In America the practical spirit is so intense and vulgar that it tramples the nobler sentiments under foot. The Palisades must be removed to make room for warehouses; cherished heir-looms are auctioned off to the highest bidder by the too practical descendants of the more sentimental ancestor. There is something in the Cymro that prompts him to cry Halt! to the axman about to cut down a historic tree; and to stay the hand of the rude intruder that would destroy the former residence of a man of genius. We claim that man can not live by bread alone, or by machinery alone, or by money alone, or by politics alone—that he needs the words that proceed from the poet's rosy lips, the colors that come combined from the painter's magic brush, the forms that appear under the sculptor's charmed chisel, the exquisite terraces that diffuse ambrosia under the gardener's skilled care.

On these annual occasions, moreover, we meet to compare notes, take an inventory, so to speak, mark our continuing defects, and observe our points of improvement, and at the same time to give and take suggestions with reference to our future advancement. The last fifty years have been marked by great development and enlargement in the Welsh character. Prior to the year 1850 few Welshmen in Wales ventured outside of and above subordinate capacities, and an uneducated ministry. To-day Welshmen are found in goodly number in all commercial pursuits, and in all the leading professions, in each sphere acquitting themselves like men, and appreciating that the whole world is before them; that in these latter times the race is to the swift, and the battle to the strong; and that this age grants survival only to the fittest. We have ceased to be satisfied with and gratified by comparison of ourselves with ourselves; we are now begging no favors, but simply demanding that we be judged as men among men, and that we be compared with the best of men of whatever descent in every department of human activity. We are met to-night to quicken friendship, to become the more strongly attached to each other, that at the same time Welsh manhood may be still more energized, expanded and ennobled. We unite in desiring the continued promotion of the good work started by St. David, so that everywhere the people who especially honor his name shall be an honor to themselves. In these United States we may not be ambitious to maintain our distinct national existence to the end of time; but we do most devoutly hope that the influence of the Welsh blood

transmitted to the American body politic, may continue forever to be a latent and potent element. As the names of Welshmen will never be erased from the Declaration of Independence; as the name of George H. Thomas will always remain among the names of the foremost generals of the late civil war; as the Welsh stone placed there by the late Daniel L. Jones of Brooklyn will forever remain an essential part of the Washington monument in the city of Washington, so will the aesthetic taste, the sparkling enthusiasm, the tireless perseverance, the sterling integrity, and the vigorous loyalty of the children of Wales forever remain a part and parcel of the history, character and complexion of the American republic.

A RESPONSE.

By Cambrensis.

In the February number of the "Cambrian" there appeared an article by Morien, in which he endeavors to controvert a statement in the N. Y. "Independent" that the Welsh are not descendants of the ancient Britons. I do not believe that that is very vital to the modern Welsh, and either belief will not hurt our interests materially as a people. But apart from every consideration of material interest, I believe that the inquiry is altogether hopeless since the past history of the Welsh people, as well as of the Celts, generally is so unreliable. I do not wish to force my personal convictions on the reader, but my belief is that the Welsh people are largely a mixture of Saxon, French, Irish, &c., with a certain proportion of Welsh blood. It would be hard to put one's hand on the shoulder of a man in Wales and swear "Here is the true Briton!"

But, apart from that, Morien's argument for his thesis that the Welsh are descendants of the ancient Britons is certainly weak and unreliable. Its unreliability lies in its having no philosophical, philological or historical basis. It may be pleasing to Welsh vanity, but to the philosophical or the scientific mind it appears very unsatisfactory.

Morien's method is not only unscientific, but it is fantastic, and is a product not of a practical mind, but of an untrained imagination. It is really surprising that a writer of Morien's extensive reading should have so ignored the fact that similarity of sound or appearance in words have very little to do with the truth of their relation or identity. The Welsh language is remarkable in alliterative elements; it mimics and mocks all the languages known; it has the quality of philological pretention which is sufficient to con-

stitute a strong claim to possession in the minds of such thinkers as Morien. Heretofore Welsh poets have made use of this quality for purposes of alliteration; Welsh wits have utilized it for humorous ends; and Morien has seen fit to lay on it a superstructure of whimsical archaeology and fantastic philology. Take for illustration the name "Abel," the second son of Adam and Eve. Some writers have told us that this Abel is the Welsh "Abail," which means the "second son." There is no legerdemain about this. It is good Welsh, and it is an example of the power of mimicry which the Welsh language has. Take another illustration. "Nebuchadnezzar" is producible in good intelligible Welsh, viz. "Neb uwch o dan y ser," which means "No one higher under the stars," which was also appropriate to an Eastern potentate. Now this is the nonsensical use Morien makes of the Welsh language in inculcating and substantiating his burlesque theories.

There is certainly a similarity between the Gaelic "usge" and the Welsh "gwisgi;" but the Welsh use "gwisgi" in the sense of "lively" or "brisk," and not as "flexible." Also, Morien outsteps the bounds of fact when he deliberately asserts that the names of rivers in Wales are, in every instance, descriptive of the character of the flow. Let us see. Take the rivers of South Wales. Taf, Tawe, Towy, Teifi, &c., are all derived from a word which meant "water." The name Tafwys, the Thames, is a derivation of the same root. Now, this name is not descriptive of the flow; it simply means water. The word "afon" in England signifies the same. The river Usk seems to be an exception, and is a relic of another race. From analogy we must conclude that "Usk" (usge) means simply water, and has no relation whatever with "gwisgi" (lively, &c). A wide-awake archaeologist will find in South Wales the remnant of several races in its brooks, streams and rivers; and in entire Wales he will discover three or four distinct names for "sea" and "flowing water." These tongues have disappeared from modern Welsh, but they linger in old stream and river names. There are certainly Gaelic names in Wales.

It is really amusing to see the way in which Morien can tumble and metamorphose words to support his old-fashioned theory. He is a kind of philological mountebank, and an archaeological conjurer, for out of a single consonant he can draw a whole book of generations, "All English place names, such as Tot, Ted, Toot, Toten, &c., as well as the Egyptian Thoth, are derived from the Welsh Tad (father)." Now, there is not a particle of foundation to all that. It is pure conjecture and guess-work. His inconsistency appears in the double statement he makes regarding London. In the first place it is "Llandin," which it never was, meaning a High Mound or Place, Llan signifying "High,"

which was never known before in the history of Welsh. Then he turns to "Lud-din," the city of Ludd, which is certainly a more intelligible and historical name.

The way also he interprets "Tynwald" in the Isle of Man is in harmony with his favorite habit of pouncing on the mimicry of language.

His way of explaining the word Werddon (Ireland) is a humorous demonstration of his all-prevailing anxiety to prove that all creation is Welsh. Says he: "Our name for Ireland is y Werdd-don, or the green wave, which very aptly describes to this day the appearance—the glorious appearance of Ireland when it first breaks on the sight of the traveler coming from America." Now, that is a remarkably rich piece of folly; because in the first place, Ireland or y Werdd-don means the green land; no one would think of calling Ireland "a green wave;" and, lastly, what has the name Werddon or the "Green Isle" to do with the return voyage of the traveler from America? It was not named by a traveler returning from America, but was named because its sod is green.

Now we come to another error which shows remarkable lack of comprehension. Writing of the Irish (Gwyddelod) he states: " 'Gwydd' is the Welsh for wood, and the books of the Welsh were all made of four-sided bars of wood revolving in frames. It seems, therefore, highly probable that the name 'Gwyddel' (singular) signifies 'Book-man.'" It is rather risky and venturesome to jump at conclusions so unrestrainedly, but intellectual inexperience will do such foolish acts. Common sense and a superficial acquaintance with the history of the Irish, as well as the Welsh, would suggest that the name "Gwyddel" has nothing to do with "books." Very probably they were called "Gwyddelod" by the Welsh before there ever existed a book even of wood in the world. Is it not more probable that this word "Gwyddelod" signifies "wood men," that is, "foresters;" and the Celts generally were so named to distinguish them from town and city people, civilized nations? To suppose that the Irish or the Welsh in ancient times were book-men or literary prodigies, contains too much fun for anything! Such explanations are perfect comedies.

Towards the end he goes on showing the connection between the Isle of Britain and the ancient Phoenicia with astounding facility. The Welsh name "Bala" and the Phoenician "Baal" amount to a proof positive Pale near Bala, is the "Pale mon," or the sun in December, &c., &c. Very probably,the Welsh word "pal" (spade) is a relic of Phoenician sun-worship; and any word with a "p" and an "l" is evidently related to the old pagan god "Baal." We do not hesitate to venture the statement that Morien has not the slightest conception of the philological relations of words, for similarity of sound ap-

pearance, or construction has nothing whatever to do with genealogy of words. To assert that the Shemitic "Beth" is the Welsh bwth is certainly daring; and when he ventures to state so recklessly and unscrupulously that the Hebrew "Bethabara" is the "Bwth y Bru," by which the Druids meant a boat as symbolizing the spirit of the mother of the sun on the waters of the Jordan, we may easily discover that all his theories as regards archaeology are based on a foundation of alliteration. What nation would think of naming a village or town after a boat symbolizing the spirit of the mother of the sun? All these fantastic interpretations are entirely devoid of historical and philological authority; and we may add that this latter-day Druidic philosophy and learning is the product of irresponsible fiction, and has no foundation whatever.

CARNARVON CASTLE.

By Antiquarian.

The Castle which is to-day in ruins was at one time a massive building, and is situated on the western side of the town. It is one of the noblest ruins in the kingdom, the walls being still well-preserved, and about 8 feet thick, and comprising a space of 3 acres. There is a covered gallery or

private passage within its walls, with loop-holes for arrows. There are 13 embattled towers with five, six or eight sides, and surrounded by turrets. The covered passage communicated with all these towers, and was protected from an outside enemy, and lit by small narrow windows, through which arrows and other missiles might be hurled at attacking parties.

This castle is famous and interesting to the Welsh reader as being the place where the first Prince of Wales was born, and the room is shown within the tower where this national event took place. The tower is called the Eagle Tower; but some doubt the accuracy of history in this matter, and some even argue that it is a mere tradition almost wholly unfounded. It is stated in authentic records that this tower was built subsequent to that event, and was not finished until the 30th year of the age of Edward II. The castle commenced building in the reign of Edward I., in 1283; the north eastern portion was proceeded with first, and the work carried on westward until the whole fortress was completed. It was 40 years building, and finished in the year 1322, although some historians have stated that it was erected and completed in one year. Therefore, as the Prince of Wales was born April 25, 1284, and within a year after the castle commenced building, it is hardly probable that he was born in the room pointed out as the spot where the interesting event took place. But although history goes against the old tradition which is so popular among the Welsh, yet the story is clung to with affection that the first Prince was born at Carnarvon Castle, and it will survive in the popular mind as quite proper and natural.

We may, however, imagine it quite possible that the birth of the Prince took place in Carnarvon, since there was an old Welsh royal house there which it is believed had not yet been destroyed at the time. It is also quite probable that the story is well founded, only that the name of the place has been changed. The Prince may have been born in a Carnarvon castle, but not the present one, which is in ruins. It is rather hard and difficult to disestablish an old belief, which accounts for the tradition which connects inseparably the royal event with Carnarvon.

Connected with the history of this castle is also another event, viz., the imprisonment of William Prynne, Esq., a famous lawyer, in the days of Charles I. After attending on Dr. Preston, a celebrated Puritan's lectures, he was converted and became an extremely zealous Puritan himself, and commenced to inveigh against the corruptions and sins of the times with great bitterness, attacking all manner of customs and religious creeds from the social cup to Romanism and Arminianism, condemning all and everything except his own peculiar views regarding society and religion. In 1632 he published a book, entitled "His-

trio-Mastix" of 1000 pages, against play-houses and plays, and as he was supposed to secretly and maliciously attack the good name of the Queen he was taken before the Star Chamber, accused, condemned and sentenced to pay £3,000, involving his degradation from the bar, expulsion from Oxford and Lincoln's Inn, the loss of both his ears in the pillory, and seeing his book burned publicly by the hangmen, condemned to perpetual imprisonment, and incarcerated in the Tower. But all these severities did not prevent or discourage him from writing with equal bitterness against Church and State, for in 1637 he found means to publish from his prison another offensive book, in which he abused Archbishop Laud and other members of the hierarchy. He was again condemned to pay a fine of £5,000, was once more placed in the pillory, losing the stumps of his ears, which had been spared to him; and was branded on both cheeks with the letters S. L. (Seditious Libeler). He was also sentenced to be immured in some remote fortress, and Carnarvon Castle was selected as such a place; and for a time he was there imprisoned, but was subsequently removed to the Isle of Jersey. He remained a prisoner until, in 1641—the Long Parliament then sitting—he was released by a warrant of the House of Commons. Shortly afterward he was elected member of Parliament for Newport, Cornwall.

In 1821 a National Eisteddfod was held within the walls of the castle, under the presidency of the Marquis of Anglesea, when Richard Jones (Gwyndaf Eryri), Llanwnda, took the chair prize for the best ode on "Music." Another Eisteddfod was held here in 1862, which lasted four days. The chair subject this time was "The Year," which was won by Hwfa Mon, the present archdruid of Wales. In 1832 Her Majesty the Queen, then a young princess, accompanied by her mother, the Duchess of Kent, visited the ruins, and also the Prince Consort with his son Alfred in 1861. Many illustrious personages from the continent have also visited this famous castle, among them the Archduke Constantine of Russia, King of Saxony, Prince of Orange, &c., &c.

In 1851, the Semi-centennial Convention of the British and Foreign Bible Society was held also within its walls, where thousands of the friends of the Bible, and some of the most famous men of England and Wales met to discuss the affairs and business of the Society, and help the grand cause so near to the heart of old Charles of Bala, viz. "Beibl i bawb o bobl y byd."

Carnarvon is a bathing place, and a seaport town, and is much frequented by tourists on account of its vicinity to the grandest sceneries in North Wales. Many families of the upper ranks live in and around the town. Half a mile from Carnarvon are the remains of Segontium or Caer Seiont, a Roman city or station.

HUXLEY IN THE LIGHT OF PAUL.

By Apollos.

Welsh theologians and divines are now busily engaged in attacking and defending the authority and the inerrancy of Paul's teaching. The Rev. D. Adams' book, "Paul in the Light of Jesus" is causing considerable excitement and attracting the attention of all who take more than a passing interest in religious questions.

Paul has had absolute sway among the Welsh until of late; so much so that no man, far less any theologian of any standing would have thought of disputing his authority, or of doubting the absolute truthfulness of his doctrines. Consequently, when Mr. Adams' book was published, the Welsh divines were astounded. Although a few accept his rational views, the great majority hold him as a reckless innovator and a religious Don Quixote.

The course of the river of theology in Wales has been, hitherto, extremely smooth and placid, with ripples now and again caused by theologicial gales and breezes of denominational rather than fundamental differences. As regards the authority, authenticity and inerrancy of the Bible, the several sects in Wales are agreed, although they do dispute minor points of doctrine. They are all one and unanimous as regards the authority of the Bible, although they differ as to what the Bible means. But Adams' book has been like a rock thrown into the water of life, which has caused a great commotion in the formerly placid current, because it undertakes to undermine one of the great pillars of divine truth, the great Apostle of the Gentiles. This book asserts that Paul has committed errors and mistakes in very many ways; and since he is proved so fallible, he is no longer trustworthy. Once the foundation is shown to be defective, the whole superstructure becomes tremulous.

The author's way of convicting Paul is to lead him back and hold him in the light of Jesus. The great apostle was a close follower of his Lord, and was personally inspired of his master to go among the Gentiles as his fully authorized representative and spiritually equipped teacher. He states himself that he neither received his doctrine of man, nor was taught it of man; but by the revelation of Jesus Christ. So, dragging the apostle into the light and presence of his Master can not in the least offend him, or injure his reputation or authority or the integrity of his teaching. The great apostle would in his time have courted such a trial; because he was conscientiously endeavoring always to keep his Lord in the foreground of all his thoughts and actions. Per-

ally, he was honest, and always ved himself a painstaking, faith- and conscientious servant of the at name he so loved and hon- l.

everal writers of weight have ced that in this Canaanitish k, Paul is not so much held in light of Jesus as in a certain ufactured light illumined by Adams for premeditated pur- s; nor is he judged and con- med on principles, and accord- to standards laid down by Jesus nuch as on a platform expressly t for undermining his credit.

influence of Paulinism over tern thought has been so tre- dous that it would be sheer folly oubt Paul's intellectual and spir- l gifts, and his wonderful con- ion of the great current of hu- civilization. He has been in gion what Moses was in govern- t, a great leader, and his re- ed light will continue to shine ages to come.

hat we wish, however, to discuss his article is not Mr. Adams' k, but Huxley's ethical views in light of Paul. In criticizing l's teachings, we should not con- n him hastily on the ground his manner of expression is rent to the scientist's, or that doctrine is otherwise colored or led. Light and shade change vary according to the position take, and although two expres- s may differ, the experienced is identical. A great and ghty fact has too often been overlooked when theologians have neglected the idea of spiritual growth and development. Truth is spiritual, and, consequently, reducing it to material shapes and figures is liable to mis-shape and distort it. Our conception of truth is not truth itself, nor should it be absolutely settled and determined according to our conditioned views. In fact, our truth are mere metaphors or apparitions of truths; and as the day moves onward and upwards, the shadows shift and change, although the things themselves remain the same. Unfortunately it is the shadows of truth we see; and so we become easily and needlessly alarmed and anxious, thinking that when the shadows move, the truth we love, crumble! Truth is immovable; it is only our views that change. Our best position is to be on a line with truth, not to look across the line of evolution, but to face the current of God's purposes; then changes do not stagger us.

Huxley in his Romanes' lecture, "Evolution and Ethics," expressed views which attracted considerable attention at the time it was delivered, and seemed a repetition or a re-echo of Paul's experience as depicted in Romans VII.-VIII. The outstanding feature of the lecture is the sharp contrast between nature and the ethical man. This point of contrast has drawn the attention of thinkers for ages; and even the old-fashioned Welsh Druids called this state of moral evolution as the "state of liberty in manhood," where

it seems as if human nature were partially released from the underlying nature, and partially in bondage to the cosmic order. It is this complete freedom that Paul was yearning for, the liberation of the intellect and spirit of man from the domination and the corruption of the cosmic nature. Paul calls this "vanity," "the bondage of corruption" and "sin," whereas Huxley names it "the cosmic nature." Paul's expressions, to the spiritual-minded is the more appropriate; because "cosmic nature" is a vague generality which conceals the truth so well and strikingly expressed by Paul. To a soul that has experienced this bondage, the dominion of sin, of the flesh, and has fought with the forces of evil, the apostle's doctrine is wonderfully accurate and realistic; Huxley's vague scholastic statement is colorless and vapid. It appears that Huxley felt the same experience as Paul's, the difficulty, the struggle between conscience and evil, the war between the cosmic and the ethical, but his scientific training deprived him of the spiritual conception which Paul possessed. Paul was supersensitive. In his lecture, Huxley recognizes the partial truth, but is somewhat puzzled by the conflict between the cosmic and the ethical. He is conscious of the dread problem, the moral indifference of nature, the unfathomable injustice of the cosmic order, the want of moral elements in the lower nature, and he stands astounded and confounded. In the lower nature—the cosmic process—he sees no sanction to moral sentiment; in fact, in it, he sees the headquarters of the enemy of the ethical nature; and virtue and morality can only be established and nurtured by the subjugation and the obliteration of the lower or the cosmic nature. To him law and moral training are directed to curbing of the cosmic process. Social progress means a checking of the cosmic, and a substitution of the ethical process. The ethical does not depend on the imitating of the cosmic process, but in combating it. Morality is the result of the ethical.

Paul was conscious of the same fact, and experienced the same difficulty, only he felt it spiritually, while Huxley only scientifically. What to Huxley was a cosmic process, was to Paul a corruption and a sin. What Huxley calls a cosmic process, Paul calls the flesh, wherein dwelleth no (moral) good, and the law of sin; and Huxley's "ethical process" is to Paul "the law of God." Therefore, Huxley and Paul are in complete accord, only they differ in their view as a result of their varying positions and methods. Paul observes the "ethical process" in a higher light, and in relation to heavenly truths. Huxley's cosmos is physical, Paul's spiritual; Paul's light is more brilliant, and his shades deeper and darker. Both draw very much the same lines, but Paul's are weighter and more impressive.

Let us use this simple illustration: Cosmic process seems only to sug-

gest to Huxley a physical difficulty, while to Paul the trouble is something more damaging to the soul than a simple failure—it is a spiritual taint or leprosy, which ruins and damns. While to Huxley sin is a mere transgression of natural laws, or a physical imperfection or defection, and its confession a mere "I have sinned before nature," Paul adds another meaning to it, "and before heaven," which introduces an element of spirituality, which gives a better account of the difficulty. This lack of spirituality is the supreme defects of science.

SITTING UNDER THE SHADOW OF CHRIST.

By the Rev. Robert W. Pritchard, Utica, N. Y.

[Continued from last month.]

2. Under Christ's shadow we find a defence from the burning heat of temptation and trial. Little repose can the Christian expect while sojourning in this world. He who is the prince and lord of it will not cease to molest him with his fiery darts. He is a pilgrim and a stranger here. His journey is a dangerous and weary one. He is an exile from his Father's house. Originally a voluntary wanderer from it, he is on his way back thither. His fondest hopes, his warmest sympathies are centered there; and he looks forward to the time when his journeyings shall cease, when his conflicts shall be over, and he shall enter into rest. But here he is exposed to the scorching heat of temptation and trial. Where shall he look for protection but under Christ's shadow. How fitted is this provision for the believer's wants. Is he fainting under the terrors of God's fiery law? In Jesus is shelter, for he has become its curse, as well as fulfilled its requirements. Is the believer hard beset by the great enemy of souls? Christ is a secure retreat; "for this cause was the Son of God manifested that he might destroy the works of the devil." Do persecutions, bereavements, cares, worldly losses, pain or sorrow distress him? In all, Jesus is a very present help. Under his shadow the believer may be assured that temptation and trial can do him no injury. Better is any condition, however necessitous, weak and afflictive it may be, where Christ's sympathy and love is felt than any or every exemption from trial where his love is not experienced. Again:

3. Under Christ's shadow is rest and refreshment for the weary. What the hot sandy desert is to the weary and thirsty traveler, such is the world to the truly spiritually-minded child of God. To him it is dry without refreshment, and barren without beauty. "My soul thirsteth for thee," said the Psalmist, "my flesh longeth for thee in a dry and thirsty land, where no water is." "As the hart desireth after the water brooks, so longeth my soul after

thee, O God." There is nothing of mere human growth that can refresh the renewed spirit. Such refreshment must come from above. "All my springs are in thee." The eye that hath seen the real excellence of Christ can see nothing of real beauty but in that which partakes of his image. Being under his shadow implies a nearness to Christ, so close to him that his shadow stretches over and surrounds us. And this is where the Christian loves to be. Not following his Saviour, as St. Peter did, afar off, but leaning with St. John upon his bosom. Rest not contented with anything short of nearness to Christ. For what is heaven itself, but nearness to Christ. "To be with thee where thou art," said a departing saint to the Saviour, "that is heaven." Then to sit under Christ's shadow now is the preparation for heaven, or rather the commencement of it, for glory is but grace perfected. But we must notice:—

II.—The state of mind, pictured to our view in the language of the text, "I sat down under his shadow."

Not a hasty passing under it, nor a momentary standing, but a quiet sitting; the position is one of calm and settled rest. We want, as Christians, to realize more of this waiting spirit in our approaches to the Saviour. Many persons, when wearied and depressed, come to Christ for relief, but they do not stay long enough with him to get it. They pass with a hurried step through the shadow of his loving presence, or it may be they pause for a minute beneath it, but that is all; they have not time to sit down, or else they have not the inclination to remain, and they return to the dusty and heated thoroughfare of life, marveling that their pace is not quickened, nor their wearied frame refreshed, and murmuring because the peace which he promised to the weary and heavy-laden, he has not given to them. But we must sit down under Christ's shadow, if we would become the inheritors of his peace and the recipients of his choicest blessings.

Now what does sitting down under Christ's shadow imply? It implies:—

1. A readiness to listen to what he has to say. Our minds must be turned towards the Savior. When he speaks to us, all other voices must be hushed, and all other subjects banished from our consideration. He must have our fixed and reverent attention. And this is one reason, the chief reason, why so many are ignorant of the great salvation, and uninterested in it. They are too busy about worldly matters, so thoroughly engrossed in the pursuits in which they are engaged, that they have not time to sit down under Chrst's shadow; they are too much occupied to listen to him. Oh, let not the tumult of the world around you, not the restlessness of the world within you deafen your ears to the voice of Christ. "Hear," he says, "and your soul shall live." But perhaps you are ready to say, "Must I believe as well as hear?" Certainly, the hearing Christ implies

ou believe what he says. "But :ometh by hearing, and hear- r the word of God." There- lon't perplex yourself about but simply sit down under 's shadow, and listen to the us and loving words that he speak to you, and his words rop as the rain, and his speech ill as the dew upon your heart, e glad tidings of his gospel ɔe eagerly and thankfully re- by you. Are you disposed to ɔn this? You imagine per- hat salvation is not to be had ily; you think you must do great thing, you must make aborious preparation before it e yours. But when you sit under his shadow, what do ear him say? Nothing about ou must do to obtain salva- ut all about what he has done ain it for us. This is the grand t of his discourse, his own willingness and right to save ie uttermost all who flee unto r refuge. What he speaks of ll, free and everlasting salva- urchased by his own blood, fered, yea pressed on your ac- ce, without money and with- ce. He gives eternal life, not . You have quite mistaken vior hitherto, if you have ed that you require anything oduce or recommend you to He says, "If any man will, let :ome unto me and drink! ever will let him take the of life freely!" Again,

tting under Christ's shadow a child-like spirit. The late Dr. Gordon of Hull, during his last illness, touchingly confessed, "I have been seeking religion for years by reason, and I could not get it, and I have found it by becoming a little child. That is the secret. I reasoned and debated, and investigated, but I found not peace till I came to the gospel as a little child, till I received it as a babe. Then such a light was shed abroad in my heart that I saw the whole scheme at once, and I found pleasure the most indescribable." He sat down under his shadow with great delight. These are the Savior's own words, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." And this is his unfailing direction to all who are disappointed, harassed and disquieted in their search for truth and peace. "Learn of me, for I am meek and lowly in heart, and ye shall find rest unto your souls." And if you come to him, he expects you to manifest in some degree that meekness and lowliness which are so beautifully portrayed in his own character. It is the meek whom he will guide in judgment, and whom he will teach his way. Once more:

3. Sitting under Christ's shadow is a preparation for serving him. We sit under his shadow not merely for our own spiritual rest and refreshment, but that we may learn what he has done for us, and what he expects us to do for him. If faith comes by hearing, obedience is no less the result of believing. As we listen to the wondrous story of his grace, and believe in the reality and

the freeness of the love which it unfolds to us, our glad and grateful response will be, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" We shall desire to live not unto ourselves, but unto him that died for us, and rose again.

III.—Notice briefly, the rich enjoyment that is found in sitting under his shadow. "I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste."

We are not surprised at this, for where should happiness be found if not with him who is its full and inexhaustible source? All who sit under Christ's shadow share in the hallowed and satisfying pleasures which he has to impart. Pardon, peace, hope, joy, assurance, strength, purity; these are some of the precious fruits which we gather from the tree of life. Have you, dear friends, sat down under his shadow and tasted of these fruits? Oh, rest not contented with anything short of nearness to Christ. Choose your resting place beneath his shadow, and it will never fail you, never disappoint your expectations. Alike through the sunshine and the storms of time it will afford you a safe and happy retreat. And when you have crossed the dark river, which runs between this world and the next, you will find the Savior there waiting to receive you to his presence, and to bid you stay with him for ever. You will then sit down, not under his shadow, for in heaven there are no shadows; the perfected spirit can bear the full sunlight of God's countenance, and wants no shelter from the heat of trial and temptation, but beneath his smile. You will see him as he is, and you will then realize what you believe now, that in his presence there is fullness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for ever more.

MEMORY.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Would you fair love's most beautiful daughter see?
With slow step, yonder she goes—sweet memory;
A pensive Ruth, wrapped in misty robes of gray,
Gathering dreams in the fields of yesterday.

FIELD OF LETTERS

"Ceninen Gwyl Dewi" contains a great variety of papers on interesting subjects. Among them are the following: "The Rev. Richard Lumley" by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A.; The Rev. David Roberts, D. D. (Dewi Ogwen), by Elfed, and the Rev. David Evans (Clwydfardd), by Meiriadog; "Robyn Ddu Eryri," by Ap Valant; "The Rev. Herber Evans, D. D.," by the Rev. David Griffith; "The Rev. J. Evans (Eglwysbach)," "The Three Giants, John Elias, Christmas Evans and Williams o'r Wern;" "The Very Rev. Archdeacon Griffith, B. D." "Mathetes," James Milo Griffith, the Sculptor, "Caradog" and several other biographical sketches. "Dewi Sant" by Bryfdir, O. Caerwyn Roberts and Gwyndaf, with a collection of englynion, &c.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" for March are as follows: "Prophecy," by Principal J. A. Morris, D. D.; "The Licensing Commission," by J. Jones-Griffiths; "Liverpool and the Slave Trade," by Eleazar Roberts; "A Poem," by the Rev. W. M. Jones; "Paul in the Light of Jesus," by the Rev. Evan Jones; Logia," by the Rev. Thomas Levi; "Questions worth knowing pertaining to the Licensing Law," by Alfred T. Davies; Literary and Book Notes. "Liverpool and the Slave Trade" is a strong and well-written article. and the tone and contents of the number are excellent.

"Cymru" for February has several excellent papers. The Frontispiece is the Church Choir. "Welsh History," by the editor is continued. A page of poems; "The Devil in the Chapel," by H. J. Davies, Llanarmon; "Ellis Jones, the old-style Chorister," by Asiedydd. "An Old Irish Air" (music and Welsh words); "Childish Beliefs," by Ap Llwyd; Cumberland; "Temperance Talk in Verse;" "Temperance in Ffestiniog," by Mr. Ellis Jones, Llanberis. A Paper on Tennyson's "In Memorium," by Ellen Hughes, Bedford. "Peter Williams as a Poet," by Carneddog, and other minor articles and poems. This number also gives a facsimile of one of Rebecca's letters dated Penyrherber, June 16, 1843.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for March has a good collection of readings for children. The number opens with a portrait of the late Edward Davies, Llandinam, accompanied by a brief sketch of his useful life. Joseph Addison (with portrait); The Battle of Crecy and the Siege of Calais; Paul and Silas in Prison; Chips from the Block; Child's History of Christ; Women in China; Notices, Questions, &c.

"Cymru'r Plant," March number, has a variety of interesting reading. Among its contents are the following selections: "St. David's Day;" "Our Four Saints;" "Who cares for us?" "Wycliff's Chair" with illustration; "Seals at Home;" "A Short Story 'Lost;' " "The Children of Wales;" "The Wonders of Natures," and minor pieces.

Some other day: Song and Chorus, by J. L. Bevan, Carnegie, Pa. Published

by H. R. Basler, Pittsburg, Pa., Price 25c. This song is based on an incident in the life of Gladys Pughe, and the words and music remind us of the celebrated "After the Ball is Over." The song is smooth and flowing, and the words are taking. This song and chorus may strike the popular taste. May be had of the composer.

Christ is King: By O. H. Evans, Mus. Bac., Marysville, O. This is a magnificent solo with accompaniment, which cannot fail to please the music-loving people. It has already been sung with great success.

"David Davies" will soon be published by Hughes & Son, Wrexham. It is adjudged by the press to be a most humorous, entertaining, and instructive book, by the well-known Welsh literate, B. Gwynfe Evans. It will appear in sixpenny parts, and may be had of the Publishers or from R. E. Roberts, 58 Howard ave., Utica, N. Y.

There is a number of able papers on Welsh subjects of interest in "Young Wales" for March, among which are a discussion on Conventions by Owen Rhoscomyl; "Classics of Welsh Literature," by Professor Anwyl, M. A.; entertaining talks on "Persons and Politics" by Y Gwyn o Ddyfed, etc., etc.

Harper's Round Table for April will contain "The Taking of Malaxa," an incident of the late Greco-Turkish war, by John F. Bass, war correspondent of an English paper; an article on "The Way to Build a Punt," by A. J. Kenealy;" "A Ballad of Apia Bay," by Rowan Stevens; a further instalment of "The Adventurers," by H. B. Marriott Watson; a railroad story, "Lever No. 13," by W. S. Harwood; a Japanese incident, "How Tomi Wiped Out a Score," by Ada Mansfield Wilson; "Training Animals for Circus Tricks," by J. Parmly Paret; "Roberto's Rebels," by Harold Martin; "Mapa's Diamond," by Owen Hall; "The Game-Warden's Story," by Frank L. Pollock, and "The Making of a Golf Course," by W. G. Van Tassel Sutphen.

The "Dysgedydd" for March has some able articles. "A Memoir of the late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin," by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; "The Spiritual Principle of the Atonement," by the Rev. James Charles, Denbigh; "The Church and the Spirit of the Times," by the Rev. J. M. Rees, London; "On the Shores of the Mediterranean," by Proff. Anwyl, M. A., Aberystwyth; "Church Partisanship," by the Rev. T. Roberts, Mold. We believe a little infusion of secularism would improve our monthly religious periodicals.

The leading paper in the "Drysorfa" for March is "Higher Cristicism," by the Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones, D. D., which is followed by other articles on theological and religious subjects. It seems that the Welsh in the Old Country are taken up wholly with intricate theological subjects. In the same number we find an article on the abstruse question "Ymwaghad," by the Rev. D. D. Jones, Upper Bangor. More practical studies would be of more service to ordinary readers.

"The Laborer and the Capitalist," by Freeman Otis Willby: Equitable Publishing Co., 143 Chambers St., New York. This book deals with the relations of the two great forces of labor and capital; and it takes a concise and comprehensive view of the whole question. Its aim is to get at the truth in the clearest and the directest way; and it certainly contains a great amount of information regarding the subject it treats. Price $1.25.

"The Living Age" has published during March an excellent number of articles on political and literary sub

jects of the day. "The Italian Crisis and the New Ministry;" "The Reigning Hollenzollern;" "The Works of Rudyard Kipling;" "The Recent Movement of Germany in the East;" "Real Life in the Klondike;" "The Spanish Crisis;" "Alphonse Daudet;" "Captain Mahan's Counsel to the United States," &c., &c. It reproduces the leading articles from the best reviews, periodicals, &c. The Living Age Co., Boston, Mass.

The exclusive attention paid to religious and theological questions among the Welsh is certainly injurious to their complete culture. The Welsh nation cannot live and prosper politically and nationally on religious literature alone. Our periodicals should devote some of their space to practical discussions of secular subjects. It is possible that an excess of religion may hurt us: for salvation itself is not exempt from the evil consequences of excess. A nation is made of many parts, and each part has to be nurtured and cared for.

One of the essential principles of the Protestant Reformation is the right of independent judgment, the right to criticize within the province of theology as well as that of other knowledges. No Protestant theologian objects or opposes the most thorough investigation into the composition of the books of the Bible or their contents; therefore groundless is the wild charge that orthodox theologians are opposed to Biblical criticism, or to a free study of the Bible. Who has explored it more thoroughly and fairly than they? All they require is that the work be performed soberly.—"Y Drysorfa."

The Editor in the "Drysorfa" for March, thus writes of the Rev. D. Adams' book "Paul in the Light of Jesus:" "Although there are some good things in the book, its atmosphere is unwholesome. Although the author appears to be modest and humble, a spirit of infallibility pervades it all through from beginning to end. He does not hesitate to put down Paul as a narrow and bigoted man controlled by the teachings of his youth, and, therefore, extremely erroneous on many questions. According to Mr. Adams, Paul was wrong on the question of the rights of woman, on the principle of popular government, on the relation of sin and death, and other questions of theology. He maintains that man by nature is not so bad as Paul paints him. With characteristic straightforwardness he undertakes to put Paul right in his own place as regards all these questions as well as many others. We have no desire now to enter into controversy over these matters, but we may state that these doctrines, which Mr Adams condemn in his book has been at the foundation of every reformation in the Christian church from the apostolic age until the present day."

It is an open secret that the Rev. D. Adams' book, "Paul in the Light of Jesus," is arousing the Kymry from their long theological slumbers. The Welsh mind has been roughly and rudely shaken, and shows considerable peevishness, as suddenly aroused personalities are apt to betray. The discrepancy of opinion which prevails among readers of this adventurous book is great. Some testify to its great ability; others deny to it even commonplace praise. While one will call it a master-piece, another names it an awkward piece of patchwork! The undertaking is, undoubtedly, contrary to the Welsh spirit, and tramples on time-honored traditions and intellectual customs. Higher criticism is a theological cactus in Wales; and although it may be cultivated within private enclosures, it will never grow and thrive on the hill-sides of the land of orthodoxy. It seems so now; but it is dangerous to predict for the future. Secular education and culture will certainly move the Welshman to an extent more or less.

Truth to tell, the Welsh amendment to the Queen's address was a fiasco. Mr. Herbert Lewis's speech was as clever and well-informed as usual, but he was not backed up as strenously as he should have been by his colleagues. The Welsh members have been for some time in a curious state. I have pointed out before how they missed a fine opportunity last year over the Land Commissioner's Report. This year I fear will not be much better. The real reason for this is the indifference of the rank and file to Welsh interests in the House. Gloss this over as we may, sooner or later Welsh constituencies will awake to the fact. With the exception of five or six, the Welsh members are too anxious to believe that with their own return to Parliament the aspirations of Wales have been satisfied. These men resent the activity of a too energetic colleague. They only want a little peace, a little quiet.—"Y Gwyn" in "Young Wales."

During the century now rising to be gone, it is the chapel which has been the main upholder of Welsh nationality. It is usual to speak of this force as the "religious movement." So it was at first, but, as with all other religious movements whatsoever, it presently took on politics. And, again like other religious movements, as it gained in numbers and worldy strength, so politics tended insiduously more and more to usurp the place of religion pure and simple as a motive force. We are all aware how often it has been said of late that instead of the chapel now using politics as a weapon, it is politics which now wields the chapel. It is said that pure religion must now oust politics if the chapel is to live and hold its own. Well, so be it, say others; it has done a great work in upholding our nationality in times past, and in any case (say they) it has brought the national idea to a point where the work has gone beyond the worker, and where some new force must come to the front and continue the advance. As to what force that shall be, one looks round and sees only nationalism within imperialism, as at all adequate to lift the burden and swing it up, wave borne, another beach higher on its progress.

"Cymru" for March is an excellent number, and contains several entertaining papers, among which we may mention "Dafydd ap Jenkyn," "William Salisbury," "Huw Lleyn," "Bwydydd Ynys Mon," "Cymru pan Ddechreuodd Victoria Deyrnasu," &c., &c. The reader will find many other articles and minor pieces, with a variety of poems, which add greatly to the value of the number. "Cymru" cannot fail to give satisfaction to the Welsh as well as the English reader, for it contains original, and often curious information.

Both the "Llan" and the "Haul," the two Welsh Church publications, will be shortly taken over by a company formed through the exertions of the Rev. Professor Camber-Williams, of Lampeter College. Since its foundation, in 1869, the "Llan" has been brought out under the auspices of a central committee, composed of the four Welsh bishops and leading clergy in each diocese. For some time it has been thought advisable to form a limited liability company to publish this and other publications, and so give the laity an opportunity of sharing in the management. The headquarters of the new company will be at Lampeter. Notices have been given to terminate existing contracts.

There has long been a suspicion that the writer of the popular Welsh historical tales, "Battlement and Tower," "The Jewel of Ynys Galon," and other works, who affects the pseudonym of "Owen Rhoscomyl," is Mr. E. Schofield, of Conway. Mr. Schofield himself, however, while admitting an intimate relationship with the mysterious "Rhoscomyl," denies that this is so. The novelist has taken immense pains to conceal his identity, and those who have had occasion to communicate with him have been obliged to address their letters to a London news agency, where they are re-directed to "Rhoscomyl." In one of his letters the novelist describes Mr. Schofield as his "transcriber," and, as most of his letters are written in a woman's handwriting, it is now surmised by the "Liverpool Mercury" that "Owen" is a "she."

SCIENTIFIC

The working of a plan of ventilation of rooms, devised by Dr. Castaing, principal physician of the French armies, is highly commended. It consists in the use of double windows, with openings at the bottom of one and at the top of the opposite one, through which the air comes in freely without any one feeling it. The system is said to poesess simplicity, efficiency, and cheapness.

Max Muller, the distinguished Oxford linguist, in a recent interview in "The Christian World" of London, is quoted as saying: "I have always held that it would be a miserable universe without eternal punishment Every act, good or evil, must carry its consequences, and the fact that our punishment will go on forever seems to be proof of the everlasting love of God. For an evil deed to go unpunished would be to destroy the moral order of the universe."

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NECESSITY OF COVER DURING SLEEP.

Nature takes the time when one is lying down to give the heart rest, and that organ consequently makes ten strokes less a minute than when one is in an upright posture; multiply that by sixty minutes and it is six hundred strokes. Therefore in eight hours spent in lying down the heart is saved nearly 5,000 strokes, and as the heart pumps six ounces of blood with each stroke, it lifts 30,000 ounces less of blood in a night of eight hours spent in bed than when one is in an upright position. As the blood flows so much more slowly through the veins when one is lying down, one must supply then with extra coverings the warmth usually furnished by the processes of circulation.

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BLIND MEN'S DREAMS.

One of the most intelligent inmates of a blind asylum, who came into the world blind, says that he never dreams of the things he has read about and never dreams of any thing or person that he has not in some way come in personal contact with.

He dreams of music, of the voices of persons he knows, of such incidents as might happen at the home or in some place in which he has actually been, but never of incidents in other places or in other lands. Even although he has read descriptions of localities, of natural beauties, of the appearance of a street or a city, no idea of what they look like comes to him in the fancies of his sleep.

There is a class of blind people who become blind when quite young. Such blind people never dream of any scene or object except those which have remained in the memory from what they actually saw before they became blind. —Pearson's Weekly.

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A LITERARY DISEASE.

"A well known French writer," says "Humanitarian," "has recently been discussing the question of literature as a disease. In his opinion France is suffering from a new and insidious disease—literaturitis. Among the educated classes there is a positive craze for decadent literature, and the demand only creates the supply. The result is that the minds of both writers and readers are poisoned by unwholsome mental

food, and the men who write are, as a rule, the reverse of manly, and are given to effeminacy, drunkenness, immorality, and vice generally. In point of fact, writing appears if we may believe this authority, to be an occupation only pursued by the diseased in body and of mind."

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REASONS FOR BEING A CANNIBAL.

According to a French writer named Petrie, whose conclusions are quoted in "The Medical News," twenty per cent. of all cannibals eat the dead in order to glorify them; nineteen per cent. eat great warriors in order that they may inherit their courage, and eat dead children in order to renew their youth; ten per cent. partake of their near relatives from religious motives, either in connection with initiatory rites or to glorify deities, and five per cent. feast for hatred in order to avenge themselves upon their enemies. Those who devour human flesh because of famine are reckoned as eighteen per cent. In short, deducting all these there remains only a proportion of twenty-four per cent. who partake of human flesh because they prefer it to other means of alimentation."

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A SOLAR ENGINE TEST.

For some time several Boston capitalists have been working on a solar engine machine, and on last Monday afternoon the completed engine, which has been set up at Longwood, near Boston, crude though it is, was tested successfully. The engine consists of three parts, a reflector, which concentrates the heat, a cylinder for generating the steam, and a device for keeping the sun's rays constantly in focus on the cylinder. In the test, after an adjustment of the machinery and the turning in of cold water into the boiler, the formation of steam began almost instantly. The gauge registered pressure of about 85 pounds in half an hour, which drove the engine steadily, doing the work of about two horse power.

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GERMAN TECHNICAL SCHOOLS.

It is no small wonder that "made in Germany" is already the most familiar trade mark in the world, for the whole German people are being educated scientifically in the arts of industrial production. Nowhere in the world does manufacturing become so nearly a skilled profession as in Saxony, for in this small kingdom there are no less than 111 technical institutes; Prussia has 260 such schools, with over 12,000 pupils; 35 of the schools are for painters and decorators, 16 for tailors, 9 for shoemakers, etc., other trades having at least one school. The government appropriates $600,000 for their support and the various towns and cities give liberal subsidies, Berlin alone giving $70,000 per annum. Baden, with 1,600,000 inhabitants, spends $280,000 a year in technical schools. Hesse, with a population of 1,000,000, has 83 schools of design, 43 of manufacturing industries, and many others for artisans of various trades. Bavaria and Wurtemberg and other cities have similar systems.

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MUSICAL WHEELS.

The bicycle has reached another phase of its constant development through a novel and highly interesting invention consisting in a musical instrument which may be attached to any bicycle and plays popular airs, without the aid of the rider, in a loud and melodious manner, when the machine is in motion. The instrument constitutes an entertaining companion for the bicyclist on his roamings, which are frequently rather lonely; it is so much more welcome as it will be a companion entirely submissive to the rider's wishes. It has been invented patented and placed upon the market

by a firm in Hamburg, and is fittingly called "troubadour," after the wandering musicians of the Middle Ages.—Scientific American.

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THE PATTERAN.

A woodsman may blaze his way through the trackless forest, but he leaves the gash on the tree as a sign of his course, while the gypsy can travel a thousand miles and leave no sign that any eye but a gypsy's can see, and yet the route he has gone is perfectly plain to the laggard who follows a day's journey behind. Gypsy has followed gypsy hundreds of miles, day after day, guided only by the patteran—the mark at the cross-roads. The patteran is sometimes made of a handful of grass, sometimes of a heap of sticks placed with significance, sometimes of a pile of loose stones so arranged that they show the way the wanderers have taken. Different families have usually a different form of the patteran but all know and rely upon it.—Paul Koster.

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A THREAD FROM THE EARTH TO A STAR.

Professor Ball, the astronomer royal of Ireland, and one of the most popular astronomical writers in Great Britain, has finished a curious calculation on the distance to the nearest of the "fixed stars." The calculation was inspired by a visit to one of the great Lancashire thread factories. The superintendent of one of the factories inspected by the astronomer informed the star-gazer that the combined output of the various Lancashire thread factories was 155,000,000 miles of thread per day. Those figures were certainly enough to astonish anyone, unless it should be an astronomer. Professor Ball has long since passed the point where he expresses surprise at a string of figures which represent even billions of miles. Instead of falling stunned at the thread man's feet he paralyzed the manufacturer of cotton filaments by telling him that if all the factories in Lancashire should work day and night, producing 155,000,000 miles of thread every twelve hours, it would take them two hundred years to spin a thread long enough to reach from the earth to the nearest of the fixed stars.

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SHIP BUILDING.

"I am satisfied that the United States can gain the supremacy in ship-building it had when wooden ships were in vogue. It only needs an enterprising Western ship-building concern to establish a yard near New York and manage it with the skill and energy which have characterized those of the lakes. This is the only prominent department of manufacturing in which our country is behind, and it is one in which it easily can obtain front rank. It would justify steel manufacturers to guarantee to such a ship-building concern a continuance of the present extremely low rates on steel for a term of years, and also that steel of all kinds and armors and guns should always be furnished to the lowest price paid by European ship-builders. But there is nothing to fear from the prices of steel, for these henceforth are to rule lower in our country than in any country of Europe. It will not be long before a large portion of the steel supply must be drawn by Europe from the United States."—Carnegie.

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THE ETHNOLOGY OF KISSING.

The kiss was unknown, I think, among the aboriginal tribes of America and of Central Africa. From the most ancient times, however, it has been familiar to the Asiatic and European races. The Latins divided it into three forms—the osculum, the basium and the suavium; the first being the kiss of friendship and respect, the second of

ceremony and the third of love. The Semites also knew the kiss, and Job speaks of it as part of the sacred rites, as it is to-day in the Roman Church.

The Mongolian kiss, however, is not the same as that which prevails with us. In it the lips do not touched the surface of the person kissed. The nose is brought into light contact with the cheek, forehead or hand; the breath is drawn slowly through the nostrils, and the act ends with a slight smack of the lips. The Chinese consider our mode of kissing full of coarse suggestiveness, and our writers regard their methods with equal disdain.

Darwin and other naturalists have attempted to trace back the kiss to the act of the lower animals who seize their prey with their teeth, etc. An interesting recent study of the subject is by M. Paul d'Enjoy in the Bulletin of the Paris Anthropological Society, vol. viii, No. 2.—Dr. Daniel C. Brinton in "Science."

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ENGLAND'S BOOK OUTPUT.

The "Publishers' Circular" says that the output of books during the past year was larger by some 1,400 tomes than in 1896. In theology there is a rise of about 100 books, and in education 160, while politics and commerce show the notable augmentation of 300 books. While the demand for light reading also grows, the total increase in fiction is not so great as was expected. Travels and poetry are much the same as last year. The total number of books and new editions published in the past twelve months is 6,573. The smallest number is on law, 140, and the largest is novels, 2,677. There is revived interest in theology, while the arts and sciences show a falling off.

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MURDER AND MONEY.

The able lawyers of the country are establishing very definitely the relationship between cash and crime. They long ago demonstrated the power of money to delay and defeat the operations of justice in civil procedure in the courts, and they are now furnishing material for reflection by law-abiding citizens in the results achieved by money for the protection of criminals. It is becoming more notorious every year that the criminal backed by money has more than an even chance of escape from the consequences of his unlawful acts. The man who has committed murder need not despair for either life or liberty if he has means to enlist capable legal talent in his cause and to pay the expenses of a trial fought to the last ditch by modern methods of legal warfare.

"This is not an overdrawn view of the situation, startling as are the facts which it assumes to exist. The court records of the country show that in the larger cities not more than three per cent of the persons indicted for murder go to the gallows, and only a slightly larger proportion of them get long sentences to the penitentiary."

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THE EVOLUTION OF COURTSHIP.

In the dim and misty ages of the past, when wandering bands of apelike human beings had not developed their tribal customs to the level of priestly ceremony—when the medicine-man had not arisen—a marriage between a man and a young woman was generally consummated by the man beating the girl into insensibility, and dragging her by the hair to his cave. Added to its simplicity, the custom had the merit of improving the race, as unhealthy and ill-favored girls were not pursued, and similar men were clubbed out of the pursuit by stronger. But the process was necessarily painful to the loved one, and her female children naturally inherited a repugnance to being wooed.

When a civilized young lady, clothed and well-conducted, anticipates being

kissed or embraced by her lover, she places in the way what difficulties are in her power; she gets behind tables and chairs, runs from him, compels him to pursue, and expects him to. In her maidenly heart she may want to be kissed, but she cannot help resisting. She obeys the same instinct that impelled this wild girl to spring from the outstretched arms of the boy and go screaming out of the cave and down the beach in simulated terror—an instinct inherited from the prehistoric mother, who fled for dear life and a whole skin from a man armed with a club and bent upon marriage.—From "Primodial," by Morgan Robertson, in "Harper's Magazine" for April.

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LONG LIFE AND ALCOHOL.

"The secretary of the Order of Rechabites, a total abstinence workingmen's organization in England, has recently made a careful study of the vital statistics of the society as compared with other associations in which abstinence from alcohol is not a feature," says "The Medical Record." "He finds at the age of 18 the expectation of life is, among the Foresters, 44.74 years; among the Rechabites the expectancy is 50.62 years—a difference in favor of the latter of 5.88 years. Compared with the Odd Fellows, the latter's advantage is even greater by 7.75 years. Applied to the whole population, the expectancy at 18 among abstainers is better by 8.72 years. The mortality of the Foresters at the same age is 0.723 per cent. and of the Rechabites 0.589 per cent. The percentage of the Foresters' death-rate to that of the Rechabites at eighteen is as 123 to 100, and at 38 as 189.3 to 100. The conclusion reached by the compiler of these statistics seem to be corroborated by the report of an English life-insurance company, in which a distinction is made between the abstainers and the non-abstainers among the policy-holders. Among the abstainers the expected deaths were 744, while there were only 432, a percentage of 58.06. Among the non-abstainers, the number of deaths looked for was 1,399 and the actual number who died were 1,131, or 80.84 per cent of the expectancy. These figures are suggestive, yet there is consolation even for the moderate drinkers to learn that nineteen of them out of every hundred live longer than the actuaries' table says they should.

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FOOLISH DELAYS.

"It is sometimes thought a mark of respect to the deceased to delay the funeral. This practice often involves great hardship, especially to the poor and those who live within very narrow space, and it is attended with grave sanitary dangers. In one instance within our knowledge a family of five were living in a single room, and when a child died the body remained in the room for, perhaps, three days. Such practices should be forbidden by law.

"The viewing of the remains is another practise harrowing to the family and often leading to most painful expressions of grief, and sometimes tending to perpetuate and spread disease. Was ever anything more repulsive than the spectacle presented, when the body of the Czar was carried from town to town and kissed by tens of thousands?"

An old Cardiff policeman was overheard giving advice to a recruit. "If you want to get on in Cardiff," he said, "dont ever lean against a public house. When tired, always place your back against a chapel."

If the Welsh collier likes, he can paralyze the Far Eastern question. England has quietly brought up all the Welsh coal lying loose about there, and if no more is sent out all the other fleets are at our mercy. For, of course, they are bound to have Welsh coal to fight with, or the great battleships would have to go round with candles through the smoke to see who they are to blow up.

The Baptists of East Glamorgan are arranging for a great Band of Hope demonstration in Pontypridd during the coming summer. They calculate that in connection with their Welsh churches they have as many as 7,000 youngsters who have signed the pledge, and it is proposed that the whole of these shall as far as possible participate in the "turn-out."

Sometimes a modest crisis overtakes even a Welsh chapel. The congregation of a chapel not far from Cardiff discovered the other Sunday morning that the preacher had not arrived. What was to be done? A lady present remembered that a preacher lodging at her house had not got up when she came out, as he was still in bed gathering strength to go out to preach in the country in the afternoon and evening. He was fetched out, and arrived as soon as a hasty toilet had been arranged, just in time for the prayer. "We thank thee, O Lord," he began, "for the privilege of being here once again."

Dr. William O. Pughe, in the "Cambrian Biography," tells us that the practice of wearing the leek originated with the custom of Cymhortha, a practice among neighboring farmers in South Wales of assisting small holders to plough their land. The day was appointed, and it was customary for each individual to bring his portion of leeks to be used in making broth for the whole company.

Iolo Morganwg would hear of no other origin but that in 1346, at the Battle of Cressy, the Welsh acquired great fame for their brave achievments in support of Edward the Black Prince. It was at this time that Cadwgan Voel called to his men desiring them to put leeks in their helmets, the battle their being in a field of leeks, and when they looked about, they were all Welshmen in that locality, except thirty, and it was from this circumstance that the Welsh took to wearing leeks.

The services at the Swansea Parish Church in future will proceed by clockwork, a local gentleman—Mr. E. L. Morgan—having supplied the church with a clock. The vicar now turns round to see who will add a treble bell to the tower. A Swansea gentleman, it is stated, is prepared to supply a bell on condition that all who occupy the pulpit will confine their discourses to

fifteen minutes each. Not a bad bargain! A preacher in fifteen minutes, at the rate of sixty words a minute, could speak nine hundred words more than any Christian could carry away.

The kitchen leek shows and represents the Kymro to a T. You don't see the leek out in the world, but only round the house, in the garden. So the Welshman is domestic—nothing adventurous about him; he is satisfied with going to work, to chapel, to the Eisteddfod, and, finally, get his sleep in the "bosom of Abraham."

Before long Ireland will be as much over-run with archdruids as Wales is now. The promoters of the Oireachtas and the Feis Ceoil are now talking of establishing an Irish Gorsedd. With this object in view, the committees are seeking the aid of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language. It is suggested that the Ancient Gathering of Tara, described in the Book of Leinster, and surrounded by a halo of romantic traditions, was a gathering similar to the Gorsedd.

Disappointment has been expressed in several letters to the "Morning Post" that we have no St Patrick, St. David or St. Andrew among our fighting ships, and one correspondent suggests that the Irish, Welsh and Scots should follow the example of the Cape, and each present a ship bearing the name of their patron saint. He thinks that this could be very easily done if a few patriotic spirits would take the matter up; and we throw out the additional suggestion that here is an excellent chance for the Cymru Fydd to take every ounce of wind out of the federation sails.

A new reason has been given why Nonconformist preachers are partial to Sunday traveling. The Rev. William Thomas told the Welsh Methodist monthly meeting at Kenfig Hill, it is because the places appointed for them to stay at are not fit for preachers. Rather than put up at such places they "risk breaking the law of God."

Here is a new form of the Talienwan legend. An ardent "Morienite" wants to make out that it is a Welsh name, meaning a place which does not pay well—Talu yn wan. That explains the fact why everybody but Lord Salisbury lost his head over it a few weeks ago.

It is not generally thought that bilingualism reaches further than men and women in Wales. Every dog and cat, every horse and cow, and even every donkey is a bilinguist, if it comes in contact with people habitually speaking English and Welsh.

In music, in preaching, and in every department in which Welshmen have concentrated their abilities, they have scored heavily in the estimation of international tribunals, and again it must not be overlooked, that not only in quality but in quantity of musical genius Wales is a veritable Klondyke. Already Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to command to her presence three Welsh Choirs. The Rhondda Glee admirers will not be surprised if the command is repeated. If not, there are other combinations amongst us who would also do honor and credit to the old country, and we hope that these royal favors will multiply These presentations at the court of Windsor help to "codi'r hen wlad yn ei hol."

There is a bitter war in Wales between Sunday respecters and Sunday desecrators, and every means is used to make Sabbath breaking respectable. The last ruse adopted by the advocates of evil has been to call a Sunday spent in folly a "Pleasant Sunday," and so an attempt is made to teach the foolish to believe that enjoying one's self in an utterly worldly manner and spending the Lord's Day in a pagan fashion is

"pleasant." It is only pleasant to those who have no intellect nor a moral instinct.

Some teachers of the Welsh are again taking up arms against the employment of "dd" to represent the soft "th" sound in Welsh. It seems almost impossible says one, to make a pupil understand that in Welsh doubling the "d" does not mean strengthening its sound, but softening it. It takes ever so long, for instance, to get a man to drop saying "Pontyprid" instead of "Pontypreathe."

The Congregationalists of Wales have a mind to lay claim to Abraham as the founder of their sect. Abraham was undoubtedly a dissenter and pilgrim father; but he was not much of a congregationalist. Brown enjoyed this honor of being founder until lately, and we expect to find an article written soon to show that Brown is the modernized form of Braham. Critics are doing wonderful work in re-shaping and re-arranging our creeds and thoughts.

A great wave of patriotism swept over the Welsh people of the United States on the 1st of March. St. David's Day was celebrated with more spirit and enthusiasm than formerly, and it seems as if the Old Saint is becoming more and more popular every year among the Kymry settled on this great continent. Celebrations were held in Washington, New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Utica, Boston, and many towns and villages in the North and West. It bids fair to become a national "Gwyl" among the Welsh, especially in the States. It can be further popularized by eliminating the banqueting element and substituting a more liberal idea.

It must occur to all our readers to-day that St. David's Day this year was celebrated with such devotion and enthusiasm as exceeded anything of the kind ever witnessed probably in the modern history of Wales. Welshmen congregated in the great towns of England and Scotland vied with their compatriots at home in doing honor to the memory of the national saint. In Glasgow, Edinburg, Manchester, Liverpool, London, Oxford, Bristol, and other places in England and in all leading towns in North and South Wales the Cymric tongue and the Cymric nation were in evidence, and the cult of the one Cymric saint was observed with befitting honor, not by one class or party, but by Welshmen widely separated on social, religious and political grounds. This outburst of feeling was the nation's tribute to the memory of the nation's saint, and the fervor which marked the proceedings everywhere lifted them far above the atmosphere of mere formality and cant, suggestive of the intensity of feeling which must have characterized the great pilgrimages to the saint's shrine in mediaeval times. As in former years, the celebrations were of a two-fold character—religious and social—though on this occasion a greater number of devotional services were held than in any former year.

One of the most popular gatherings of Welshmen witnessed in London for many years was that which occurred at the City Temple (Dr. Parker's) on the eve of St. David's Day. The hour at which the service was announced to commence was seven o'clock, but long before that time crowds of Welshmen might have been seen approaching the famous chapel, reminding one of many a Cymanfa in the old country. In fact, it was a Cymanfa, only it was held within the four walls of a chapel. The chief denominations of Wales joined forces on this occasion, the ministers taking part in the service being the Rev. John Williams, Brynsiencyn; the Rev. J. Ossian Davies, the Rev. J. Cadvan Davies, and the Rev. E. T. Jones, representing respectively the Calvinistic Methodist, Congregational, Wesleyan and the Bap-

tist denominations. During the service the well-known tunes "Crugybar," "Groeswen," "Tanymarian," and "Aberystwyth," and the anthem "The days of men are but as grass," were rendered by a choir of great power and efficiency, under the able leadership of Mr. Maengwyn Davies. The sermons were remarkable for their thrilling effect upon the congregation, which filled the vast building at all points, and the service is one that will remain in the memory of those present for many years to come.

The centennial of the organization of the Welsh Society of Philadelphia and the observance of St. David's Day were commemorated in a banquet at the Bellevue Hotel by many eminent Welshmen from the city and throughout the State. David T. Davies, President of the society, was in the chair.

The Welsh Society of Philadelphia was organized in 1798, and was the direct successor of the Society of Ancient Britons, which was founded in 1729. It is credited with being the oldest benevolent society of the kind in Philadelphia.

Judge H. M. Edwards of Scranton, the Rev. W. H. Roberts, the Rev. T. C. Edwards, Kingston; Ex-Lieut. Gov. Wm. T. Davies and Congressman Brumm of Pennsylvania responded to the toasts of the evening. The celebration was a great success, and the music, menu and speeches were delightful.

The service at St. Paul's Cathedral in honour of the Patron Saint of Wales, which has become an annual institution, and which took place on the eve of St. David's Day, suffered no diminution of popularity by the somewhat ungracious action of the Welsh Nonconformists, who, out of a spirit of factious opposition determined upon holding what cannot be regarded as a rival festival at the City Temple at the same hour and upon the same evening. Despite the influences that sectarian fervor and party persuasion had brought into play to diminish the extraordinary popularity of the St. Paul's service, the attendance was greater than upon any previous occasion. The arrangements, made by a committee under the chairmanship of Sir John Puleston, were carried out by a large staff of stewards, captained by Mr R. A. Lloyd. As befitted a Welsh religious festival, the musical portion of the service was a feature second only to the sermon. A carefully trained choir of 300 voices were massed in the choir, and in the space immediately in front of the choir steps, under the conductorship of Mr. William Davies, one of the vicars choral of the cathedral. Mr. D. J. Thomas, of St. Anselm's Davies street, was at the organ. The anthem was a composition of Mr. Wm. Davies, the musical conductor of the festival. It consisted of a tenor solo, 'How Beautiful upon the Mountains," sung by Ben Davies, followed by a full chorus on the words "Sing Together." After the sermon the great Welsh tenor sang the beautiful air of Ambrose Lloyd, "Safodd a Mesurodd y Ddaear," ("He Stood and Measured the Earth"). Among the congregational tunes was one by a living Welsh composer, Mr. David Jenkins, who was represented by "Tanycastell;" the favorite "Crug-y-Bar" and the equally popular "St. Garmon" also found places in the service.

A real Kymro, look you now,
  Believes in "chwareu teg;"
Exclusiveness to him in all
  That's done is but a "rheg;"
Now since we talk of "Kymru Fydd,"
  (If that will come at all),
It must be, for to please the Welsh,
  A feed for big and small!

'Tis better to have tea and talk,
  And have a jolly time;
A bit of singing which is Welsh,
  And then a bit of rhyme;
Then sing together old "Bydd myrdd"
  Ac eto "Crug-y-bar;"
Until we make old Dewi think
  That all the Welsh are there!

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

THE LATE ROBERT RICHARDS BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Robert Richards (R. R.) was born June 20, 1824, was a printer by trade, and a native of Dolgelly, N. W. When a young man he went to London, and worked there for several years, during which time he enjoyed the acquaintance of such Welsh celebrities as Talhaiarn, Robin Ddu, Gwrgant, &c.; but he became dissatisfied with his surroundings and prospects, and emigrated. He landed in New York in October, 1848. He settled in New York, and in 1856 was married to Mary Jenkins, a devoted wife, who departed this life February 8, 1896. Mr. Richards worked on the "Albion" for years. and subsequently acted as foreman in the office of the "Army and Navy Journal," and performed his work for many years to the utter satisfaction of his employers, for he was a careful, painstaking and conscientious man. He was buried in Cypress Hill Cemetery. Mr. Richards leaves three married daughters, two unmarried, and four grand-children.

Mr. Richards was of a quiet and retiring disposition, avoiding notoriety as much as possible, and although his life was worthy and exemplary, his career was deficient in those incidents which make up an interesting biography.. Day after day, month after month, and year after year, witnessed the quiet maturing of his useful and honorable life; smooth, even, unnoticeable except for its irreproachable activity and usefulness, containing no elements or incidents to attract the curious, but giving the highest satisfaction and pleasure to his family, friends and admirers. He hated trashy qualities and spurious goods, and was only pleased with what was good and real. He was a neat writer of both Welsh and English, and was possessed of the highest and purest qualities of mind and soul.

A New York gentleman who knew him writes of him as follows: "He was a very modest man, unpretending in his manners, a perfect gentleman, and a loveable man to converse with upon almost any topic; for his calling had enabled him to store his mind with a comprehensive knowledge of literature. There was one sublime trait in his character, and that was his deep devotion to his family. Would that the world was composed of such good and holy men as Mr. Richards."

He was a great lover of truth, and appreciated straightforward and sincere views. After the appearance of his short story in the "Cambrian" he wrote to us for our candid opinion of its merit. and we pointed out some little imperfections, which he apparently had been conscious of himself, and in his reply he expressed great satisfaction at the touch of honest criticism. He said, "They are worth a column-full of flattery." He had the instincts of a superior man.

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March 17th, the Rev. Tavalaw Jones, D. D., died at his home in Kansas City. Rev. Jones' death was the result of a paralytic stroke he received in March 6. Since that time he remained in an unconscious condition until death relieved his sufferings. Rev. Mr. Jones was 67 years old at the time of his death. He was born in Wales in 1831, and came to America in 1862. He settled in Kansas, and always considered that state his home. Being engaged in the ministry he necessarily had to change his resi-

dence every time he had a new call. Consequently during his long service in the Congregational church he has lived in many different places.

Not only was Rev. Mr. Jones a successful minister of the gospel, but he was gifted with unusual musical and literary abilities. His fame as a writer of music and poetry has spread beyond the limits of Welsh society. He was a writer of English as well as Welsh, and his essays and poems have drawn praise from the best critics. Among his best literary efforts may be mentioned "A Critical Commentary Upon the American Constitution," and his "Analogy of Mythology and the Bible." His musical compositions are numerous and excellent, and are mostly of a sacred character. It is no exaggeration to say that Dr. Tavalaw Jones was one of the most prominent Welshmen of his day in this country. The deceased leaves a widow and five daughters. Of these Mrs. D. O. Evans resides in Youngstown, Mrs. W. J. Edwards in Cleveland, Mrs. Charles Stoolfire in Mull Hall, Oklahoma, Mrs. George E. Dalloff, and Mrs. William Clancy in Kansas City.

The Welsh are now ready to honor the memory of James Milo Griffith, the sculptor, who died September 2, 1897, and was placed to rest at Morden, a few miles out of London. Although a genius he received but very little encouragement and help from his countrymen,

Robert Richards (R. R.)

but they are now very anxious and prepared to claim his name. Welsh patronage is often a kind of conservatory for broken-hearted geniuses, where they are invited to deposit their fame. This is what the "Western Mail" wrote of the matter:

"That a Welsh sculptor should fail to secure the patronage of a Welsh committee for a statue to be erected in Wales, is not at all a strange thing; but is it not really surprising that, in the face of such incidents as that of the Vivian statue, any Welshman should be so short-sighted as to clamor

for 'Wales for the Welsh' if Welsh talent depended upon Welsh support it would garner more kicks than halfpence. The gentleman who championed Mr. Milo Griffith in our columns omitted to mention a very striking fact, redounding more to the young sculptor's credit even than his eisteddfodic successes, viz., that at this year's exhibition of the Royal Academy space was accorded to no fewer than four works from his studio. 'A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country.'

Professor Hubert Herkomer, R. A., is arranging to paint a large picture for the Royal Academy Exhibition of the Gorsedd ceremonies, with the Archdruid, "Hwfa Mon," wearing his official robes, on the Maen Llog, and the other officers in their new robes, and hoods, designed by himself. Bards, druids, ovates, and musicans will give the professor a sitting in the grounds of Plas Coch, near Llanfair P. G., the Anglesea seat of Colonel Sir Charles Hunter ("Siarl o Fon"), who is one of the honorary members of the Gorsedd. The cromlech, in the grounds of Plas Coch, is to form a background for the scene.

It is worth noting that William Edwards, the great bridge architect of Glamorgan, who first spanned the Taff at Pontypridd in 1755, derived a great deal of his masonic principles by the unwearied study of Caerphilly Castle. Mr. Edwards' manner of dressing the stones and hewing them was exactly similar to that of the Norman builders, and he put them together in a style of closeness, neatness, and finish such as could not have been surpassed by the noted, though unknown, builders of Caerphilly, Neath Abbey, and Morlais Castle.

Amongst the many unmentioned features of the Windsor Castle concert is the fact that when her Majesty asked a question about the great colliery explosion in the Rhondda she was evidently referring to the Albion Colliery disaster, when 280 men were killed. It is a remarkable fact that Mr. David Jones, A.R.A.M., the only professional who sang at Windsor that night, is a son of Mr. Philip Jones, the manager of the Albion. Mr. David Jones was the first door-boy ever put on at the Albion; he, too, was the weigher who labeled the first wagon of coal that ever left the Albion for the Cardiff Docks.

President Kruger was once on a visit to Wales. This fact leaked out at the interview which the great Oom Paul gave to Dyfed and the Rev. J. Owen, of Mold, the other day. "The President," said Mr. Owen in an interview with a Cape journalist, "received us very graciously, none the less so, as he himself expressed it, from the fact that we were Welshmen and Presbyterians, of whom he knew something from having visited Wales, when, he said, he found our Church something like his own Dutch Church."

A citizen of Merthyr writes to say he often used to wonder what became of the Nonconformist ministers when they get too old to preach. "I don't wonder any more," he writes, "for I have just met one of them retailing bootlaces at a penny a pair, and only the other day I saw one with a little bag which once carried his sermons, but was now used for carrying reels of cotton and such like articles for sale."

A fervent hope is expressed in London that Mr. Pritchard Morgan, M P., won't go and take the Far Eastern affair right out of the hands of Lord Salisbury, and arrange it himself. His speech at Merthyr Tydfil made some people uneasy in this matter, and the "Evening News" vouched for the statement that Merthyr is amazed that Mr. Morgan hasn't taken Lord Salisbury's place yet.

Miss Pritchard Morgan, oldest daughter of the junior member for Merthyr, and who is engaged to wed Count Eric Piper, of Snogeholm, Sweden, is a lady of great ability. She has traveled all over ...is globe, and is qualified to run a gold mine or make a political speech. She has taken active part in several elections in Wales, and is as popular in the North as she is among her father's constituents.

A portrait in oil of the late Rev. Ed. Morgan, of Dyffryn, is to be placed in the Bala College Library. It was to the energetic services of "Morgans o Dyffryn" that the College is indebted for its first endowment fund of £20,000, a fund which he collected by his own unaided efforts among the churches of the North.

The Rev. J. T. Job has hitherto been a white crow among the bards. He never used a nom-de-querre. "Job" is odd in itself, but being Hebrew, the bards insisted on his acquiescing in the time-honored custom of the order. Now he has adopted the humble title of "Under-breeze!"

Everyone in the Rhondda is somewhat disappointed that the conductor of the ...ee Society which sang so well before Her Majesty has not been knighted. Sir Tom Stephens would be music.

The Rev. John Thomas Job (Isawel), of Aberdare, the chaired bard of the Newport National Eisteddfod, is likely to settle at Bethesda, Carnarvonshire, as pastor of the Carneddi Calvinistic Methodist Church.

Few are aware that Ehedydd Ial, the author of the famous Welsh hymn "Er nad yw'm cnawd ond gwellt," is still alive, and hale and hearty, despite his three and eighty years. The old bard resides at Llandegla, on the borders of the counties of Denbigh and Flint, and a collection of his works are now being prepared for the press by the Rev. John Felix of Oswestry.

Mr. Ben Davies intends appearing at an early date in Paris as "Faust," and will also sustain the leading roles in other operas. This may lead to the popular Welsh tenor's future engagement at the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, where the old ridiculous objection to British vocalists has long ceased to exist.

It is worth noting that the Welshiest Welshman on the musical committee of the Cardiff National Eisteddfod is Signor Zetus. It is very probable that his name originally was Seth Hughes.

Two Rhondda delegates at a convention some time since were returning home, and thus described the gatherings:—"Dyna'r confrans gora buo i ynddo 'riod, odd popath yn mynd yn splenaed, a'r speeches ta o'n nw'n depyg i speeches. Bachan bidir yw George bach na, fe rhows wiffad i for on dofa?'

In one respect only are musicians to be envied—they don't seem to have headaches, if Dr. Joseph Parry is any criterion. He said lately that he had no more idea than his stick what a headache was.

It is also remarkably curious that the jolliest and truest Kymro Dyfed met in South Africa was President Kruger, the Dutchman. Could not our friend Morien, inquire into the question as to whether Kruger is a Welsh name, say "Crugiar," or "Craig Ior," and thereby add another hero to our already prolonged list!

The Rev. Ellis Gregory Roberts, lately minor canon of Llandaff, but now of Musulipatam, Southern India, was married last month to a North Wales lady at Madras Cathedral. Mrs. Roberts is a niece of the late famous astronomer William Lassell. Both she and her husband take an interest in the science, and are active members of the Astronomical Society of Wales.

CURRENT EVENTS.

ALL HONOR TO CONGRESS.

The present Congress of the United States enjoys the confidence and respect of the nation in a larger measure than ever before. The unanimous vote by which it has passed the bill appropriating $50,000,000 as an emergency fund to be placed at the disposal of the President, was an act so grand as to arouse the admiration of the entire country. Such a complete obliteration of party lines was not witnessed even during the civil war, at least we do not recall a single such instance. When the $50,000,000 bill came before the House for consideration, there was an outburst of patriotic ardor, and the speeches that were made were such that no man could tell which political party the respective speakers adhered to. Republicans, Democrats, Populists and Free Silverites all alike forgot all about parties and stood up in their greater and grander capacity as true and loyal Americans upon whom a grave responsibility rested.

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THE NEBRASKA FREIGHT-RATE CASE.

The Supreme Court of the United States has decided the Nebraska maximum freight-rate case on the principle that while a State has power to regulate the rates charged by a railroad, such rates must be reasonable. The reasonableness of rates is subject to determination by the courts; and they are competent to determine whether the rates sought to be imposed take property without due process of law, a proceeding which the Fourteenth Amendment of the Constitution forbids.

The case involved the validity of a law passed by the Nebraska legislature in 1893, prescribing the maximum rates for the transportation of freight within the State only. The railroads asked the federal courts to prevent the enforcement of this law, and the circuit court of appeals decided in their favor, holding that the maximum fixed was ruinous to the roads. Justice Brewer computed that the reduction called for amounted to an average of 29.5 per cent, which he held to be excessive.

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AN UNWISE REQUEST.

The reason for the suggestion by the Spanish government of the recall of Consul-General Lee from Havana was not divulged, but it was an unwise request for the Spanish government to make, and it was eminently proper for President McKinley to refuse to consider it. If the Spanish government wishes to avoid war, it will not do anything to exasperate public sentiment in this country. The people of this country believe that Consul-General Lee has "borne himself," as the State Department officially said in speaking of the request for his recall, "throughout this crisis with judgment, fidelity, and courage," and that the President is justified in his "entire satisfaction" with him. Whether there shall be war or not between the two countries depends upon the condition of public feeling here and in Spain, and so far as this country is concerned, the recall of the Consul-General at Havana at the de-

mand or request of Spain would have excited our people, already hot enough, to a point beyond control. The Sagasta government has thus far been a potent influence for peace, and we trust that it will continue to be so, and that political Spain will continue to give it its confidence. For the same reason that it was wise for Spain not to insist on the recall of General Lee, it was wise for this government to consent to Spain's request that the supplies for the starving in Cuba be not carried in war-ships.

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THE MAINE REPORT.

The court finds that at the time of the explosion the battleship Maine was lying in five and one-half to six fathoms of water. The discipline aboard the ship was excellent; everything stowed according to orders—ammunition, guns, stores, etc. The temperature of the magazines at 8 p. m. was normal, except in the after ten-inch magazine, and that did not explode. The explosion occurred at 9:40 o'clock on the evening of February 15. There were two explosions, with a very short interval between them; the ship lifted on the first explosion. The court can form no definite opinion of the condition of the wreck from the divers' evidence. The technical details of wreckage from which the court deduces that "a mine was exploded under the ship on the port side." The explosion was due to "no fault of those on board." Opinion of the court stating "that the explosion of the mine caused the explosion of two magazines." The court declares that "it can not find evidence to fix responsibility." The report is unanimous, and is signed by all the members of the court. It does not refer to the existence or non-existence of mines in the harbor of Havana except in the specific finding that a mine was exploded under the ship, and the opinion that the explosion of the two magazines was caused by the explosion of a mine.

The use which the "new journalism" has made of the trouble with Spain early gave hints of the possible depths beneath depths in infamy in newspaper management, but the bottom was not reached until the editor of the New York Journal, while publishing a bogus interview with Theodore Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy, wrote to beg him not to disown it. Mr. Roosevelt's brief reply was a natural expression of the scorn of a gentleman, and the Journal was more conspicuously than before pilloried for the contempt of the reading public. Decent journals naturally detest these pirates of the profession, who by publishing lies in preference to facts do their worst to bring the whole business into contempt.

Remember, this shooting of a negro postmaster at Lake City, S. C., is not a spontaneous outbreak against wrong and oppression which the law has been tardy in relieving, and whose intolerable character has spurred men into the administration of rude justice. It is the reverse of this. It is an infliction of wrong and oppression in violation of law. It is the killing of a man because of his color. It is the saying to a race that, if one of them has the presumption to hold office in a white community, he shall be murdered for it. The murder committed by these white men is no crime in their calendar, but to have a black skin and to hold office is punishable with death. Could anything be more unreasonable, as well as atrocious?

The verdict of the Luzerne jury in the case of Sheriff Martin and his deputies, acquiting them for having fired upon the mob of strikers at Lattimer, teaches several things which were greatly needed to be emphasized by the judgment of our courts. It makes no new law, but simply teaches the law as it is, and as it must be obeyed. It teaches that the humblest citizen or resident of Pennsylvania has the absolute right

to accept employment when, where and under such circumstances as shall be satisfactory to himself and his employer. This is an inalienable right. It is a right that is not questioned in the rich and opulent, but it has been systematically disputed among the poor and dependent, and especially among the ignorant alien labor elements of o industrial centers.

Among the important anniversaries coming this year is the fourth centenary of the fiery martyrdom of Savonarola, which will be celebrated on May 23rd at Florence. At Basle, in Switzerland, preparations are being made to commemorate the four hundredth birthday of Hans Holbein. The Portuguese will also celebrate in May, with magnificent fetes, the fourth centenary of Vasco da Gama's discovery of the Cape route to India, which occurred in 1498, exactly six years after the discovery of the New World. On June 29 there will be festivities in Ancona, in honor of Leopardi, one of the greatest poets Italy has produced, who was born there in 1798, and on August 21 the centenary of Jules Michelet, the historian, will be celebrated by the Municipal Council of Paris with appropriate meetings and banquets.

Dr. George H. Hepworth's investigation of the Armenian massacres for the New York "Herald" has added little to what is known concerning them, and in most points confirms the original accounts. The chief peculiarity of his report is the importance which it attributes to the Huntchagist Armenian revolutionary societies as a cause of the massacres. This is merely an opinion of Dr. Hepworth, and it is an opinion discredited by the best authorities. The Sultan used this as an excuse, but it is a palpable pretext. There never has been the slightest evidence that any but a pitiful few were connected with the societies, and to make this an excuse for the wholesale slaughter of a race is worse than no reason at all. The massacres were deliberately planned, they were not uncontrollable outbreaks either of fear or frenzy. The Sultan stopped them as readily as he began them, when policy dictated the step.—Advance.

The Pundite Ramabai is now in this country, in the interest of her school for the child-widows of India, which has been carried on at Poona for nearly nine years. Ramabai, a slight-framed, soft-voiced, modest little Hindu woman, set herself longer ago than that against the caste law which condemned child-widows to a life of most wretched dependence, more miserable than that of the sudras, and her school was established as a result of her previous visit to this country. She has now 350 women of this victimized class under her care, and they are taught in graded classes, the highest being that of our high schools. What the English government has utterly failed to attempt, this brave woman is doing by her personal endeavor.

Mrs. Lillian M. N. Stevens, who was picked by the late Miss Frances E. Willard to succeed her in the presidency of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union in the case of her death while she was in office, i a Maine woman. Her title was vice-president-at-large. She was elected to the office four years ago, and the office was created at that time at the suggestion of Miss Willard, who insisted that provision should be made for an emergency like the present mournful one. She is a woman suffragist. She always supported Miss Willard in her campaigns along this line. Her home is in Portland, and she has lived there for fifty-four years. The Woman's Christian Temperance Union has had her services from the beginning. Miss Willard had intrusted a great deal of the active work for many years to Mrs. Stevens, and she will step into the place with ample practical experience.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

ADVERTISEMENT AND GLASS HOUSES.

There has been nothing more irregular than the prosecution in the Zola case—excepting the defense. There has been nothing more one-sided and purely declamatory than the defense—except the prosecution. But be not deceived. Your Frenchman is a natural born fountain of advertisement. Neither Zola nor his friends nor his opponents nor the army nor 'journalism' over there can omit advertisement or would for one moment. They put it on before they assume their clothes, and then the spirit of it enwraps them as an atmosphere and warms them like a flame, clothes and all. There is a great ado in the court. But ado is the daily delight of the Parisians. Gunpowder is their only snuff, and sensation to them is the breath of life.

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CULTURED TRAMPS IN BOSTON.

"Tramps in Boston are by far the most intelligent and modest of their kind," said a native of the baked bean city, "maybe becauseof their culture(?) My experience with one of these 'gentlemen of leisure' was quite funny. One came to our house and asked for some clothes, and while my mother went to get them I thought he looked hungry, so I brought him some breakfast. He said to me, 'I am sorry to put you to all this trouble.' Then, mother appearing with the clothes in a bundle, he said he did not like to carry clothes through the streets exposed to view, and when I wrapped them in an old newspaper he was indignant and said gentlemen never carried packages done up in that style in Boston."—"New Orleans Times Democrat."

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MARRIED TO A FLOWER VASE.

Among the curious marriage customs prevailing in China is one which is thus described by a writer in "The Family Herald:"

Not long ago a very pretty girl, the daughter of a prominent Chinese official, was married with great pomp to a large, red flower vase, representing a deceased bridegroom who had died a few days before his wedding was to be celebrated.

His inconsolable bride elect declared that she would never marry anyone else, but would devote herself as a widow to the dead man's family. So the ceremony with the flower vase was gone through with to enable the girl to enter the family, and the town proposes to build an arch to commemorate her devotion.

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LADYLIKE TRAITS OF BRITISH BISHOPS.

The Bishop of London distributed lately at Southall, the prizes gained by the scholars of the Marlebone Union Schools. In the course of the proceedings it was mentioned that the present Archbishop of Canterbury, acting in a similar capacity while Bishop of London, took great interest in the darning prize and explained that he was formerly regarded as an expert darner. The Bishop said that he could not lay claim to the same accomplishments as his predecessor, but was handy with his

needle and capable of sewing on buttons. Quite recently a lady visitor, who had the misfortune to lose a glove button while leaving his residence, commended him for the neat manner in which he was able to sew it on again for her. The best knitter he had known was a clergyman, and even the boys among the audience could do worse than make themselves expert with their needles.

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CHRISTMAS FOR THE BIRDS.

Christmas is celebrated in Sweden to an extent unknown in the United States, and the celebration is not over until January 13, or "twentieth day Yule." A very pretty feature of the festivities is thus described by Mr. Thomas in his "Sweden and the Swedes:"

One wintry afternoon, at Jul-tide, I had been skating on a pretty lake three miles from Gothenburg. On my way home I noticed that at every farmer's house there was erected in the middle of the dooryard a pole, to the top of which was bound a large, full sheaf of grain.

"Why is this?" I asked my comrade.

"Oh, that's for the birds, the little wild birds. They must have a merry Christmas too, you know."

Yes, so it is. Not a peasant in Sweden will sit down with his children to a Christmas dinner within doors till he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little birds that live in the cold and snow without.

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MAN WAS SAFE FROM WOMAN'S WILES.

The laws of England with regard to artificial aids to beauty are not so strict now as they were in the reign of Charles II. In the year 1670 this curious act of Parliament was passed: "That all women, of whatever rank, profession or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows, that shall, from after the passing of this act, impose upon and betray into matrimony any of his majesty's male subjects, by scents, paints, cosmetics, washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high-heeled shoes, or bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the laws now in force against witchcraft, sorcery and such like misdemeanors, and that the marriage, upon conviction, shall stand null and void."

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LUXURIOUS TRAVELING.

The height of luxurious traveling has been reached by the czar and czarina. The empress' private car is upholstered in pale blue satin. The electric lamps are all in the form of lilies, and it contains writing and tea tables made of mother of pearl. The nursery is the next apartment, and is as comfortable and handsome as the same rooms in any of the czar's palace. There are dining rooms and drawing rooms and several sleeping apartments. In fact this train is a miniature palace. The wheels are covered with india rubber tires.

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A Russian prince who is fond of Verdi's music has spent $6,000 to enable himself to hear "Rigoletto" whenever he pleases in his palace at St. Petersburg. The opera is acted by life sized puppets, whose acting is regulated by machinery, and the singing is done by phonograph. The owner has secured phonographic reproductions of the principal parts as sung by the principal artists of Europe, and changes his cast to suit himself. After putting the cylinders in place the owner presses a button and the opera proceeds automatically, so says "L'Independence Belge."

One of the oldest and most curious samples of the locksmith's art is attached to the door of Temple Church, Fleet street, London. The key weighs seven pounds, is 18 inches long, and unlike other keys, it was not made for the lock. On the contrary, the lock was made for the key.

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ROBERT REES (EOS MORLAIS), THE SONG KING OF WALES.

By Rev. J. A. Thomas (Ioan Arma), Friendship, Wis.

The magic voice of Robert Rees has now been long enough silent to make an estimate of his brilliant career interesting. When a great voice is hushed, reputation becomes a sweet memory. It is difficult to give even a faint portraiture by words of a great soul, because description is not life. I can do no more than just make a memorandum of such a face and voice, and let fancy do the rest.

Robert Rees was born at Dowlais, South Wales, April 5, 1841, and died June 5, 1892, at Swansea, and buried June 10 in the cemetery of romantic Aberdulais. "He had the funeral of a king, because he was the song king of the nation."

His parents, Hugh Rees and Margaret Rees, were born at Machynlleth, N. W., but moved to Dowlais about 1836, where the father died of the cholera in 1849. The question of his birthplace was argued some years since by two correspondents in "Y Drych," but to Dowlais belongs the honor, as his eldest brother, Ed. Rees, informs me. But enough for me that such a rare chorister and peerless tenor was born somewhere in beloved Gwalia, and that his sacred dust lies in the bosom of my native land.

His musical talents manifested themselves when he was a child, and was singing alto in the Bethania Choir, Dowlais, at a very early age. The old choir master, Abraham Bowen, told me that he had nothing to do with the alto after this little boy joined his choir. He was looked upon as a musical prodigy.

A few years later, two temperance choirs were organized at Dowlais, called No. 1 and No. 2. He united with No. 1, but when David Rosser (at present at Chicago) moved to

Aberdare, Mr. Rees was appointed his successor as conductor of the temperance choir No. 2, when he was only a young lad. We have no time nor space to follow him in his many victories with this fine choir at the great Eisteddfodau of South Wales, because we want to hasten to consider him in his position as a soloist and tenor. It was in this position that he made an imperishable reputation. As a chorister he met with his Waterloo in Caradog Jones; but as a soloist he had no contestant. He was the despair of all competitors in this capacity in all our sectional and National Eisteddfodau. W. Phillips (Gwilym Cynon) was one of our finest tenors, who repeatedly contested for the tenor solo prize, but never succeeded against Mr. Rees. In regard to his conductorship we should state that even the old star Caradog Jones was hardly his match in the leadership of glees. It was Caradog's wonderful interpretation of the great masters that made him the head choirister of Wales.

Some will be inclined to dispute the accuracy of this comparison of Caradog with Eos Morlais on glees; but as an old member of Caradog's choir I have said it deliberately. When the ablest choirs of South Wales would meet at an Eisteddfod to compete on "Yr Haf," "Y Don o Flaen y Gwyntoedd," "Y Gwanwyn," "Dyna'r Gwyntoedd yn Ymosod," &c., &c., Eos Morlais was nearly always the winner, if my memory is not at fault. Those were the summer days of choral singing in the Principality, when Caradog led the famous Aberdare choir, Eos Morlais the Dowlais-Merthyr United Choir; D. Bowen Ebbw Vale Choir; Meth. Lewis Tredegar Choir; Heman Gwent Rhymni Choir; D. Francis Treforis Choir; Silas Evans Swansea Choir; Eos Cynlais Treorky Choir; Gwilym Cynon Aberaman Choir. These choirs shed musical glory all over the country. There are however, in this group, three stars more luminous than the rest, Eos Morlais, Caradog and Gwilym Cynon. Many times they led their hosts to sing "Worthy is the Lamb," &c., but most of them have gone before to join in the great chorus.

The Singer.

But let us think of Eos Morlais as a singer, because it was in this capacity he gave a glad surprise to the multitudes that thronged to hear him. As a tenor singer, we must deliberately award him the palm of supremacy. He had the faculty of pouring a flood of meaning into his songs, which were rendered with intense feeling, and greeted with hearty applause. The vast concourse, the thrilling interest, the hushed silence, the rapt attention, and spontaneous enthusiasm which he aroused indicated his popularity. As long as health sustained him he had no peer in Wales, and he can have but few successors. The distinguished music composer and critic, D. Emlyn Evans, remarked in the

"Cerddor:" "Wales will never see his like again." Such lives are seldom given twice in an age.

He was supreme among our solo singers as an interpreter of the delicacies and mysteries of music. Indeed, we had but few able solo singers in South Wales until Eos Morlais appeared, whose felicitous interpretations of songs and music in general created a reformation. He taught us how to sing. Before that, we had a large number of ballad singers. Was it not he that taught a host of us how to sing "Thou shalt Break Them," "Sound an Alarm," "The Death of Nelson," "Ar Fedd Llewelyn," "Baner ein Gwlad," &c.?

I gratefully count him the master from whom I learned the meaning of the power of song. I cannot think of him as dead. Eos Morlais was an important factor in the revival of Welsh nationalism. In every national awakening there must be a creative force. It was the good fortune of Wales in its awakening that this little man with magic voice, strong passions, and Welsh heart, stepped upon the stage, and in the sentiments of one of his popular songs called his countrymen,

"I'r gad! chwi feibion dewrion Cymru
I'r gad! i gadw'n hiaith a'n gwlad."
"I'r gad! i'r gad!"

As our national singer he sang his stirring patriotic songs throughout the Principality; his influence therefore was simply immense, as his singing was so controlling, inspiring and rousing. When he sang "Anwyl yw Gwalia fy Ngwlad," "Bedd Llewellyn," "Baner ein Gwlad," &c., our love and patriotism for Wales were aroused to a high pitch. He sang with such energy, spontaneity, unconscious grace, and dramatic intensity that opened unending vistas to our imagination; because he sang not as a professional, but sang as a bird sings. The bird never sings because it ought, but because it must. Likewise, he in whom currents of inspiring songs ran deep and strong sang from an irresistible impulse. When he sang "Thou Shalt Break Them" at the Towyn Eisteddfod, North Wales, after seventeen able contestants, his manly form and excellent singing took everything by storm.

Permit me to cite another incident in London, England. After Caradog's "Five Hundred" had won the challenge cup in that memorable international competition at the Crystal Palace, London, July 10th 1872, the victorious choir had to give a free concert that evening. Not more than three pieces had been rendered before voices came from the vast multitude calling "Eos Morlais," "Robert Rees," "Robyn Bach" (as he was affectionately called). Shortly there was a loud chorus of voices calling for him. Caradog glanced at the tenors, and asked, "Is Mr. Rees present?" He was not; but Dr. Price, chairman of the choir, and Rev. Brythonfryn Griffiths, the secretary, went in search, and in a few minutes the singer was escorted on the platform by the above gentle-

men. The people gave him a royal welcome. Surrounded as he was by wildly applauding thousands, who represented many nations, while he stood the very embodiment of courage, self-possession, and true manliness. But hush! Robert Rees sings! What is it? Ah! "Anwyl yw Gwalia fy Ngwlad." With a passion that was awfully sublime, he carried us on the highest flights of inspiration. Higher and higher, tenderer and stronger. Now he gives us the crescendo bursting into a loud forte rending the sky and awakening the echo; then the still small tones of pianissimo. Now his voice is like a sweet silver bell, but with a mighty clapper in it; and then in the majesty of his imperial voice he rushes up the golden stairs of music, and strikes C above the staff in a loud tone. He is controlling, infectious and cumulative in force and influence as he advances through the stanzas, until the effect at the close was immense, and ended in grand style. The memory of that singing is still to me a delight.

Lengthening Shadows.

But his glory began to wane for a full year before his sun set; and the encores came with less enthusiasm, as he had no longer the nerve to sing his great songs. Still, there is a grandeur about the sunset that we see not in the rising sun.

Disease came, and his star went under an eclipse. The demand for his services continued the same, and the size of his audiences were not diminished, notwithstanding that he could not render his descriptive, dramatic songs that delighted and aroused the nation. He now sang plain Welsh ballads.

When confined to his sick chamber, the Swansea City Band one day stood before his home and played beautifully his favorite glee "Yr Haf." His strong musical individuality asserted itself once more, and he lifted up his hand and beat time to the band. When the glee was rendered, the singer responded by singing his last song on earth, "Y Deryn Pur." He died June 5, 1892, and for no public man did Welshmen the world around mourn more sincerely, because they felt the charm of his song and radiant personality. The people therefore laid upon his grave the tribute of their sincere gratitude and affection, and musical admirers from England honored him by sending wreaths of white immortelles garlanded with pink, to lay upon his grave.

The funeral procession on June 10th, 1892, was of immense proportions, and included many representative musicians and distinguished men of the nation, because as "Y Cerddor" well remarked, "Eos Morlais was the song king of Wales." Touching and significant was the harp with its principal string broken, which the Cymrodorion of Swansea placed on his casket. Slowly and sadly, amidst the tolling of church bells, and the singing of hymns, the people bore the mortal remains of the immortal singer along to picturesque Aberdulais, while thousands

of spectators along the streets in tears whispered brokenly the name they loved and admired. To us he bequeathed the rich legacy of high musical ideals.

PILLS AND POWDERS.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

Having designed a specific course of treatment to the vast multitude of "Drych" readers along certain lines indicated by "Old Country" rambles, &c., one is apt to mix matters when requested to prescribe as well for the rising generation of Cambro-Americans by means of the "Cambrian" dispensary.

However, since the casual observer even cannot fail to note the fact, that said generation suffers from various maladies, many of which are indigenous, i. e., belonging to this land and age, the risk of going astray in one's diagnosis is certainly not great, and a shot-gun prescription, so called, cannot fail to hit the mark at some point or another. "Is marriage a failure?" has been a query most prolific of late in articles, addresses, lectures, soliloquies, and even books, and the old-fashioned and most honorable institution has been foolishly attacked from many quarters.

* * * * *

In almost every city, town and village, you hear it said of some woman that she is enough to drive her husband crazy.

Reading the last report of the Commissioners in Lunacy of Great Britain, my attention was called to and my sympathies arraigned on the side of this much wrongly-accused class of women. The facts in the case evidently do not support the above assertion, and moreover, they substantiate one of two things, viz., that either all the well-balanced and intelligent men marry, or else solitary wretchedness is extremely potent in driving men to insanity.

Notwithstanding the fact, that said Commissioners call attention to the alarming increase of madness in Great Britain, yet gloomy as the report appears, one part of the facts has a bright side, which, in the writer's mind, can fairly be used as a powerful argument in favor of marriage.

The report states that at every age, from 20 to 65 and upward, the chance of a single man becoming insane is much greater than the chance of a married man going mad. At

ages from 20 to 24 the preponderance against the single man, as compared with the married man, is as 55 to 10—or as 5 1-2 is to 1—and these odds against the single man, although they decrease as his age increases, are so much in favor of the married man that, in sober earnest, the facts brought forth and shown ought to be carefully considered and weighed by all unmarried men. With regard to women, let it be said to their honor, although the married women show a marked superiority over unmarried women, as regard not going mad, yet their superiority over single women is not so great as that of married men over single men.

* * * * *

Let not my friends and acquaintances, among whom are many wags and satirists—let them not think that I write the above because our boys are all girls, &c., &c., &c.!

To the thoughtful medical man, the truthfulness of the above report is self-evident, being a statement of the natural status of the case in hand; and he needs not travel far along any syllogistic pathway to arrive at the correct conclusion why these things should be so.

In this great and prosperous land, that young men are wont to act shyly and look askance at the marriage state, of late years, is a fact deeply to be regretted. One of the least obscure reasons for such demeanor on the part of marriageable young men is, doubtless, a direct sequence of the manner in which the majority of parents train their daughters, and that to the detriment of the men at large.

There are many children nowadays, alas! who regard their parents simply as machines essential for their welfare; while on the other hand many parents act as such, especially in the treatment of their daughters. Indulgence seems to be the order of the day, which in the majority of cases results in extravagance on the part of our daughters when arriving at a marriageable age. They regard marriage as a point in their history, to commence where the old folks left off, and consequently, must look for someone who can maintain such extravagance, to do which, he must needs be infinitely higher in the social range than their station in life, while the young man of moderate means walks wary of such, the inevitable result of which is, that between the two, they fall into the "innocuous desuetude" of old maidship.

* * * * *

Educational advantages and scholastic attainments are blessings which have their salutary effects; I cry not against these to every daughter in the land; what I deplore as an universal detriment is, the aping after these to the neglect of the more practical things absolutely called for by our station in life.

The expert needle-woman truly possesses an accomplishment that the girl who strums on the mandolin or piano might well envy. And while the ologies of our universities

and colleges are excellent things in their place, methinks that to graduate in boilology, bakeology, mendology and their concomitant branches, is an attainment infinitely more practical and necessary to assure happy marriages and domestic felicity.

LLANDAFF AND CARDIFF.

By Antiquarian.

Llandaff is situated in the hundred of Cibwr, Glamorganshire, S. W., on the south shore of the river Taff, and about two miles west of Cardiff. There is a consensus of opinion among historians that Llandaff is the oldest bishopric in the kingdom. The old Welsh chronicles state, and the historian Bede supports the statement that a church was established here in 173 by Lleurwg—the Latin Lucius—who is also called Lleufer Mawr or the Great Light. Christianity had probably been preached earlier, but we have no historical account of it. The common opinion is that the Roman soldiers brought it over with them, and as they were not authorized evangelists or missionaries, a message was sent to Rome asking for teachers, preachers and churchmen to establish regular Christianity amongst the people. This Lleurwg sent to the Christian Bishop at Rome petitioning him to delegate qualified men over to Wales to instruct the Welsh people more fully on the mysteries of the religion. In accordance with this reasonable demand the Bishop sent three men, by names Dochwy, Dyfan and Fagan. These instructed Lleurwg in all the principles of Christianity, baptized him and his family; and to accommodate this people the church at Llandaff was built, which was the seed from which grew the present Cathedral. Dyfan was the first curate of the Llandaff church, and Fagan founded another church, today called St. Fagan's, about two miles from the Cathedral. Dochwy founded a school near Penarth to the south of Cardiff, where he acted as teacher for years.

Welsh historians are fond of boasting that this bishopric is the most ancient in Britain, although some historians of note assert that it was not established before 470, when the golden-headed Dyfrig was invested by St. Garmon. This Dyfrig was a native of Pembroke, a very godly and zealous man. He was afterwards elevated to the archbishopric of Caerleon on Usk. It seems that he held both churches. Teilo was a disciple and follower of

Dyfrig, who also established a Christian school at Llandaff, and was made teacher. A sketch of Llandaff states that this Teilo founded there a kind of court, a market-place, and a mint whence money was issued. This court became so powerful that the surrounding princes, or more properly speaking, chiefs, were often summoned to appear on account of misdemeanors and crimes. King Arthur moved the archbishopric from Caerlleon to St. David's, which offended Teilo and his priests, who protested and refused allegiance because Llandaff was the most ancient and had the right. After him comes a long line of bishops. William Morgan, D. D., who is honored by the Welsh as the translator of the Bible, was made bishop by express authority of Queen Elizabeth. He was invested in 1595, and was removed to St. Asaph in 1601, where he died.

It should be remembered that the present edifice is largely the one built in 1120, and parts of it are older than that date. It has been repaired and renewed partially. The resident chapter consists of Bishop, Dean, two Archdeacons, Chancellor, Treasurer, Canons, &c. Daily service has been restored since the repairing of the church. Canton, a part of Cardiff, is in the parish of Llandaff; and Cardiff and Llandaff may be said to be one town. Since the restoration of the building many magnificent edifices have been added to the city of Llandaff, such as the Bishop's palace, residences of the Dean and Canons, National School and other church institutions.

Llandaff Cathedral.

Cardiff was originally a stronghold on the banks of the river Taff, where it disembogues into the Bristol Channel. It is supposed to have had its name from Aulius Didius, the Roman general, who succeeded Ostorius as captain of the Roman legions in Britain. It is supposed also that Cardiff was founded by Morgan ap Hywel ap Rhys. Many Roman relics have been found in Cardiff Castle and in the vicinity. Some archaeologists hold that the name Cardiff is a corruption of the old name "Caerdaff," which signifies "Taff's Stronghold or Fortress," and that it was a place of prominence and strength in the Roman and Saxon periods. Little is known of it from the time the Romans left, until the conquest of Glamorgan by Fitz-Hamon, the Norman, in the 11th century. During his unsuccessful wars with Rhys ap Tewdwr Iestyn, the last prince of Glamorgan, sent Einion ap Collwyn to London to seek assistance from the English king, who appointed the Norman knight to fight Iestyn's battles with Rhys. Einon contracted with Robert Fitz-Hamon to undertake the task. After the defeat of Rhys, Iestyn became proud and arrogant, and forgot his agreement with the Norman, who subsequently undertook to act for himself. Fitz-Hamon and his force attacked Iestyn, who fled and took refuge in a monastery near Cardiff, where he spent the remainder of his life, and died in his 129th year.

Cardiff Castle.

Fitz-Hamon divided Glamorgan between his followers, destroyed the old Welsh castle which was built of

wood, and put up a splendid fortress, parts of which are seen today. As lord of Glamorgan Fitz-Hamon held a kind of court in Cardiff Castle, where his twelve vassals used to meet once every month on an appointed day. Here also the Chancellor sat as magistrate to decide questions of right, and punish criminals. As this new feudal system was hateful to the Welsh they rose against Hamon's authority, took several strongholds, and finally forced the Norman invader to restore and re-institute their old laws and customs. When Robert, Duke of Normandy, failed in his attempt to subvert his brother's government, Henry I., he was immured in Cardiff Castle, where he spent 28 years of his life. Robert, Earl of Gloucester, through marriage with Mabel, daughter and heiress to Fitz-Hamon, became lord of Glamorgan, who attempted to introduce the feudal system among his tenants. They rose up in arms against him, and led by Ifor ap Cadifor (Ifor Bach), who made the Lord and Lady prisoners, but were released at the request of the King of England.

In 1404, during the reign of Henry IV., Owen Glyndwr laid siege to this castle, and the town of Cardiff, which he demolished excepting one street whereon the monastery was situated. He made himself lord of the Castle, destroyed large sections of it, and took possession of its treasures. In 1570 a congress of bards was held in the Castle, held under the patronage of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, to discuss matters pertaining to the bardic order and the art of poetry. During the civil wars the place was held by the royal adherents, and was besieged by the parliamentary army under Cromwell. The present lord and owner is the Marquis of Bute, who has greatly improved it, and the park and grounds belonging to it. The Marquis and his family are popular among the Welsh, and their home, the ancient Welsh Caer is one of the most magnificent residences in Wales.

EVENING WORSHIPERS.

By Chalmers Davis.

In the twilight's cathedral gloom
The roses swing their censer bloom,
And fill the dim and quiet dusk
With incense-fragrant clouds of musk.
On mysterious, upper ways
Fire-fly spectral candles blaze,
And flower chalices renew
Supplies of sacred, cleansing dew.
Now to Heaven there softly rise
Low, insect-chanted litanies;
In forest cloisters overhead
The murm'ring winds' aves are said;
The night-bird, kneeling on the air,
Trembling breathes his evening prayer.
Meek, pensive Day away is stealing,
Her weary vigils being done,
And lo, the Evening Star is kneeling
Before the altar of the Sun.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED?

By Theologus.

IV.

As a believer in the powers of Mother Nature, Lucretius consistently denied special creation; and his arguments in support of his idea of the genesis is strikingly suggestive of some of Huxley's or Spencer's. According to him life was not created by a fiat, but was developed as a result of certain happy combinations of atoms. In his second book he gives out his views regarding the production of life. He explains as follows: "On these subjects it will be proper to remember this principle, that I do not say that what has sense, or that senses themselves are of course produced from all atoms in general; but that it is of great importance of what size those atoms are which are to produce a being of sense." So he states that atoms, although devoid of life and sensibility themselves, can by chemical combination (which he called mixing) produce sense which in the course of evolution becomes mind and rea-

son. In proceeding with this argument he turns to controvert the opinion of certain philosophers, who held that these atoms were endowed with sense, supporting their views with the assertion that sensitive bodies must have been produced out of sensitive atoms. Lucretius' peculiar view was this, that life or sense originally was the result of a happy conjunction of certain atoms in the same manner as the chemical unions of two or more elements are known to produce qualities differing from either or all.

Then he proceeds in this manner: "But if one, perchance, shall say that sentient beings may certainly arise from senseless atoms, but that this must be effected by some change which takes place in these atoms as from some new birth, before the sentient being which they constitute is brought forth into existence, it will be sufficient to explain and prove to him, that no birth ever takes place, unless from some combination previously formed, and no change is effected without a combination of primordial atoms, for no senses of any animal body can exist before the substance itself of the animal is formed; and this is evident inasmuch as senseless matter is kept dispersed throughout the air, rivers, earth, and things produced from the earth; nor though it may have united, has it so united as to engender in itself those concordant vital motions by which the all observing senses of animals being generated direct and preserve every living creature." So he believed that the elements constituting life were in the air, and the earth, and they were led into combination producing life. So life is not something extraneous, produced by special act of creation, but an offspring of Mother Nature. This uniting of atoms to produce life is consistent with his view of death as the disuniting of the combination of atoms. As form, color, quality, are the results of conformations, so life is also the fruit of a more ingenious arrangement of the primordial atoms. He is very fond of the literary simile where he says that as a combination of letters produce or connote an idea or thought, so the conjunction of atoms produce sense and life. Further, he says, when abundance of matter is ready, and space is at hand, and when no object or cause hinders or delays things, must necessarily be generated, and brought into being. His argument seems to be that where there are so infinite a number and kind of atoms, and such endlessly varied movements and arrangements, they must needs some time and some way or other form some happy and fortunate combinations.

The way he describes the universe as being formed by the spontaneous arrangement of these all-creating atoms—primordial and seminal—is a strange mixture of science and assertion. In the first place, the several atoms of earth, because they were heavy, and involved one with another, met altogether in the middle (of chaos), which atoms, the more

closely they cohered, the more effectually they excluded from themselves those particles which were to form the sea, the stars, the suns and moon, and the walls of this great world. His conceptions of the shape and relations of this world with the heavens were extremely crude. In his system all particles or atoms of a watery nature would congregate and form the seas and lakes; and atoms of the nature of fire and light would be attracted together into bodies like stars, moon and sun. The aerial positions of the sun, moon and stars he explained by asserting that the substance they were made of was of such a quality of gravity too light to ascend higher, and too heavy to descend lower in the heavens. The particles of heat and light escaping from other substances in the earth flew upwards, and formed afar from the earth, the lofty and shining temples of the sky. After the separation of all the elements and the natural arrangement of the atoms, appeared life, which was the result of the union of the ether, which contained the seminal particles and matter below, which took place in the early age of the world, as soon as nature became endowed with this new power of generation.

In the beginning, therefore, these seminal particles fell with the dew of heaven, or the rain, upon the mountains, meadows, and into the rivers and seas, and the hills were spread with herbs, and the meadows with beautiful verdure and flowers, and then different kinds of trees shot their branches out, decked out with green leaves and many-colored blossoms; for as hair and feathers cover the bodies of beasts and birds, so this great beast of a world was dressed in the verdure of trees and herbs, and afterwards appeared animals, which arose in various forms and by various modes, according to the several races. First of all, the race of winged animals and birds, left their eggs, which were heated and hatched by the heat of the spring sun. Next the earth produced tribes of men and beasts. It is one peculiarity of Lucretius' belief that he does not entertain the mechanical or manufacturing notion that man and beast were formed and shaped out of earth and clay, and then inspired with life. Birds were not made life size, but were hatched from eggs, but how these eggs came he forgets to tell us. Man and beast, he tells us, were born of "a kind of wombs which sprung up through the plains. So the first man was born, not made, and leaving this womb in the season of maturity, came forth into the air, nature having prepared everything as a good nurse would naturally do to receive him; and having provided the earth to pour a liquid-like milk out of its veins. Thus the earth afforded nourishment to the first infants; the warmth of the summer season made garments unnecessary; and the luxuriant grass supplied these child-Adams with beds and couches. Although these fanciful descriptions

are more like caricatures than creatures, it is worthy of notice that our philosopher as a naturalist, adheres to the natural, not the mechanical way of production. Among the unthinking and the unscientific the manufacturing or formative idea has been the most popular and reasonable, man having been modeled out of clay, and the spirit of life breathed into him.

ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW-YORK.

Historical Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Eighth Paper.

Continuing my remarks regarding the banquet of 1837, I think I may enlarge thereon with seeming propriety. To an observer, however, who had attended the previous festivals, it was apparent that, that assemblage was more sociable, more convivial, and that the guests were generally more at their ease. General Lewis, the President, with the Society's guests on either side of him, after having made his opening speech, assigned the active duties of the chair to the Vice President, Edgar W. Davies, Esq., leaving him, the President, to entertain the invited guests.

There were two speakers among the guests whose remarks are entitled to special notice, namely, Joseph Fowler, Esq., President of the St. George's Society, and the Hon. Gulian C. Verplank, President of the St. Nicholas Society, both refined and accomplished gentlemen, who responded in behalf of the sister societies. Their remarks were models of after dinner speeches, not so much on account of the matter which they contained, but the felicitous manner and ease in which they were delivered. I give below a quotation from the New York "Times," which gives, however, but a crude idea of the style of these speeches, when responding to the toast of "Our Sister Societies." Mr. Fowler first rose, and in a most eloquent style returned thanks in behalf of the Society over which he had the honor to preside. He then eulogized in a complimentary and happy manner the Welsh character. He adverted to his youthful days, when in his native city of London, it was his lot from congeniality of sentiment and feeling to form intimate friendship with Welsh associates rather than with those more peculiarly of his own country, and although now separated from them, he never had cause to regret their

acquaintance. This day vividly recalled them to his memory. He concluded by giving the following sentiment:—

The Societies of St. David and St. George, may they forever go hand in hand achieving their noble and kindred purposes.

He was succeeded by Mr. Verplank, President of the St. Nicholas Society, who arose, and in the most brilliant style of thought and elocution, adverted to the day; spoke of the bravery of mountaineers in general, and of the Welsh in particular, to whose patriotic deeds he paid a handsome compliment. The theatre of their warlike exploits were to him not mere things of the imagination. He had experienced the pleasure of once traveling through their country, and of beholding the bold scenery of the Severn and the Wye. He returned thanks in behalf of the Society over which he presided, who, he stated, were all natives of New York, but whose sires were from different nations of Europe; though the early settlers he said, were principally German, French and English, there were, of course, many others, and he would with pride, recognize among them the sons of Wales. And after a very handsome compliment to the general character of Welshmen said: "I need not go further than this hall, gentlemen, to prove it. I have but to point to your venerable and excellent president as a specimen of a Welshman's descendant. To his honored father, Francis Lewis, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and a distinguished merchant of New York, as a specimen of a Welshman on his native hills," and concluded his eloquent remarks by giving the following sentiment: "The Sons of the Mountain—the spirit of courage and independence of music, poetry and patriotism is their noble inheritance. May it descend unimpaired to their posterity in every clime to the latest generation."

Their style had a charm and mellowness of rich musical, eloquence flowing from their lips as if they were unconscious of its effect upon the enraptured ears of their listeners.

Mr. Verplank was a scion of the old, brave and sterling Dutch race, who in the colonial days were the settlers and founders of New Amsterdam, now New York, better known in these days as the Knickerbockers; a people whose word was as sacred as their bond, and to whose society an entrance thereto was considered an honor and high privilege. In his personality, Mr. Verplank was the type of the gentleman of the old school. His erudition, scholarship and high intellectual endowments, as well as his attainments placed him in the front rank of the literati of the city. He was an author, scholar, and standard authority in literature. Mr. Fowler may be described as a representative type of the gentleman of England.

The special object that I have in view in regard to the description of this particular banquet is this, the

effect produced upon the guests present was apparent even to the ordinary listener. It appeared to me, that the speeches of Mr. Fowler and Mr. Verplank had the best effect. I can fancy those gentlemen now before me as they then appeared delivering their speeches at the banquet table, before their charmed listeners, and why? They had drawn, in picturesque and poetic language, oral pictures, paying a tribute to early friendship, and to the character of a brave and patriotic people who had fought in the defence of their native homes and their sacred birth rights.

In a promiscuous assemblage of men gathered together for social enjoyment in paying a tribute of remembrance to their honored sires and a rehearsal of their heroic deeds, it is not to be expected that all are polished orators; but it is a treat to listen to a few gifted ones, who gracefully ascend to the higher sphere of eloquence to elevate the occasion.

I remember on a particular occasion when the worthy president of the Society presided, that a certain gentleman when called upon to respond to a toast thought fit to indulge in what seemed to him a flattering compliment to the Welsh character, by giving an account of a tour which he had made in Wales, wherein in the course of his travels he had visited some prisons, but found their doors open, with no occupants except the jailor and his family. When he had finished, an old plain spoken Welshman rose and said that he feared the gentleman, who had just sat down, had not seen much of the country, otherwise he would have observed many sights of a far more interesting character. This remark, as might be imagined, brought forth a broad smile, by the blunt manner in which it was spoken. The foregoing account of the social influence exercised upon the minds of the members of the Society, unquestionably has operated to give the Society and its members, collectively and individually, a higher and broader social standing, for the reason that in the English and American communities, especially, the race is becoming so merged, by being absorbed in those nationalities under their national names, as to cause this race, eventually, to lose its identity, unless its history is kept alive through the agency of this and similar societies. This fact is becoming more apparent, by the deep interest which the Americans are now taking, in tracing the genealogical records of their ancestors.

LITERARY WORK AMONG THE YOUNG.

By John T. Phillips, Dallas, Pa.

is the key which unlocks
success in all the various
e. This is the most pro-
e known to history. He
ast of the times is no lag-
slow coaches of antiquity
place to the lightning ex-
thods of communication
ities and countries are
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ls in lower depths. The
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is a little life." Seventy
e now are worth more
years of Methusaleh. "It
long but how well we
wise man's day is better
s life." A combination—
rning, sound doctrine, piety and broad charity—was never more essential than now. Excuse for the illiterate, in this country, at least, rarely exists. Low priced books and periodicals everywhere abound, numberless free reading rooms and libraries scattered all over the land. One dime pays for the magazine teeming with the best brain matter of the age. Great city newspapers crowded with the daily doings of the whole civilized world, sell for a single penny. These are among the brightest signs of the times, amid a whole constellation of good signs. The reading room of the British Museum, at London, average 636 students daily. Mr. Gladstone's private library contains 35,000 volumes, and the books are not there merely as ornaments, either. A clerk in a prominent business house, some time ago, was so occupied with his duties that he took no time to study. His employer, noting this, hired an assistant, and told the young man to read. A good man—a philanthropist, you say. Well, may be so, but he was something more, a level headed business man. The clerk became more valuable with increased information, and the merchant profited accordingly.

In earlier times one had to read much to gain little information. It was the grain of wheat to be sought

and dug out of the bushel of chaff. The idea of a literary character seemed to carry with it the vision of a lean and hungry visage, bent form, sallow complexion, long hair, weak eyes, spectacles, shiny coat, measured tread, midnight oil and an early grave. To-day the important events in the history of the world, ancient and modern, may be enclosed between the lids of a few volumes. Pure wheat. The markets are always stocked with wheat, chaff, and also a mixture of both. You have the privilege of choosing for yourself. It is said of Confucius in his eager pursuit of knowledge that he forgot his food. In the joy of obtaining it he forgot his sorrows. Literary pursuits frequently become the panacea for many of the ills of life. It is generally the idle who complain they cannot find time to do that which they fancy they wish to do. The fact is, people generally find time for that which they choose to do. It is not really time, but the will, that is wanting. Two things by which the horoscope of your future may be most accurately read are choice of associates and reading matter. It was a serious question in my mind which of the two to give the precedence. Jeremy Taylor says, "He that is choice of his time will be choice of his associates." Petrarch describes books as his friends whose society is ever agreeable; they are of all ages and every country. Never troublesome nor inquisitive, but immediately answer all questions, and reveal many of the secrets of nature; some teach us how to live, others how to die; they enable us to call up the shades of the greatest and wisest that have ever lived, and to gather from them the results of their life-long study and devotion.

"O for a booke and a shadie nooke,
Either in a doore or out;
With the greene leaves whispering overhead,
Or the street cries all about;
Where I may reade, all at my ease,
Both of the new and the olde,
For a jolly goode booke, whereon to looke,
Is better to me than golde."

Few human friends wear so well. At times their patience or our own, is easily taxed. Just a slight disarrangement of the liver may terminate a friendship of long standing.

"Alas how light a cause may move
Dissention between hearts that love;
Heart which the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in sunny hours fall off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When heaven was all tranquility."

The literary department of our societies and leagues is not yet fully awakened. It is still a crawling infant. After a while it will walk alone and finally take up its position abreast of the spiritual department, and workers in these two will go hand in hand, leading the grand procession of loyalists—the doers of good—those who sacrifice comfort and ease, and spurn luxury for the good of others—in all the multitudinous walks of life. "Words, money, all things else are comparatively easy to give away; but when

one makes a gift of his daily life and practice, it is plain the truth, whatever it is, has taken possession of him."

This work among the young must necessarily demand much time and personal effort. Literary taste and skill are cultivated by the reading of good literature. A few well chosen books carefully and thoroughly read will do more for such culture than many volumes carelessly skimmed. The very existence of such vast quantities of reading matter has its objectionable feature, in that it renders a choice more difficult. To properly direct the reading of a considerable number would be a discouraging task, without sufficient time and the necessary influence, to re-adjust the taste of those who have already acquired the baneful and wasteful habit of reading trivial and frivolous literature. This evil might, in time, be overcome by urging such to familiarize themselves with some specified subject; one, while not difficult to comprehend, would lead the thoughts in the right direction. Many a pupil has been permanently benefited by an appeal from the teacher for assistance in some trivial matter. The request carries with it confidence in the pupil's ability; this stimulates his pride; the task appeals to the ambition, and once begun, the desire for information proves a sufficient incentive. Have you never noticed how grossly ignorant, even of the scriptures, which they profess to believe, so many people are? Did it ever occur to you to ask how it is possible for one to serve, intelligently, a master of whose will he is ignorant?

Four things are necessary to the proper and best understanding of teachings of the scriptures: Absolute faith in their teachings as an entirety; an idea of the conditions existing when the truths were given; a general knowledge of the persons, places and things treated; and the age of the world and the degree of intelligence possessed by the people at that time. The Bible, in connection with works on the subjects radiating from it, or suggested by it, opens up an exhaustless mine of valuable reading, unsurpassed by any "best" one hundred books named by any critic.

(Extracts from an address by the author, given before the Epworth League Convention, at West Pittston, Pa.).

CIVILIZATION.

By Max Norman.

II.

In the economy of nature there is a retribution and re-adjustment provided to secure against excessive inequalities. The French Revolution was a retribution and a restoration by which the nobility who were so regardless of the poor classes were almost utterly wiped away. You follow the devil, and you will surely go to the devil. Sow evil and you'll reap evil. Justice is a two-edged sword, which champions the upright and destroys the wicked. The law of nature is no respecter of persons.

The essence of slavery is the ignoring of the personality of man. You cannot respect the rights of man and despise the man. Man-enslaving systems have always degraded, and even denied the dignity of man. He is regarded as a brute before he is treated as one. The slave master and the slave-owner have always been themselves brutes. They regard not.

We invest our fellowmen with the dignity of our own personality. If we are righteous, the standard of humanity is raised with us. As soon as we are right, our fellowmen have corresponding rights. If we are brutes, our fellowmen will be regarded as brutes. Personality begets responsibility, responsibility considerateness. Systems are only social expressions, and society is never better than its ways. Righteousness makes civilization.

Contemplating society of the past we find that the dignity of the common man was almost universally ignored, and it is only in Christian countries of late that man has even been treated as man. Common man was classified with cattle; his service was a matter of profit and loss. There is to-day noticeable the non-human spirit. There is to-day a tendency to disregard the dignity of man—and very often our regard for him is merely artificial or mechanical. This spirit of regardlessness is not confined to the employers of labor, it is also the spirit of workmen and of all. One workman regardeth not the rights of another. He will often over-reach his fellowman or underbid him just as suits his own interest. When the pseudo-religious talk godliness they mean business and profit. By over-work on the one hand, and over-indulgence on the other, modern society produces a corrupt civilization and false ideals, which are extremely dangerous. Perversion is worse than imperfection.

The instruments of ancient slavery were the whip and the chain; the in—

struments of modern slavery are equally as effectual and binding—viz., competition and want, &c. Man is often hunted into bondage by competition, and is thoroughly enslaved by necessity and the fear of starvation. In former times slaves were hunted, captured and sold; now they do all that for themselves—they sell themselves! Formerly, slaves were enemies, foreigners, inferior races; to-day, they are often neighbors, equals, citizens, and superior morally and intellectually. Progress in wealth, success in business, power to subjugate, palatial residences, liberty to do as we like, and many other magnificent things do not constitute civilization. Some seem to think that a large yearly output of pig iron, or coal, or wonderfully increased exports, or abundant harvests mean civilization; and even some irresponsible philosophers have thought fit to argue that Bessemer steel is a synonym of civilization.

Civilization means righteousness; and righteousness is the result of the good qualities that make for civilization. Civilization is not made of evil, of wickedness, of dishonesty, of injustice, however they are magnified, protected, and fortified with pig iron, coal, cornered wheat and Bessemer steel. Civilization is not the product of blast furnaces, converters or slopes and shafts. It is neither electricity nor gunpowder. Torpedo or Holland boats may be serviceable to execute its demands, but the fullness of civilization will dispense with all modern instruments of progress. Modern instruments of warfare betoken inconsiderateness on the part of nations—they are preparing to uphold their views of things and their supposed rights. In remote ages our rapid firing guns will be regarded as relics of savagery.

OUR ULTIMATUM.

The war clouds gather over head,
Sweet smiling peace away has fled;
Mars hastens armored cap-a-pie,
And heroes shout "We'll win or die!"
Spain! Spain! Beware! Now is the time
To end thy black career of crime!
Away! Thou Dragon of the past!
Thy fate is sealed! The die is cast!

PETER'S ADDRESS.

By Rev. John Hugh Morgan, of Manchester, England.

Acts iii. 11-26.

Faithful servants of God are always quick to seize any suitable occasion for advancing his claims. When the astonished crowd collected round the healed cripple, who in the fervor of his gratitude was clinging to his benefactors, Peter, the ready spokesman, saw what a golden opportunity offered itself for proclaiming his great message. There was an obvious connection between the miracle and the sermon. The miracle prepared the soil, and the sermon sowed the seed. The miracle raised the spirit of religious inquiry, and the sermon satisfied it. After the performance of a miracle, whereby a cripple from his birth was healed by the utterance of a few words, it was natural to expect that the sermon to follow should be in keeping. "Surely it is fair to believe," says John Foster, "that those who received from heaven super-human power, received likewise super-human wisdom. Having rung the great bell of the universe, the sermon to follow must be extraordinary." Such, indeed, was its character. The more closely we search into it, the more deeply are we struck with its qualities, as one of the most remarkable addresses recorded in the Bible, and a model which every religious teacher ought to study and imitate.

1. It is characterized by the spirit of humility. Herein lies a mark of distinction between the Apostles and magicians, whose aim was display and self-glorification. With a glow of holy abhorrence and jealousy for the honor of the Master, they put away the notion that the miracle was the product of any might or merit of their own. In doing this they were but following in the footsteps of their Lord; he ascribed the miracles to God the Father. But as the miracles performed by Jesus were to bear witness of himself, and to glorify him, so also were the deeds performed by the grace and power of God, by means of the disciples, to redound to the honor of Christ, and to make his name great and glorious (Lange). Let us guard against the carnal and idolatrous estimate of means, and look beyond the human instrument to the divine cause. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto thy name give glory, for thy mercy and for thy truth's sake."

2. The address is marked by courage. Sanctified discipline had purified his spirit from the alloy of cowardice, which had marred his conduct in one dark passage of his history. He charges his hearers to their faces with the most fearful of all crimes, and clothes his charge in strength of language before which

outest heart must have quailed. uts them up to the necessity of nt return to God, on pain of finally cut off from the congre- n of the righteous.

nother characteristic of the ad- is tenderness. Having roused earers to a sense of guilt and he soothes their awakened with assurances of pardon and Following the example of his er, who "will not break the d reed, nor quench the smok- ax," "and who doth not afflict gly nor grieve the children of his ultimate aim was not to and confound. He was led to present pain upon his hearers a loving regard for their future verlasting good. Love in its m saw the blows were neces- and now in its tenderness has- to assuage the wounds. Whilst ristian teacher should exhibit arker sides of truth, he should , not with flippant exultation, vith solemn tenderness, and when to introduce the glad s. Men are melted into con- n, not by taunts and reproaches, y love. St. Peter addresses his rs under an appellation (v. 17), shows both courtesy and com- n. He refers to their ignorance ne divine rank of Christ as a ating circumstance in the es- e of their crime. Ignorance ed their guilt, but did not re- it, for ignorance itself may be sult of great guilt, and his mo- n referring to it is to prevent compunction they might feel from sinking into despair. Christ urged this extenuating feature in pleading for his crucifiers. St. Paul affirms the same thing in relation to himself, as one of the reasons why he had obtained pardon for the dark crime of persecution.

4. The address is characterized by rare skill and force in explaining the truth. It embraces the whole of the divine economy within its sweep. Our view is fixed upon the salvation of the human family as promised to Abraham, announced by Moses, predicted by the long line of prophets from Samuel downwards, broadening and brightening under the mild reign of the gospel into long ages of repose, prosperity and joy. From beginning to end the steady aim of the preacher is to exalt Christ: (a) As the source of miraculous energy (v. 12-17); (b) As the fulfillment of prophecy (v. 22-26); (c) As the deliverer from sin and its penalty (v. 18-21). "The doctrine of a suffering Messiah was totally at variance with the current views of the Jewish Church, and hard to digest even by the twelve, up to the day of their Lord's resurrection. Our preacher himself revolted at it, and protested against it when first nakedly announced, for which he received a terrible rebuke. Here he affirms it to be the fundamental truth of ancient prophecy realized unwittingly by the Jews themselves, yet by a glorious divine ordinance. How great a change had the Pentecostal illumination wrought upon his views!" (Cr. and Ex. Com.) To rivet the truth

upon the mind and conscience of his hearers he points to the gradation of their guilt. He contrasts their conduct, although the gospel light had shone upon them with the conduct of heathen Pilate. He also contrasts Barabbas and Jesus; one the destroyer of life, whom the people spared, the other, the dispenser of life, whom the people slew; and further contrasts the conduct of the world in denying and killing Christ with the conduct of the Father in raising and glorifying him. He displays masterly tact in pointing out that the same God who founded the Jewish economy, of which their fathers were the ornaments and supports, now manifested himself in a nobler economy through his Son, whom they rejected. "The God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob, the God of our fathers, hath glorified his son Jesus." The chief agents of the former divine dispensation they revered and loved, the chief agent of the latter, in which the former received its fulfillment, they inconsistently hated and despised. The preacher utilizes the reverence his hearers cherished for the great names of Judaism, to exalt the greater name, which, alas! was but the target of their scorn.

5. Lastly, the address is marked by point and adaptation in applying the truth. St. Peter shows that a man has no claim to salvation on the ground of godly ancestry. His hearers were the heirs of the covenant, but they could not obtain the blessing of Abraham without a personal coming to Christ. He concludes most fitly by urging them to that course; for the benevolent purpose of heaven could not be accomplished save by their personal conversion. They had been looking for a Messiah that would shed outward blessings upon them, but the gift that the true Messiah brought was far nobler, ridding them of the worst evil, and conferring upon them a benefit supreme in value, and lasting in duration.

FIELD OF LETTERS

"Y Geninen" for April has a great variety of excellent articles on interesting subjects. The contents are as follows: Renan, the Celt, by William Jones, M. P., S. R., by the Rev. Evan Jones, M. P.; S. R., by the Rev. Evan Literature—a Trip Through the Ages, by Llew Tegid; Welsh and Norman Surnames, by T. E. Morris, Ll. M., B. A.; Our Literature of To-day, by Brynfab; The Settlement of the Normans in Wales, by the Rev. J. R. Morgan, D. D.; Rowland the Carpenter, by Tafolog; Theology and Religion, by the Rev. E. Keri Evans; Calvinistic Methodism and the Church in Wales, by the Rev. D. Jones, B. A.; The New God, by the "Truth against the World;" the Rev. John Elias and his Critics, by Daniel Davies; Flintshire Welsh, by the Rev. O. B. Jones, F. R. H. S., Poetical Selections, &c.

"Dysgedydd" for April has the usual quota of biographical, theological and religious articles, with church news, events of the month, reports of meetings, scripture lessons and poems. Among the articles are the following: The Late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin, by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; Christ Washing the Disciples' Feet, by the Rev. Owen Evans; Amen, Its Bible Meanings and Use, by the Rev. H. Ivor Jones, Porthmadog; Reminiscences, by O. L.; and Church Discipline, by the Rev. T. Roberts, Mold.

"Cymru'r Plant" is as attractive as usual. Choice pieces and interesting illustrations. Cafe in the East (with illustration); The Lion's Home; The Little One-Eyed Servant; I Saw a Little Flower (A Poem); Tales of Rome; Aberystwyth (with illustration); Wonders of Nature, Competitions; Order of the Harp, &c.

A writer in the "Geninen" for April, discussing the literature of to-day describes the literary market in Wales as being overcrowded, prose writers and poetasters treading on each others' toes in endeavoring to gain precedence in the struggle for fame and notoriety. Those tramping the paths of fame are legions innumerable as the stars in the heavens on a bright wintry night. All these are born knights of the quill, a majority of them literary Don Quixotes, pregnant with great swelling thoughts, which they are unable to reveal to their cotemporaries; in their own opinions great shining lights, but in the estimation of the truly intelligent and learned, mere glow-worms, whose light disappear even with the moon rise.

The "Drysorfa" for April is an excellent number. The Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., has an enjoyable sketch of the life of the Rev. John Roberts, D. D., followed by an excellent paper by the Rev. J. Cynddylan Jones, D. D., on "Higher Criticism;" "Reminiscences of the Rev. Roger Edwards of Mold, and John Jones of Wrexham," by the Rev. Benjamin Hughes, St. Asaph; "Religious Culture," by the Rev. J. Evans, Pontardulais; Monthly Notes, Sunday School Lessons, Editorial Observations, News, Obituaries, &c.

Among Welsh gods, or rather goblins, the greatest is "Our Enwad." Enwad

means sect; and this is the ugliest of our social deities. The Greeks had their Apollo and the Muses, who inspired literature, poetry, drama, art, music, history, &c. But this Welsh abuse of every thing that is intellectual and spiritual is the obstacle in the way of the nationalization of the Welsh people. This spirit of sectionalism and fragmentarianism reigns supreme in every corner and nook of Wales; and its regime extends even into the sweet realms of music and art. Its creed is this—"Our Denomination, first, last and all the time. Our creed, our chapel, our hymns, and woe unto those who live outside the magic circle."

"Wales," as the writer in the "Geninen" proceeds, "how long wilt thou keep thine eyes closed to the evil of this goblin. The Church of England is not thy real foe nor the nightmare that oppresses thee; it is the denominationalism, this crampy, narrow, bigoted spirit of sectarianism." National duties, patriotic aspirations are nothing in the corrupting presence of this goblin. Righteousness and true godliness cannot abide with this mean and contemptible god of bigotry. True worth, goodness and virtue are outlaws and barbarians in the sight of this brainless and heartless sectarianism.

The "Llenor," containing second part of Glasynys' Poems, is out. This number has the following poems: The Springtime; Wild Merlin; Myfanwy Fychan; with several Lyrics of excellence. These numbers of the "Llenor" are published with a commendable purpose, viz. to place one of Arvon's stones on Glasynys' grave. But the parts themselves are really valuable.

In a strictly Puritan community, it is considered beneath the dignity of the Pilgrim on Life's short way to give any of his fleeting hours to idle pastimes, which are looked on, at best, as none other than the Devil's own time-eaters, whilst amongst the gay-hearted and frivolous these things are everything. But Wales cannot be classed in either of these categories. It was once upon a time extremely Puritan in its habits of thoughts, but it is now tending in the opposite direction.—"Young Wales."

"Young Wales" for April has a good number of articles of interest. "The Fascinations of Comparative Philology," by W. T. G. L.; "Taffy's Impressions of Sandy as an Ecclesiastic," by the Rev. Lynon Davies; "The Welsh Intermediate Schools Circle," by J. Trevor Owen, M. A.; "Stones from Babylon," by Teddy Bach; "Welsh Land Reform," by Richard Jones; "Our Sunday Note Book," by William George; "The Night of Welsh History," by Ernest Rhys; "Christian Literature, its Function and Task in the Present Day," by Professor K. Lentzner, Ph. D.; "Among Welsh Members," by T. Artemus Jones; "Howell's Song to Myfanwy" (Poem) by Professor J. Young Evans, M. A.; "Faithful unto Death," by Rhys Rhydderch. The frontispiece is a portrait of S. M. S.

The New Bard ("Y Bardd Newydd," as he is called), plays his part in the literature of to-day. He is not much known and popular, and his productions are not appreciated and understood. He possesses new notions and ideals, and appears to hold popular crotchets in contempt. He is independent—not a professed dissenter, but an actual insurgent against the regime of antediluvian Welsh ideas. There is a tendency in the Welsh mind to reform backwards, and a national movement is liable to be retrospective and retroactive. This new poet faces the future, and his views are diametrically opposed to the interests and peculiarities of Welsh bards. He hates stagna-

tion as much as retrogression, and he desires Wales free from the shackles of antiquity.

An interesting feature of the May "Harper's" is an article by Professor W. T. Hewett on "University Life in the Middle Ages." It presents a vivid picture of the movement that gave birth to modern institutions of learning, and is full of amusing anecdotes. It is illustrated by F. V. du Mond and A. B. Davies after old prints.

Mr. J. E. Southall, of Newport, Mon, the author of "Wales and her Language," announces that he is about to publish several books which ought to be of considerable interest to Welsh readers. One of them is a volume of the unpublished poems of Ossian Gwent. Ossian Gwent whose everyday name was John Davies, was born in Cardigan in 1834, and died as lately as 1892. He was one of the best lyric poets of the last half century. The only volume of his poetry which has as yet appeared is published by Messrs. Hughes and Son, Wrexham, and entitled "Caniadau Ossian Gwent." His best known lyrics are "Y Gwlithyn" and "Yr Ehedydd" the beauty of which ensures them an honored place in every anthology of Welsh lyrics. He apostrophizes the lark in a manner which Shelley need not be ashamed of, although the Welsh ode, of course, is not of so transcendental a character as the well known address to the "blithe spirit" which poured out its "full heart in profuse strains of unpremeditated art." Many poems, some of which are said to approach this lyric in charm, have only appeared hitherto in the columns of the Welsh press. Mr. Southall intends to issue a selection of them in a paper-covered volume.

An enterprising London publishing firm has brought out a reading book specially for use in the day schools of Wales. Although the work is printed in English, it was impossible to speak of notable events in history without bringing in a number of Welsh words. It is just in the attempt to pronounce those words that an otherwise admirable little volume comes to grief. Thus we are told that "Iolo Goch" is pronounced "Goke," which to a Welshman is a "goak" in itself. Then we are gravely assured that "Tynewydd" is pronounced "Te-nay-with," with the accent on the first syllable, and that the proper way to pronounce the name of the father of Llewelyn the Great is "Yor-worth," with the accent on the last syllable.

The fifth number of the "Tadau Annibynol" was issued lately by the Welsh National Press Company, Carnarvon, under the editorship of Mr. L. D. Jones. The work, though slow, is proceeding satisfactorily, and this number dealing with the life of the versatile "S. R.," is in all respects admirable, and will be cordially welcomed as a distinct acquisition to the history of the Nonconformist fathers. The Rev. Keinion Thomas, of Llanfairfechan, skillfully portrays the characteristics of this famous pioneer of reform, and incidentally supplies a graphic picture of Welsh life in the middle of the present century. We are reminded how "S. R." ably advocated the establishment of the penny post ten years before the matter was taken up by Sir Rowland Hill. "Keinion" makes a stirring appeal for a national memorial to the old hero, and declares that if "every one who has reaped the fruits of his labors were to contribute a penny postage stamp to such a fund, 'S. R.' would have the best memorial ever erected in Wales!"

The wanderings of Welsh manuscripts form one of the most curious chapters in the history of Welsh litera-

ture. That the diligent searcher after these missing treasures may even yet be rewarded is well illustrated by the good fortune that recently befell Mr. Gwenogfryn Evans. Mr. Evans found an interesting collection of Welsh manuscripts amongst the effects put up at a recent sale at Moreton-in-the-Marsh. Amongst a number of miscellaneous books was a manuscript volume containing complete collections of the poems of Iolo Goch, Llawdden, Rhys Goch Eryri, and three or four other well known writers, all in the handwriting of the antiquary Robert Vaughan, of Hengwrt. It appears from internal evidence that the book was presented about the year 1763 to the then Vicar of Llandderfel, in Merionethshire, but by what wanderings it got from North Wales to Moreton-in-the-Marsh no one knows.

In the May "Harper's" Professor Andrew Wilson has an article entitled "Some Byways of the Brain." It is of interest as revealing in curious instances of brain-action what is most characteristic of our mental processes; and it is put in such popular form as to be easily intelligible to the lay reader.

In view of the commotion caused by the publication of the Rev. D. Adams' book, "Paul in the Light of Christ," it is interesting to note what the Unitarians have to say on the matter. The note-writer in the "Ymofynydd," the Welsh monthly of that denomination, declares in its December issue that Mr. Adams takes a very advanced view, having regard to the denomination of which he is a member. "When in Cardiganshire," continues the writer, "he was generally regarded as being on the down grade. We have not heard how slippery was the gradient while he resided at Bethesda; but, judging from this book, he cannot be far from reaching the bottom now. There is not much difference between the successor of Hiraethog at Grove Street, and the successor of Dr. Charles Beard in Renshaw Street, though Hiraethog and Beard were themselves as far apart as the poles."

Much interest was taken two or three years ago in the question—Which was the smallest book in the world? According to the "Journal" of the free libraries in Cardiff, the smallest book ever produced in Wales is "Y Pererin sef pigion o Hymnau ar amryw destynau. Llanrwst: Argraffwyd gan John Jones." This was published about fifty years ago. It measures 1⅝ in. by 1 5-16 in., and contains ten hymns in sixteen pages. This interesting curiosity was given to the librarian by Mr. J. H. Davies of Cwrt Mawr, Cardiganshire.

The Gorsedd has lately suffered a good deal at the hands of critics, but Welshmen at least thought that the Eisteddfod itself was an indigenous institution of unquestioned antiquity and prestige. A writer of the "New Ireland Review" for this month, however, propounds a theory which will make the bards and their followers stare and gasp. It is none other than that the Welsh National Eisteddfod is of Irish origin! And all this after the Eisteddfod has been graciously patronizing the resuscitated Feis Ceoil of Ireland! It is hard to believe (thinks the Welsh correspondent of the "Manchester Guardian") that any patriotic Welshman can brook with patience such an aspersion as this. Let the bards get their thunder ready. But what has Scotland, that other thread in "the Celtic fringe," to say to all this? They have in the Highlands a kind of Gaelic Eisteddfod, and it would only accord with the traditions of North Britain to have the claim advanced that the Gaelic festival is the real parent of both the Irish and the Welsh.

SCIENTIFIC

The prayer-cylinders, or wheels, of Tibet are about two feet high, and revolve on a pivot. The prayer is either painted on the outside or is written on a piece of paper, and thrust into a cavity. As the monks pass these prayer-wheels they set them in motion.

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MUSIC AS MEDICINE.

A medico-musical institute has recently been opened in New York for the treatment of bodily and mental disorders. The originator of the scheme is a prominent Russian physician, Dr. Beschinsky, who, as the result of exhaustive experiments, has discovered that music, in which the minor chords abound, produces a sleepy condition in young children that suffer from insomnia, and that other sounds affect the human body in a corresponding manner. The staff of this institute consists of doctors and musicians, the first to diagnose a case, the second to administer the music, either on the flute, the violin, or the piano.

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A BAD HABIT.

The common habit of crossing the legs at the knees when sitting is earnestly protested against, by a writer quoted in "The Health Magazine." It is claimed that this habit "is at least one cause of cold feet, headache, varicose veins, ulcers, and other troubles due to poor circulation in the lower limbs. The reason of this lies in the fact that just under the knee, where the greatest pressure comes in this position, there are large veins, arteries, and nerves, whose walls are pressed together, thus interfering more or less with the circulation and the sensation. It is said that women are more liable to acquire the habit than men, and it may be added that doubtless one reason for this is the height of ordinary chair seats. Will not some one please invent a chair—a common chair—with an adjustable seat, so that, whatever the height of the person, the chair can be made comfortable? For what is more uncomfortable than to be obliged to sit for an hour or more in a straight-backed chair with a seat so high that the toes can barely touch the floor? Small wonder that some relief is sought by crossing the legs. It is noticeable that when low chairs, adapted to the height of the person, are furnished, the legs usually remain straight, and the feet firmly on the floor.

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FLYING MACHINES.

"The danger to which flying-machines would be exposed in aerial navigation can be readily comprehended by an observer on the Atlantic sea-coast, when a heavy storm sweeps across the sea," says "Our Animal Friends," New York. "The most sanguine Darius Greene does not expect the future airship to be as strong and perfect as the powerful-winged birds of the air, and if the latter are tossed about by a strong gale, the fate of the flying-machine would be disastrous. A 'lost' bird in a gale may drift a thousand miles out of its course, and even the petrels have fallen under the dominion of the wind so that they have been cast upon unknown and inhospitable shores."

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"Artificial silk," says "Merck's Report," New York, "is obtained from nitrocellulose by passing collodion through very minute apertures and

drying, and is naturally an extremely combustile material. Before it can be employed for textile purposes this dangerous property is modified by means of a reducing-agent, after treatment with which it loses its properties of deflagration and combustibility. The presence of this body in the fiber enables the admixture of artificial silk with the natural product to be easily detected. Artificial silk dissolved in strong sulfuric acid gives a deep yellow liquid, which, on the addition of a solution of diphenylamine sulfate, gives a deep blue color. The test may be applied directly to the fabric, a piece of which plunged in the reagent will become blue if containing artificial silk, but remains colorless with the natural article."

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PENETRATION OF WATER BY LIGHT.

The depth to which the sun's rays penetrate water has been recently determined by the aid of photography. It has been found that at a depth of 533 feet, the darkness was, to all intents and purposes, the same as that on a clear but moonless night. Sensitive plates exposed at this depth for a considerable length of time gave no evidence of light action.

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FOOT-REST.

The importance of the foot-rest is not widely understood, nor is it sufficiently dwelt upon even by the advocates of various sorts of rest cures. Every woman should know that it is essential to her physical well being that she have a footstool as well as a chair; that a reclining chair, because it removes the weight of the body entirely from the feet, is more restful than even the very American institution, a "rocker," and that in every kitchen a high office stool should form part of the furniture. The maids should be encouraged to sit, so far as possible, at their work. The stool gives a support to the feet by its rounds.

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COMPARE.

It has been the fashion among a certain class of political agitators to speak disparagingly of the probity and effectiveness of American courts. They have not scrupled to cast innuendoes upon our judicial system, which pleases them no better than any other American institutions. It will be instructive for these disciples of unrest, as well as for the rest of us, to mark well the conduct of the Zola trial in Paris. Was there ever a more palpable muzzling of justice? We are too apt to forget how good a land we live in, and to undervalue its blessings. Every time the European veil is lifted, as it is now being lifted in France, that realization comes home to us with increased force.

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COMPLEXION AND STRENGTH.

It is not improbable that there is in brunetteness, in the dark hair and eye, some indication of vital superiority. If this were so, it would serve as a partial explanation for the social phenomenon which we have been at so much pains to describe. If in the same community there were a slight vital advantage in brunetteness, we should expect to find that type slowly aggregating in the cities; for it requires energy and courage, physical as well as mental, not only to break the ties of home and migrate, but also to maintain oneself afterward under the stress of urban life. Selection thus would be doubly operative. It would determine the character both of the urban immigrants and, to coin a phrase, of the urban persistents as well. The idea is worth developing a bit.

umonia, according to an article by W. Moore in "The British Medi- urnal," January 15, is what he a "multiple," or "mixed" infec- hat is, it is not caused by a single but by any one of several, or by than one of these at once. Dr. son, of Bellevue Hospital, claims he onset now is just as sudden as was, yet the date of the crisis has to be so indefinite and suspicious he visitation of the severe epi- of influenza of 1890-91 may have rise to this mixed infection. Dr. asserts that we are already ac- ted with pneumonia caused by ıl varieties of bacillus, and that it improbable that there are many species which can set up the dis- He adduces evidence to prove the organism of erysipelas, influ- Eberth bacillus, anthrax, etc., all give rise to a specific pneu- ı.

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ne species take care for the e of their offspring, and before ng them away teach them to fly, im, or hunt, or fish. Dureau de lle saw falcons, high up in the air, dead mice and swallows in order ach their young to spring upon prey when in rapid flight, and to ate distances; and when the little lets were somewhat larger, they ed living birds instead of dead . American crested ducks teach young to find seeds and to snap at nd aquatic insects.

is generally the female that exer- this care for her offspring, while nale concerns himself little about natter. The female wild duck leads brood to the water, and takes care oose places of no very great depth his first lesson, and trains the nes to hunt flies, mosquitoes, and es. The female of the eider duck y carries her ducklings one by one er beak, escorts them to the deep water, and teaches them to dive for fish. When they are tired she glides under them, takes them on her back, and carefully carries them to the shore. It is undoubtedly very largely by virtue of instinct and ancestral education that birds swim or fly, and the mother has only to invite them to the act by her example; but, for a more complete training, the lessons are very useful, if not necessary.

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THE BORDERLAND OF CREEDS.

It is beginning to be understood that the universals of honesty, virtue, purity, unite men more firmly and kindly than the particulars of doctrine and litany, however sacred and venerable. Instead of drawing men together, unfortunately these appear to drive them apart, and produce a vast number of meeting-houses for the misinterpretation of the Bible and the caricature of the divine.

It is a joyous sign of the times that the sectarian sky, so to speak, is breaking. There are rifts in the clouds, and the spiritual fog, which too many mistake for profound inspiration, is fast clearing away. Manly preachers and workers in every denomination find the basis for common action broadening. People are beginning to recognize that the kinship of humanity is a real phrase, whatever the canons and councils may say. It is because men and women are men and women that they at heart must distrust teachings which would formulate caste and bigotry, and any "holier-than-thou" doctrine in our latter age.

May this borderland widen year by year until the religious shrine becomes less and less an exponent of its own necessarily narrow and imperfect conceptions, and more and more a representative of that broader, uncanonized religion, which is the Hebrew prophet's constant refrain!—Jewish Messenger.

SHALL WE LIVE ON FRUIT?

The fruit-eating craze is possibly the most degenerate of the many recent fads. The fruit-eating and pot-bellied natives of the tropics, and their next lower relatives, the apes, are truly inspiring objects of imitation by civilized man; not even their outdoor and arboreal lives save them from the consequences of a meager and irritating regimen. It is truly pitiful to see the army of neurasthenics, dyspeptics, rheumatics, starving their tissues and acidulating their blood at the beck of a few, to put it charitably, harebrained enthusiasts. It is fair to suppose that a troop of rickety children will later rise up and call them anything but blessed, a fate from which the ape saves himself by abundant potations of river water.

The fact with regard to fruit is, that although it contains little nourishment, it agrees well with many people endowed with a vigorous gastric mucosa, and fairly alkaline blood. To them it brings looseness and joy. In many dyspetic states, it is the first food-stuff to disagree, and to the ill-nourished neurasthenic it is a miserable substitute for the better tissue-builders.

An appeal to the facts of evolution gives little comfort to the cranks of one dietary idea. Primitive man has as hunter and herdsman thriven on an animal dietary. Nuts and fruits have served his turn as well, and encouraged him to the cultivation of the cereals. There is no evidence to show that the people of any nation have become longer-lived or shorter-lived on account of an exclusively vegetable dietary, or that any association of cranks has increased the longevity of its members by any exclusive system whatever.—The Alienist (St. Louis).

The extra consumption of illuminating gas due to fog is well illustrated by some figures given out by London, England, gas companies. These figures reveal the fact that the excess of gas used due to a fog lasting an entire day would be sufficient to supply a town of from 10,000 to 20,000 inhabitants for a year. The total consumption on such a day is about 150,000,000 cubic feet, costing about $120,000, of which amount $40,000 was necessary to pay for the excess due to fog.

Dr. Shrady, the eminent specialist of New York, referring to the recent death of Anton Seidl, ridicules the theory that all ptomaines are poisonous. On some of them, he says, human kind thrives. In a healthy being they help to preserve health. When the system is diseased they may prove fatal. In brief, the theory is, what is one man's meat is another man's poison. The ptomaine is not necessarily dangerous, but in an unhealthy body he gets in his fine work.

Some remarkable observations on the longevity of germs in dust have been recorded by Dr. Miguel, a French biologist. In 1881 some earth was taken from a depth of ten inches in Montsouris Park, dried for two days at 30 degrees C., and then put away in a dark corner of the laboratory, first being hermetically sealed in tubes. On recently opening the tubes after sixteen years it was found that the dust still contained 3,500,000 microbes per gramme, the original number in the soil having been but 6,500,000 per gramme, which the drying record reduced to less than 4,000,000. From the surviving bacteria the tetanus microbe was isolated, and so wonderful was its vitality that it caused death in guinea pigs after an incubation period of two days.

Scotland is now throwing its mantle over the Welsh Eisteddfod. In other words, Mr. MacIntosh is putting up the pavilion for the Festiniog national event.

English Sovereigns have shown a partiality for Welsh harpists. Queen Victoria has her John Thomas; Charles II. had his John Evans, and it is said that the latter had so hard a struggle for the merest necessaries of life that he actually died of starvation while in the Royal service.

Some rejoicings were caused at Cefn, near Ruabon, lately, by the escape of a lion. The natives thought it was one of the four lions from the Royal Arms flying before the Red Dragon of Wales.

Wales over the sea, or the Welsh Colony in Patagonia, is called Gwladfa. The originator of the term Gwladfa is "Llew Llwyfo." "Llew" has a most delicate and musical ear, and could not bear the older form, "Gwladychfa," and so he rounded it down to Gwladfa, a term which is now firmly established in the language.

More Eisteddfodic regulations. The promoters of a North Wales Eisteddfod have decided that no one who has graduated at any college shall be eligible to compete for prizes offered in prose and poetry.

Aberffraw was one of the three royal residences of Wales, and of yore the seat of their principal courts of justice. At present there is only a trifling portion of the walls of the royal palace existing, shown in a part of an old building now used as a barn.

A movement is being initiated (says the London correspondent of the "Cambrian") to obtain the consent of the War Office to the formation of a Welsh Cavalry Regiment. "Owen Rhoscomyl," the well-known novelist, is the originator of the idea, which is gaining a good deal of support among Welsh members and others. Scotland's Cavalry—the Greys—have done great things, and there is no reason to believe that a Welsh Cavalry Regiment would not win as brilliant a record as the Welsh Foot.

It is a peculiar thing that nearly all the sweet shops in Swansea are open on Sunday. The Lord's Day Observance Act has been applied there once or twice, but the sweet shops are still kept open with impunity. One of these tradesmen was asked the other day how this came about, "We sell sweets on Sunday because people carry them to church and chapel to eat them, and so keep awake during the sermon. They are theological commodities. No shop with secular stuff should be allowed to be open, of course."

An enthusiastic Welshman who had been celebrating St. David's Day was sitting on the curbstone waiting for his house to come round. A passing friend taking pity, placed the too ardent celebrant in a barrow and wheeled him home. Arriving at the house, the friend

in need knocked at the door, and said to the wife: "Here's your husband, ma'am; tell him to wheel the barrow back in the morning."

Out of Ireland, in literature at least, the pig has never had his due paid to him. In Wales the pig is a most important factor in rural life, and, as in Ireland, is the "gentleman who pays the rent"—or, better, keeps the larder fat the year round. In "Allen Raine's" new novel, this ancient Philistine is given due place and prominence, and "Lallo's" specimen is just what a cottager's is, lean, loud and lank.

A writer in the "Brython Cymreig," who calls himself "Teryll y Bannau,' endeavors to show that the national flag of ancient Wales was called "Lluman Dewi," St. David's banner, which he thinks was a white cross, quoting in support of his theory a line from some mediaeval poet, "A lluman glan Dewi a ddyrchafant." He thinks also that the name Croeswen (White Cross,) so frequently met with in Wales, is a kind of commemoration of "Lluman Glan Dewi."

For making the Eisteddfod popular and entertaining we owe as much to the Rhondda Valley as to any part of Wales. And now the vale of coal is showing to the world and Pengarnddu how to make it useful as well. In the program of a great gathering to be held there in the summer we note the following: "Bread Competition.--For the best loaf of white bread made from X's extras; prize, a bag of flour (140 lb.), value 18s. For the best loaf of brown bread made from X's wheaten meal; prize, 70 lb. of wheaten meal." And, come to think of it, we fancy we would sooner take the winner of this competition than the winner of the soprano solo to be our wife.

It would seem from a lament in the "Goleuad," the weekly organ of the Calvinistic Methodists, that Conservatism is gaining an increasing hold upon the denomination. The "Goleuad" is dissatisfied with the results of some of the county council contests in North Wales, and exclaims, "The evil of it is that in many of these elections Calvinistic Methodist deacons were themselves either Tory candidates or among the zealous supporters of the most bigoted Tories Wales ever saw."

Someone is sadly to blame for not calling Mr. J. A. B. Williams as a witness at the Cardiff annexation inquiry. Mr. Williams is the engineer to the town's water scheme, and he considers a fourth reservoir at Taff Fawr necessary, for he estimates that in the year 1934 Cardiff and district will have a population of 700,000 persons. This means that in 36 years the inhabitants will have to increase their present number more than four times over—which, to say the least, is sanguine. By that time Cardiff will have swallowed up Penarth, Barry and Newport, and will, doubtless, have greedy eyes upon the unincorporated Merthyr, and also Swansea, that proud swaggerer of the West.

Welsh is not going to die if the Carnarvon people can help it. A notice to the following effect has been posted up in the board room of the Carnarvon Guardians: "Resolved, that all matters discussed at this board be dealt with in Welsh, and no proposal nor any letter shall be placed before the guardians unless the same has been translated into Welsh. It is further resolved that a notice to this effect shall be posted up in the board-room, so that the attention of those infringing this rule may be called to it." There is a monoglot Scotchman on the board, and although he is tolerated to speak in English, any proposition he makes is invariably handed over to a Welsh friend to be translated.

We are reminded by the "Winllan" that Italy owes much—perhaps her lib-

erty—to a Welshman. Captain Lewis of Portmadoc was in one of the Italian ports one day, when he saw a man hurrying towards the ship, just as they were about putting out to sea. Captain Lewis took him on board, and the good ship Confidence started for home. The fugitive for safety was wrapped up in a big, heavy sail, lying on the deck. This was fortunate, for a cruiser ran up, and caught the brig; government officials searched her through and through without success. By and by the cruiser again signalled the ship to stop, but by this time Captain Lewis was approaching English soil, and he clapped on all sail and got off safely. The fugitive was Garibaldi, who was naturally devoutly grateful to the gallant Welsh captain, and, as a memento, gave him a scarf, which was highly prized by the Welshman and his family.

The first Welsh Dissenter is still hale and strong—having witnessed many vicissitudes and weathered many a storm. The Church Steeple at Llangyfelach is said to be the first Dissenter in Wales. This old tower was detached from the old church, and is still standing at a respectable distance from the nave of the present well-restored structure. John Penry, of Cefn Brith, in the parish of Llangammarch, Breconshire, was the first who preached the gospel in Wales without Episcopal ordination after the establishment of the Protestant Reformation. He was violently opposed by the Church party, and denounced as a monster heretic, and was put to death in 1594. The first Nonconformist Church or Dissenting Congregation is said to have been founded in 1635, at Wrexham, North Wales. The first in South Wales was founded at Llanfaches, by the ejected minister of that parish, Mr. Wroth.

A Merthyr pressman who passed through Salt Lake City last year has much to say in its favor. Polygamy has now been abolished, as the scandal could not be allowed to exist side by side with American institutions. The traveler, Mr. A. Edmondes of the "Merthyr Express"—spoke to several Mormons, and he says they seemed to be inured to the one-man-one-wife notion, but they still enthuse about their creed. Of the city itself Mr. Edmondes says: "A beautiful stream of pure water flows through every street, and the thoroughfares are planted with trees. We visited the Tabernacle, which is supposed to possess one of the greatest organs in the world, and were fortunate in entering as one of Greig's masterly compositions was being played upon the splendid instrument, a performance which thrilled us all to the very soul. The acoustic arrangements of this huge building are wonderful. We were in the gallery 250 feet away from the platform, when we were asked to be silent while a pin was dropped to the floor. The sound of the pin as it came in contact with the ground was distinctly heard by us."

Blaengarw is a coal community planted among the hills of Mid-Glamorgan. Here is a picture of the place given by a fanciful writer in "The Home Mission Field of the Church of England": "Here apparently, is a mountain cave, the only fairly accessible approach to which is the road you are now traversing. To left and right, as well as to the front of you stand stately piles, now in pyramids of bare-fringed rocks, now in lofty layers of table land. High up the hill on your right is what is known locally as 'our Alpine Railway.' It is a railroad used by the North Navigation Coal Company for conveying both their workmen and their coal to the adjoining valley, the Ogmore. But it seems quite a toy railway and has always a fascination for visitors. The little engine pulls for all it is worth. Anywhere that a hare could go it seems to be able to travel. It runs up the brown coat sleeve of old Llangeinor Mountain like a mouse, then down over his shoulder and through

the tunnel to the Ogmore; it whisks from side to side with a jointed reptile of a train behind it, and it dashes like a fox across a ledge hanging out like a balcony from a lofty window."

Probably few people know that there is a choice side to every cemetery. Thus in some parts of the globe the eastern portion, without regard to its situation, is always deemed the most desirable. This preference arises from the old tradition that our Lord will appear from the east. It is also believed that the dead in the eastern portion will be the first to rise, then those of the southern, western and northern in order. In England it was once the custom to bury felons and other bad characters on the north side of the church. The custom of laying the dead in a certain direction is responsible for the Welsh designation of the east wind, "The wind of the dead men's feet."

Towards the end of 1895 an appeal was made to the public on behalf of Henry Vaughan's neglected grave at Llansantffread. The result is that the tomb has been well and carefully restored, without touching the inscription. The ground round the grave has been levelled and turfed, the whole being enclosed by a low, plain railing, the gift of the late Dean Vaughan. The yew tree, which was probably there when the poet was buried beneath its shade, has been cleaned of other growths, and its dead branches have been cut away. Around the tomb quantities of snowdrops, crocuses and narcissi poetici and other flowers have been planted. On the two hundred and second anniversary of the poet's death, in Easter Week, 1897, a tablet to the memory of Vaughan was placed on the south wall of the nave in Llansantffread Church. The tablet is surrounded by a deeply-carved wreath of oak leaves and acorns in pink Penarth alabaster. In the center, on a panel of white Sicilian marble, the inscription (written by the late Dean of Llandaff) is cut and leaded.

One of the shrewdest observers we have in Wales pooh-poohs this red dragon agitation. It's an ugly beast at best, he says, and nobody ever seems to have seen one alive or dead. As a wild beast, he adds, the Welsh rabbit is a far more desirable creature than the red dragon, but the Welsh rabbit, although popular wherever it is known, could not easily be added to the Royal Standard. Nobody has ever seen a pictorial representation of the Welsh rabbit. It is a creature of inwardly satisfying nature, but it does not lend itself to effective pictorial effect. There are difficulties in the nature of the Welsh rabbit that tell against incorporating it in the Royal Standard. The red dragon is too dreadfully wild looking for a pleasing picture. The Welsh rabbit, on the other hand, does not look like a creature of spirit. If it could be represented in a belligerent attitude on the Royal Standard, and if a sort of tract-distributing air could be given to the dragon, then something nationally satisfying could be, perhaps, achieved. But who ever saw a Welsh rabbit rampant or a red dragon couchant? The only time when a Welsh rabbit is really rampant is after it has passed finally out of sight, but not out of mind, and is still to memory more than dear.

Some important historians in tracing the origin of the Welsh and whence they first came to this country, say that they came hither from a place called Defrobani, and that this was situated in an island in the Indian Ocean, which they designate as the Isle of Ceylon. This can only be admitted so far as it seems to refer to the cradle of the human race to Asia. This allusion to Defrobani may be, I think, explained without going so far as the Indian Ocean, since the word which seems to have caused so much confu-

sion appears to be a Welsh compound word "dwfr" and "bannau," the Dourobaniau and Dovoberniau, of the Romans, and our modern Dover—the water heights—"Shakespeare's Cliff." The Straits of Dover was easily crossed over in canoes from the coast of Gaul, and the immigrants landed at Defrobani, and in progress of time and distance of places the tradition prevailed amongst the first settlers in this isle that they came from Defrobani instead of landing at Defrobani. As years rolled on the place and the situation of Defrobani were forgotten, but the name was current amongst posterity, and some who wished to make a great people a noble people, and perhaps an aristocratic people of the first settlers here, must go to the Indian Ocean so to do; or what is very probable, failing to discover what was meant by Defrobani, they made it more puzzling still by placing it at an enormous distance, far enough out of the reach of ordinary persons. It is very clear that the first settlers came to this country from Gaul, the modern France.

In a leading article on the "Irish Feis Ceoil of 1898" (the programme of which has just been issued to the public), the "Freeman's Journal" says:—"The programme of the Irish Feis Ceoil is a varied one. The prizes for competition make a very long list, and we are glad to see that the executive have not stinted their encouragement to choral singing. The Choral Society and the choral class are not as popular institutions as they ought to be in Ireland. The natural musical taste and 'ear' of the people are not less marked in Ireland than in Wales. But in the latter country almost every village has its excellent choir. A remarkable example of the extent of popular musical culture in Wales was shown recently in the case of the strike at Lord Penrhyn's quarries. The strikers had their choir—the Bethesda Choir—and it went on tour to London and the chief English cities, singing to raise funds for the strikers' families. It is not that the muse may be harnessed to the Trades Union in Ireland that the suggestion of Welsh example is made. But the lives of the people would be greatly brightened, the spirit of refinement strengthened, and even religion helped by the better culture of an art that has served through all the centuries as its faithful handmaiden. The efforts of the Feis Association to develop choral singing will, therefore, we trust, be highly successful. Should the result of the festival at Belfast next May realize expectations, we may regard the Feis as permanently established. But to make it the success that it ought to be we must remember that the enterprise still needs national co-operation. The time will come when the Feis Ceoil will pay for itself, but the time may not be just yet. The Belfast Feis Committee deserve every assistance."

Apropos of the fact that the Society of Friends have just opened a new meeting house at Llandrindod Wells, we are reminded that the Friends at one time exercised considerable influence in Mid-Wales; in fact, as far back as 1657 they had a meeting house in Radnorshire. In recent years there has been a revived interest in their form of worship, so that the new place of meeting at Llandrindod is the third opened since 1890 in that district. In the success of this new effort all Evangelical Free Churches will heartily rejoice.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

Lord Bute has guaranteed a hundred pounds to the Festiniog National Eisteddfod.

Poor William Rees, the centenarian pig-killer, has been exaggerated into a national hero, and we hope that his exploits will be fittingly celebrated by Sir Lewis Morris in an "a-pig" poem at the next National Eisteddfod.

Cowper had Welsh blood in his veins. The poet refers to the matter in a letter written to Lady Hesketh on March 25, 1791. In that letter Cowper states: "I have Welsh blood in me, if the pedigree of the Donnes says true."

When the Bishop of St. Davids held an ordination recently at Lampeter Parish Church, the service throughout was conducted in Welsh. It is stated that this is the only instance on record of the Welsh ordination service having ever been used.

Welsh admirers of Mr. Gladstone will be interested to learn that the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle, is engaged on a life of the great English commoner. The work, which will be written in Welsh, is to be completed in six monthly parts. Each number is to consist of about 64 well-printed pages, and will be issued at a popular price.

Alfred the Great had for his teacher an old Welsh monk, by name Asser Menevensis, called by the bardic fraternity Bardd Glas y Gadair.

Here's a story they are telling down West Wales. An old man when called as a witness before the magistrates by mistake mounted the steps to the bench instead of the witness-box. "Do you wish to be a magistrate?" asked the senior magistrate. "Well, sir," said the witness "I'm an old man, and maybe I'm not fit for much else."

An old Welsh deacon prayed the Lord to prosper some denominational work then pending, and then asked the congregation to elect him on the committee of ways and means to see it done.

The Rev. J. Gwynoro Davies, Barmouth, has declined the call to the pastorate of Salem Methodist Church, Aberystwyth, which has been offered him. He has been obliged to resign his pastorate at Barmouth, owing to ill-health, and has been advised to take at least six months' rest.

That mysterious Druidic sign which "Morien" calls a tripod, and which he works into nearly everything he writes, is the envy of other scribes. They feel at a disadvantage, and regard the tripod as a point—or rather three points—scored against them every time it is used.

The condition of the Bishop of Bang[illegible] who is suffering under a paralytic se[illegible] ure, is more satisfactory. His lordsh[illegible] is able to take nourishment more free[illegible] and is allowed to leave his bed for [illegible] few hours daily.

The efforts of the committee appoint[illegible] at the Llandudno National Eisteddf[illegible] for securing a Civil List pension [illegible] Hwfa Mon, the Archdruid of Wales, [illegible] recognition of his services for over h[illegible] a century in connection with Welsh [illegible] it

erature and the Eisteddfod, have been crowned with success, but the official announcement of the fact will not be made until June.

This is all that is left of a poetical torpedo which J. B. Lodwick, of Youngstown, O., threw into the office last week.

McKinley, brave and truest,
"Remember the Maine."
Our nation, strong and kindest,
"Remember the Maine."
The starving men in Cuba,
Our dead heroes in Havana,
All praying for Columbia
To remember the Maine.

The other day a Welsh Nonconformist minister got up on Sunday morning without a subject for a sermon. Meeting a deacon, he asked, "What shall I preach about?" "Oh," was the answer; "give it to the theatres or the brewers; they haven't a friend in the town—at any rate, they haven't in our chapel, or, if they have, we'll find it out that way!"

Wales' claim to be represented with the other countries on the National Flag finds a sympathetic supporter in "Mr. Punch," whose sparkling pages are illustrated with a capital sketch of Mr. Alfred Thomas, M. P., arm in arm with the famous Welsh dragon. The picture is from the pencil of Mr. E. T. Reed, son of Sir Edward Reed, the old member for Cardiff.

A little war has been declared in the London "Kelt" over the remains of Dafydd ap Gwilym. One writer contends that he was buried in Strata Florida Abbey, the Westminster Abbey of Wales; others, however, maintain that his last resting place is Talley Abbey, a view the origin of which the writer in question attributes to "Iolo Morganwg." Hadn't Mr. Fowler, Mr. Storrie, "Morien," and one or two more bone-hunters better take a mattock and shovel each to Talley and set the question at rest once and for all?

Bonwr Jones' new book on the Welsh Colony in Patagonia, if it does nothing else, will go far to show that good, sound, strong, sturdy Welsh needs not the aid of the "double ff" crutches to walk. This old Welsh savant simply uses one "f," and for the consonant which represents the soft labial he invariably employs "v" He ought to go the whole "hog," and substitute single signs for "th," "dd," "ch," &c.

A Welsh brewer was recently a candidate at a local election. His opponent was a working man, who was one day taunted for his impudence in coming forward against such an august personage. "You are not educated," was the candid remark made to him. "Maybe," he replied, "but I would have been if my father had not educated my opponent!" It is only necessary to add that his sire was fond of the cup that inebriates.

One of the clerical staff of St. Michael's College, Aberdare, had an engagement to preach in a place twelve miles away at six o'clock on Sunday night. He lost the five o'clock train, but a clergyman in these days is not dependent on railways alone. Calling at the high-constable's residence and securing the loan of that gentleman's bicycle, he tied his cassock on the handle-bar, donned a cap, and, mounting the machine, he raced to his appointment, getting there in good time, without any more serious mishap than knocking up against two horror-struck Methodist deacons on their way to chapel.

Johannesburg Welshmen were emphatically loyal on St. David's Day. Mr. James Lewis, once of Porth, but now landlord of a big hotel (the Park Hotel) near the railway station, stretched "Croesaw i'r Cymry' ("Welcome to the

Welsh") above his front entrance; Mr. David E. Jones, late of Glynarten, had "Cymru am Byth" ("Wales forever") across his Arcade Bar, while Mr. Goodman, a good man from Pontypridd, bade welcome to the Guild-hall Bar to all his countrymen with the words, "Cymry dewch at y Cymro" ("Welshmen, come to the Welshman").

A farmer was driving a Welsh preacher from Bridgend to the Vale of Glamorgan. The reverend gentleman was a strict teetotaler, and he soon grew eloquent on his favorite subject. "You are quite right," said the farmer, "I believe in every word you say." Seeing a large stone jar in the cart, the preacher asked what it contained, and the farmer said it was beer. "Man," exclaimed the astonished preacher, "if you believe in what I have been telling you, why don't you pour it out?" "Well, you see sir," said the farmer, "the beer is between my brother and me—a gallon each." The preacher promptly retorted, "You can pour your half out." "No sir, I can't," said the farmer, "it's my brother's half on top."

We are asked to believe that the increase in the Radical majority in Pembrokeshire is due to the eloquence of Mrs. Wynford Phillips. "It is a mercy," writes a bachelor Tory, "that she didn't appear on the scene earlier in the contest, or there wouldn't have been a single Unionist vote polled, for the Tory agents, candidate and all, would have done as she told them. I verily believe that woman could talk London out of its Toryism if she tried." Mrs. Phillips, by the way, is by common consent the most eloquent lady speaker in the Radical party.

Miss A. J. Davies, one of Wales' educational pioneers, who has seven times been returned on the Liverpool School Board, and on the last occasion at the head of the poll, has just declined to be made the recipient of a public testimonial at the hands of her fellow-citizens, and the money subscribed will be in due course returned. A suggestion is now made to retain the money to found a "Miss Davies' Scholarship" for Welsh children at the Liverpool Board Schools.

A valuable article appears in the current number of the "Geninen" from the pen of Mr. Daniel Davies, Ton, in refutation of a certain unjust criticism of the pulpit oratory of John Elias. The critic, fastening on the word "atal dweyd," which occurs in one of Eben Fardd's awdlau with reference to the Welsh Chrysostom, hastily concluded that John Elias stuttered! Mr. Davies adduces overwhelming proof against such an insinuation, and leaves the great Anglesey preacher where all generations have unanimously placed him, namely at the head of the list of great Welsh pulpit orators.

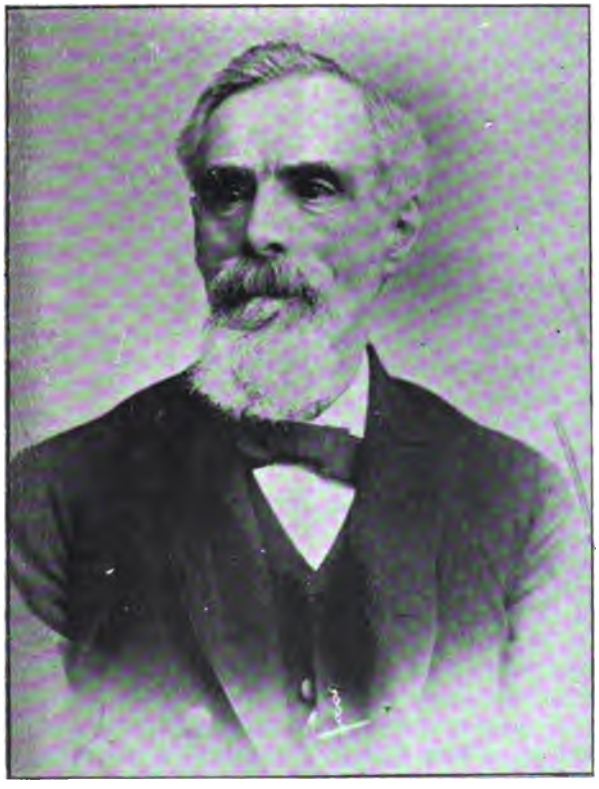
Mr. Alfred Thomas, M. P., has been telling the "British Weekly" that Welsh is becoming a fashionable language these days. "When I was a boy," he said, "well-to-do people did not care to have their children taught Welsh. They thought it might injure their prospects in life. The language was chiefly used among the humbler classes. Now, the more wealthy classes are anxious to make their children familiar with the Welsh language. This is one effect of the remarkable growth of national enthusiasm which has taken place during my lifetime."

Two of the oldest living Baptists are natives of Montgomeryshire. Mrs. Mary Edwards, an old lady of 93 summers, who is a member of the Baptist Church at Lansford, Pennsylvania, was baptized 83 years ago in the river Severn near Llanidloes, by the Rev. Abel James, who in his day was one of the giants of the Welsh pulpit. The other is Mr.

Richard Humphreys, Newtown's "grand old man," who stands at the threshold of his centenary. He was baptized in the Severn at Newtown on the first Sunday in June, 1822, by the late Rev. John Jones. Richard is still hale and hearty, and is to be seen in his walks abroad almost daily.

THE LATE REV. JOHN R. DANIEL.

One of the leading ministers of the C. M. Church of Wales in this country passed away at his home, Engedi, Wis., Wednesday, March 23, viz: the Rev. J. R. Daniel. Mr. Daniel was highly thought of and revered as a man of ability. who had devoted his whole life



to the service of God. The house of God and His work were always near his heart, and his goodness and godliness had ever been known within a large circle of churches. He was raised among his people to the highest position as Chairman of the General Assembly of the Welsh C. M. He led a pure and active life, and will long be remembered and honored as a good and faithful servant of Christ, who had used the small advantages of his whole life to the best and most Christian purposes. The last literary work he performed was a sketch of the life of the Rev. Griffith Roberts, Lake Crystal, Minn., whose "Life and Sermons" will soon be issued from the "Drych" office.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE DECLARATION CONCERNING CUBA.

After one of the hardest fought battles between the two houses in many years, Congress at an early hour Tuesday morning, April 19, came to an agreement upon the most momentous question it has dealt with within a third of a century. This means the expulsion of Spain from the island of Cuba by the armed forces of the United States. There were many roll calls in both Houses, and each body held tenaciously for its own resolution.

The resolution as finally adopted is that reported from the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, with the addition of the fourth section disclaiming any intention on the part of the United States to acquire Cuba. The resolution as agreed to is as follows:

Whereas, the abhorrent conditions which have existed for more than three years in the Island of Cuba so near our own borders have shocked the moral sense of the people of the United States, have been a disgrace to Christian civilization, culminating as they have, in the destruction of a United States battleship, with 266 of its officers and crew while on a friendly visit in the harbor of Havana, and can not longer be endured, has been set forth by the President of the United States in a message to Congress of April 11, 1898, upon which the action of Congress was invited; therefore

Resolved, First, that the people of the Island of Cuba are, and of right, ought to be free and independent.

Second, that it is the duty of the United States to demand and the government of the United States does hereby demand that the government of Spain at once relinquish its authority and government in the island of Cuba and withdraw its land and naval forces from Cuba and Cuban waters.

Third, That the President of the United States be and he hereby is directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States and then call into actual service of the United States the militia of the several states to such extent as may be necessary to carry these resolutions into effect.

Fourth, That the United States hereby disclaims any disposition or intention to exercise sovereignty in or control over said island except for the pacification thereof, and asserts its determination whenever that is accomplished to leave the government and control of the island to its people.

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SPAIN CHARACTERIZED BY BUCKLE.

Forty years ago the famous historian Buckle wrote the following sentences, as true to-day as then, in characterization of Spain: "There she lies at the further extremity of the continent, a huge and torpid mass, the only representative now remaining of the feeling and the knowledge of the Middle Ages. And what is the worst symptom of all, she is satisfied with her own condition. Though she is the most backward country in Europe, she believes herself to be the foremost. She is proud of everything of which she ought to be ashamed. She

is proud of the antiquity of her opinions; proud of the strength of her faith; proud of her immeasurable and childish credulity; proud of her unwillingness to amend either her creed or her customs; proud of her hatred of heretics, and proud of the undying vigilance with which she has baffled their efforts to obtain a full and legal establishment on her soil."

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The population of Spain is seventeen millions five hundred and fifty thousand two hundred and sixteen. Over 200,000 Spanish soldiers have been sent to Cuba within the past few years to suppress the revolution there. A large number of these have been killed by the Cubans, and many have died of disease. Just how many still remain is not positively known, but it is said to be less than 100,000. Spain has a total active army of 120,000 men on a peace footing, which is raised to 480,000 men, with 510 guns, on a war footing. The colonial forces, including militia, number 236,000.

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The horrors of four centuries of Spanish cruelty in America are about to end. No more oppression for the Cubans, no more tyranny for Porto Rico!

It was reserved to this generous and noble nation the glory of ending Spanish sovereignty on this continent. Well might that barbarous people, degenerated inquisitors of the human race, invoke the assistance of the world. In vain will they pretend with fallacious arguments to deceive the other nations, appearing as innocent victims of this country. Not one single voice of sympathy will be heard for the Spaniards. A mute spectator will be the world in the most important event of this century of progress and liberty. The most powerful, liberal and humane people punishing the most treacherous and cruel of the nations!

WAR DECLARED.

Monday, April 25, Congress formally declared war to exist between the United States and Spain. Secretary Sherman resigned as chief of the State department, to be succeeded by Asssistant Secretary Day, and the latter by John B. Moore of New York, an acknowledged authority on international law; and the war department called on the several states for their quota to the volunteer army of the United States. The action of the President in recommending a formal declaration of war was hailed by officials in every direction as putting the present struggle on a more dignified basis.

This is the form of the Declaration:

First—That war be, and the same is, hereby declared to exist, and that war has existed since the 21st day of April, A. D. 1898, including said day, between the United States of America and the Kingdom of Spain. Second—That the President of the United States be, and he is hereby directed and empowered to use the entire land and naval forces of the United States, and to call into the actual service of the United States the militia of the several States to such extent as may be necessary to carry this act into effect.

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At last the period of wearing suspense has come to an end, and the die of fate is cast. Spain has opened the gates of the Temple of Janus, and the American nation, taking no step backward, goes forward to seek with the sword a quiet peace under liberty for long-misgoverned Cuba.

It is needless to say that, whatever may have been the differences of opinion among the American people in reference to the disposition of the Cuban problem in the past, there has been, since the definite recognition by the Washington authorities that a condition of war existed, but one spirit ani-

mating the citizens of the great republic. That spirit is manifested in a resolute determination to support with all the resources of the republic the Government which has pointed out the path along which the solution of the problem is to be found. It is well known that the representatives of the business interests of the country, mindful of the havoc and destruction and economic derangement which follow in the wake of war, have earnestly hoped for an adjustment of the difficulty which would be compatible with the maintenance of peace, but now that the country has embarked upon the struggle they will shrink at no sacrifice to aid the Government in carrying through its purpose.

This spirit has already found expression in a variety of ways which should convince all the world that, behind the deliberate resolutions of the constituted authorities of the nation, there is to be found solidly massed the energy, the purpose, and the perseverance of a strong and united people, who have behind them no traditions but those of victory.—Bradstreet.

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SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CUBA.

Cuba is already virtually lost to Spain. But with the departure of the Spanish soldiers, the Cubans will find themselves confronted by many problems, of which the financial, difficult as that is sure to be, will be the very least.

The Insurgent government is a nebulous affair, and with the island independent chaos is likely to be long continued. No people of Latin origin has ever yet shown any capacity for a government of the people and by the people. Such capacity is of slow growth and comes only with generations of experience in self discipline. The history of the South American republics affords no very reassuring hopes for Cuba's future.

The Cubans will need a strong, honest, intelligent, efficient administration of their affairs, long after independence has been achieved, which shall gradually train them in the duties of citizenship. But how they are to get this kind of administration is the great problem.

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Old Cairo is changing visibly. The electric tramway to the Pyramids is an accomplished fact, and the eight mile trip—before so expensive—is now possible for a few pence. Ismail's great causeway will in no way be spoiled, as the rails have been laid right along the side of the avenue, and, indeed, are scarcely noticeable.

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AT A CONFEDERATE RE-UNION.

I met those 'federates to-day,
And heard that rebel yell,
Which led me to the far away,
Where my lone brother fell.

We had a mother good and kind,
That taught us both aright;
But then opinion turns the mind
As foes we went to fight.

Our mother loved that starry flag,
But then, her native state
Sent warnings from the mountain crag
That brothers love and hate.

My brother wore the homespun gray
While I was clothed in blue;
We kissed our mother on that day—
It was our last adieu!

My brother Joe sleeps in the tomb,
While I am left to live;
Our mother's grave beneath the bloom
Whose meaning is "forgive."

I met those 'federates to-day,
I grasped each well-worn palm;
And each pulsation seemed to say
That everything was calm.

Ardmore. D. F. Griffith.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

UP TO DATE.

A pithy phrase is on the wing
We hear it much of late;
In speaking well of any thing
We say, it's "up to date."

However good a thing may be,
And though its worth be great,
We can no merit in it see
Unless it's "up to date."

We deem not good the wheels we ride
Unless they're ninety-eight,
Ana books are often cast aside
Unless they're "up to date."

One thing we venture to maintain,
'1nough painful to relate,
The present war with bloody Spain
Is surely "up to date."

And when this grievous strife will end
However soon or late,
The victory gained, we can depend,
Will be quite "up to date."

—J. D. Morgan.

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A curious spectacle is to be witnessed on Sundays in the pretty little church of Hampden—always associated with the memory of John Hampden. For there are to be seen a peer of the realm, his wife, and the stone-breaker to the parish council, all assisting in divine worship. The Earl of Buckingham reads the lessons, the countess plays the organ, while the stone-breaker plays the useful part of verger.

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Some spicy Bismarckiana are being retailed by a German who served as the chief clerk in the chancellor's office for many years. One day at dinner Bismarck speaking of love and hate, remarked that one was as powerful as the other. "Two things are indispensable to me," he said; "my wife to love and Windthorst to hate." Windthorst was a parliamentary leader in the opposition. Coming into his office one morning looking fagged, the prince cried: "I could not sleep. I had a hating fit all night." The world already suspected that Bismarck was not only a prince, but a prince of haters, and these anecdotes confirm the impression.

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Josef Hoffman, the pianist, has a scientific turn of mind, which, if promise be borne out, is likely to profit him as much in fame and pecuniary reward as his piano-playing. He has a laboratory in his Berlin home, and, although he is especially devoted to electricity, he has already developed and patented an automobile carriage to cost but a moderate sum, a pair of folding skates, and a bicycle of great strength. Hoffman is very fond of bicycling, but his father has been in constant fear of just such accident as recently befell the young pianist. The bicycle he rides while in Berlin was built exactly after his specifications.

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CURIOUS FEATURE OF EASTER.

A curious feature in the services of the Roman Catholic Church on Easter Sunday is the paschal candle, a huge wax candle, richly painted and decorated with flowers. It has, moreover, five spikes inserted in it, which are

filled with spice. They represent the wounds of Christ, and the candle itself when lighted signifies His resurrection. In the Greek and Armenian churches the paschal candle is divided into three branches, to represent the Trinity.

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McKINLEY'S NOBILITY.

Mr. McKinley has just received from an Irish lady who is in America a timely present in the shape of some photographs of the thatched cottage and its neighborhood where his great-grandfather lived, and where his great-uncle, Francis McKinley, was hanged during the rebellion of '98. This was in Dervock, near Ballymoney, County Antrim, whose inhabitants to-day are said to be proud of the fact that the Chief Magistrate of the United States is a son of "Ould Ireland."

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TURN HIM OUT.

A parish beadle is Scotland was much exercised at the appearance of a strange old gentleman, who, when the sermon was about to begin, took an ear trumpet in two parts out of his pocket and began screwing them together. The beadle watcned him until the process was completed, and then going stealthily up, whispered, "Ye mauna play that here! If ye dae, I'll turn ye oot!"

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FIRST AND LAST.

A woman who was once the "First Lady in America" is now an inmate of the Louise Home in Washington, with a pension of 8 dollars a month to live on. This is Mrs. Letitia Tyler Semple, the daughter of President John Tyler, who, on the death of her mother in 1842, took her place as the social head of the American Executive. Her pension is dervied as the wdow of a naval officer, and, as she is without any other means of support, and the slender sum is not enough for her needs, she has been reduced to the scarcely dignified position of asking one of the United States Senators to get her pension increased. She is related to three other Presidents besides her father—namely, James Monroe, William Henry Harrison, and Benjamin Harrison.

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EASTER EGGS.

The exchange of eggs at Easter was formerly a religious observance, the custom dating back to the very earliest days of the Christian Church. In many European countries, notably France and Russia, it is still religiously observed. Among the Russian peasantry the exchange of visits and eggs on Easter Day is very common, being accompanied by the salutation "Christ is risen!" the usual response being "He is, indeed!" In France, begging for eggs on the part of the village children is very popular, while in Italy hundreds and thousands of eggs are blessed by the clergy, previously to being distributed among the people as charms against many spiritual and bodily ills.

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HEROIC.

The statue of President Kruger of the Transvaal, which is soon to be unveiled at Pretoria, will be of bronze and fourteen feet high. A Dutch sculptor, Mr. Van Bouw, has the commission, and is working on it in Rome. In front of the president, on his pedestal of red granite, will stand the figures of four gigantic Boers, two in colonial garb, and two in latter day campaigning uniform. The president himself will be represented in his usual costume, a long frock coat, baggy trousers, roomy boots, and a two-foot hat, round of crown and curly of brim. Oom Paul lately dispatched from Pretoria to Rome one of his well worn hats for a model, and it has already been cast in plaster.

A SERMON ON MONEY.

A colored exhorter said recently, in the course of a sermon on "Money, the Great Evil:"

"My brotherin, money causes mo' trouble in dis worl' dan anyt'ing I know on. Fac'is, de devil is in do dollar. When I see a man wid a pocket full er money, I say ter myself, 'Dar's a man what needs a guardeen,' an I feels des like takin him home an lockin up dat money fer him. Ef any er you in de hearin er my voice is got money on yo' pusson, bring it right heah, an lay it on do altar an go yo' ways an lemme pray over it till a blessin come ter it. Doan wait ter count it; des come forward an unload!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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MARK TWAIN'S CURE FOR INSOMNIA.

In Mr. Michael Davitt's book on Australia there is an interesting passage recording Mark Twain's advice to him how to avoid insomnia: "I began the search for a cure by drinking a glass of beer going to bed. This gave a little relief for a short time. Then I exchanged my beer for a prescription of two ounces of whiskey. This worked the desired cure. It proved a real remedy, so much so that I began to like my medicine. The two ounces of 'Scotch' grew into five ounces. Then the trouble began again. It was the old story of taking too much of a good thing. The five ounces sent me off all right, and brought about a kind of angelic sensation in my head; but in a couple of hours sleep would leave me, and the old trouble come back to stay all night. I then sought another remedy, and found it. Yes, sir, an infallible remedy. I got hold of it by accident. It was a child's German grammar! I began to read it on lying down. I never got through a single page at a time. Sleep came along and never gave the grammar a chance. Try it, and you will find it a dead certain cure. I tried hard to induce the late General Grant to adopt it, but I could not succeed. Otherwise he might not have died so soon."

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AS MUCH AS HE COULD DO.

A very eccentric character once happened to be selected as a juror in a murder case. The lawyers regarded him as a weak man who would be influenced by the other jurors. The first ballot taken in the jury-room showed eleven for conviction and one blank ballot. Inquiry traced this blank ballot to the eccentric character. He was argued with, but to no purpose. He told the jurors he would have nothing to do with the affair. When pressed, he thus explained his position: The whole thing was really a domestic affair between the prisoner and his wife (the murdered woman); he could not help it if the prisoner happened to kill his wife; it would be indelicate for him to interfere; it was as much as he could do to keep his own wife in order, and he would not be bothered by another man's wife. The jury was obliged to bring in a disagreement.—Literary Digest.

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NO DIVISION.

God does not mean us to divide life into two halves—to wear a grave face on Sunday, and to think it out of place to even so much as mention Him on a week-day. Do you think He cares to see only kneeling figures and to hear only tones of prayer, and that He does not also love to see the lambs leaping in the sunlight, and to hear the merry voices of the children as they roll among the hay? Surely their innocent laughter is as sweet in His ears as the grandest anthem that ever rolled up from the "dim religious light" of some solemn cathedral. And if I have written

anything to add to those stories of innocent and healthy amusement that are laid up in books for the children I love so well, it is surely something I may hope to look back upon without shame and sorrow (as how much of life must then be recalled) when my turn comes to walk through the valley of shadows. —Lewis Carroll.

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FUN IN COURT.

At a Dublin County court recently I was very much interested in the following case:

Judge—Who is it that brings the allegation against the prisoner at the bar?

X 99—Plaze, Y'ur Wurshup, Oi'm the allegator.

Judge—What's the charge?

X 99—Well, plaze Y'ur Wurshup, Oi was on my bate, as usual, when Oi saw a man with a box creating a disturbance in the road. "What are ye doing there?" says Oi. "Oi'm going to lave that box here," says he. "Shure ye can't lave it there," says Oi. "Well. Oi've left it there," says he. "Come out of that," says Oi. "Oi'm not in it," says he. "It's ag'inst the law," says Oi. "You're a liar," says he, "It's ag'inst the window." With that Oi struck him and missed him. Thin Oi hit him ag'in in the same place, but he hits me a blow on the nose with his fist, and says, "A friend in need is a friend indeed."—Answers.

PAPA ISN'T HOME TO-DAY.

"O Papa, Papa," There she comes again,
To tell me of some other tale of pain;
I wish I had a leisure hour to kiss
Away her sorrow into childish bliss!

But that I cannot do, the week is gone,
And neither of my sermons yet is done,
And well you know that men who cry for bread,
Will not take stones when offered in its stead.

"O Papa, Papa," What a silent thrill
That piercing cry strikes through my tutored will;
But to allow her now to enter in,
And then neglect my work would be a sin.

"O Papa, open door, me, baby, cry"—
My soul be still she almost heard that sigh,
She won't stay long, Ha! there she goes away,
And sadly says, "Papa isn't home to-day!"

"Yes, darling, Papa's home," I loudly cried;
Then swiftly swung the fastened door aside,
And fondly kissed away the last sad trace
Of sorrow from her disappointed face!

It was the thought that I may soon implore
Ere long admission at the heavenly door,
That stirred my soul; for when that night will come
I want my Father then to be at home.

Radnor, O. J. V. STEPHENS.

THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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A SUMMER TOUR IN NORTH WALES.

By Thomas L. James.

ıe majority of American tourists make a summer trip to Great ıin start for London, the moment steamer touches Liverpool. They look the fact that they are within ty miles of Wales, the Switzerland he British Isles, a country unlled for its wild, romantic scenery, full of interest on account of its ıric associations. A Welshman by ent myself, I have made several through this beautiful land, and purpose of this article is to point some of its most remarkable fea-ȝ. Much of this information will ɔtless be familiar to those Welsh-who are "native and to the manborn," but I hope it may serve to ɛen the interest of the younger gen-on of Welsh-Americans who may yet have taken a journey to the of their ancestors, and also that article may direct the attention of ɛlers generally to a picturesque on of the globe which it will well y them to visit.

has been said that many people ɛate about visiting Wales on account of what seems to them the unpronounceable names of places.

Burnham, the poet, says:

" For the vowels made use of in Welsh are so few
That the A and the E and the I, O and U
Have really but little or nothing to do.
And the duty, of course, falls the heavier by far
On the L and the H, and the N and the R.
The first syllable Pen is pronounceable; then
Come the LL and two HH, two FF and an N."

But the Welsh language is really simply and systematically arranged, and a person, with very little trouble, will soon get an insight into it. There are many words and particles which frequently occur in the names of Welsh places; e. g., ab or (ap), prefixed to the names of persons, signifies "the son of;" *Bettws*, a station, a place between hill and vale, a chapel of ease; *Caer*, a wall or mound for defence, a fort, a city; *Carn*, a heap, a prominence; *Penrhyn*

(or *Penryn*), a headland or cape; *Y*, or *Yr*, the, etc., etc. To those who are studiously inclined and interested in the subject of language, the Welsh tongue, so scholars state, furnishes a most profitable and pleasurable source of investigation. It is remarkable for the abundance of its grammatical permutations, and its facility in forming derivatives and compounds. Of the former, two examples may be given by way of illustration. The Welsh word for "father" is *tad*; for "my," *fy*. But you cannot say for "my father," *fy tad*. After *fy*, every word beginning with *t* must change the *t* to *Nh*; and, therefore, the correct phrase is *fy Nhad*. So after *ei*, *tad* becomes either *dad* or *thad*, according as *ei* means "his" or "her." It is interesting to know that the Welsh language is not dying out, and that even at this late day it has a genuine literary as well as oral existence.

If the traveler has plenty of time at his command, he can not only make a pleasant journey through Wales, seeing the principal places of interest, but he can cross over to London and spend a few days there and in the immediate vicinity. To do this, he will start from the North of Wales, and travel South. This will be found to be a very convenient itinerary because the steamer lands at Liverpool, about twenty miles from the city of Chester, which though on the English side of the border, is recognized as a convenient starting-point for a journey through Wales. The tourist should stop over a day at Liverpool, a really beautiful city, by the way, and examine the gigantic system of docks extending along the margin of the river Mersey, for a distance of about five miles. This system comprises over fifty docks and basins, covering an area of over 260 acres, and having nearly nineteen miles of quay space. Most of them have been built since 1812, and are considered by all who have seen them to be one of the greatest engineering triumphs of the present century. Several of the docks are enclosed with large warehouses; the erection of those round the Albert dock cost about $2,000,000, and the dock itself $700,000.

Ashfield, Bromborough, Cheshire.

One of the most interesting features to attract the attention of the traveler

in the town of Bromborough is the ancient church, which I visited in company with Mr. William Blain, an eminent merchant of the city of Liverpool. Mr. Blain, in personal appearance, is the very counterpart of the great American statesman, the late Honorable James G. Blaine. They are probably descended from the same stock, and no two men could look more alike. Mr. Blain is geniality itself; and, having once met him, no one could ever forget him. A picture of his charming country home is here given. The greater part of the chapel has the appearance of being coeval with the Conquest; and some antiquarians claim that certain parts of it indicate that, at one time, it was a Saxon monastery. The old building was destroyed in 1828, to make way for a new structure which was erected on its site, the stones of the old building being cut and worked in. The subsequent influx of inhabitants from Liverpool rendered increased accommodations more necessary, and an acre of land adjoining the old church was given by a member of the congregation, on which a new church was built. This edifice was consecrated in 1864.

Eastham Church.

The first object you notice as you enter the churchyard is a tomb marked with the words "John Washington." To an American, far from the land of his birth, this is a most startling experience, all the more so because the inscription is only "John Washington"—which, standing by itself, recalls instantly a thousand patriotic, impressive and inspiring memories. There is reason to suppose that the "Washington" buried in this churchyard was an ancestor of "The Father of our Country;" but genealogists, though they have given much time and attention to the subject, have never been able to trace out exactly the lineage of our famous first President. Washington, himself, was once presented with a pedigree of his family, so far as it could be known, and asked as to its correctness. He sent information in regard to the modern history of the family, but confessed that it was a subject to which he had given very little attention, and that he could not fill up, with much accuracy, the sketch sent to him. These facts, however, seem to be perfectly well

established; that George Washington was born in Westmoreland County, Virginia, February 22, 1732; the son of Augustine Washington and his second wife, Mary Bell; a descendant of John Washington, who emigrated to Virginia, from England, about 1657, who was a grandson of John Washington, Mayor of Northampton and first lay-proprietor of the Manor of Sulgrave, in Northamptonshire, who married a daughter of Shirly, Earl Ferrers. Lawrence, an elder brother of John, studied at Oxford; John resided, at one time, at South Cave, Yorkshire. Being Royalists, in the time of Cromwell, both emigrated and became landed proprietors and planters in Virginia, in the district between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers.

On the banks of the Mersey and of the Dee, near Birkenhead, are many fine residences. One of the most noticeable is that of Thomas H. Ismay, the head of the company owning the White Star Line of steamers. He is a descendant of Sir John Myddleton, a Welshman, who introduced water into London. From Mr. Ismay's beautiful home a fine view can be had of the mountains in Wales. Another notable residence is that of George C. Dobell, an eminent merchant of Liverpool, famous for having been a winner in half a dozen of the great races and for having beaten the Prince of Wales in the contest for the Newmarket cup.

Mr. Edward Evans, Jr., is a well-known merchant of Liverpool, and is Chairman of the Liberal Association of Great Britain. He has a fine home at Spital, which at one time was owned by St. Thomas-a-Becket.

You reach Chester from Liverpool by rail, going through Birkenhead Tunnel. The town itself is old, so old that it is believed to have been founded by the Romans, because it was once one of their military stations, which is indicated by the fact that the four principal streets lead from a common centre towards four gates at the cardinal points of the compass. Many Roman antiquities have been discovered around the town, from time to time; coins, urns, inscriptions, weapons, etc. The Romans departed in the fifth century, when the place was governed by British princes until the ninth century. After the Norman Conquest, it was frequently the rendezvous for the expeditions that were sent against Wales, and often suffered much damage in the conflicts between the two nations.

Chester, on some accounts, is, perhaps, the most picturesque city in England. It is enclosed in an oblong quadrangle of ancient walls, seven or eight feet thick, nearly two miles in circuit, forming a promenade with parapets, where two persons can walk abreast, thus affording a fine view of the neighboring country in every direction. But the arrangement of the houses is the most remarkable feature of the town. The two main streets cross each other at right angles, and were cut out of the rock by the Romans, four to ten feet below the level of the houses. The front parts of the second stories of these houses, as far back as sixteen feet, form a continuous paved promenade or covered gallery, open in front, where there are pillars and steps up from the street below, with private houses above, inferior shops and warehouses below, and the chief shops of the town within. This style of architecture may be quaint, but it is not convenient for the promenaders, for, at the intersection of every cross street, you are obliged to descend and ascend flights of steps. "Christopher Tadpole," in describing a journey though this town, said that the stranger was puzzled as to whether the roadway was down in the cellar, or he was up stairs on the landing, or the house had turned itself out of the window.

In a trip I made to Wales, two summers ago, I went from Chester to Hawarden (pronounced Harden), known the world over as the home of England's greatest statesman, the Right

Honorable William Ewart Gladstone. The town itself is very small, but is pleasantly situated on an eminence. It has only one street and that is not more than half a mile in length. The parish boundaries, however, include a population of about 7,000. Hawarden Castle, the home of Mr. Gladstone, was erected in 1752, and altered in 1809 so as to resemble a castellated Gothic edifice of the thirteenth century. Within the park

Conway Castle, and Bridge.

are the ruins of a very ancient castle. This was occupied by Fitzvarlin, a Norman adventurer, soon after the Conquest, and subsequently by the Stewards of the Palatinate of Chester. Later on, it became crown property, and, from time to time, was granted, in turn, to different favorites, who died or lost influence with the prevailing ruler. There is nothing now left of it but the Keep and the fragments of the towers.

My visit to Mr. Gladstone on this occasion was exceedingly pleasant. I attended a garden party which he was giving to some friends, and received a most courteous reception. No one can converse with the famous statesman, even for a few moments, without realizing that he is one of the foremost men of the age. His knowledge is so extensive, his fund of information upon all subjects so exact, his arguments are so well fortified by facts, and, withal, he has such a stock of sound English common sense which he applies to the consideration of all problems, great or small, that he impresses you at once as an intellectually well-rounded man: "a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again." For, while many of the world's leaders may be great in some one particular, it is very rarely the case that a public man is able, brainy, clear-sighted and thoroughly well-informed: in other words, that he is great, so to speak, all the way round and clear through.

About a quarter of a mile from Mr. Gladstone's residence is the parish church, the rectory connected with

which was the gift of the distinguished statesman. His son, the Rev. Stephen Glyn Gladstone, is the rector of this church, at which the usual morning and evening services are held daily. Mr. Gladstone's adherence to the theoretical principles of Christianity has frequently been attested by his able contributions on theological subjects, to the reviews and magazines, as well as by books he has written and edited on those subjects; his belief in the practical benefits of the religion of the New Testament is indicated by the fact that he is a regular attendant at these dailv services; and, on Sundays, reads the first and second lessons in the church. A short distance away is the parish school so commonly found in England connected with the church. As we passed the building, the children were coming out. They presented a very neat appearance and were uncommonly well-behaved. Each little boy, as he went by, took off his hat to us, while the tidy-looking young girls gave us a little courtesy, an act of politeness savoring of the primitive times when even the poorest children were brought up to practice the small courtesies of life.

The small quiet market-town of Corwen, on the south bank of the river Dee, is about thirty-three miles southwest of Chester. It has an historic interest, because it is connected with the romantic exploits of Owen Glendower, the famous leader of the Welsh in their last revolt against the English government. Born about 1349, he was the great-grandson of Llewellyn, last prince of Wales. He came to London and studied at one of the inns of court; was afterwards Esquire to Richard II., to whom he faithfully adhered; was knighted in 1387, and was one of the prisoners taken with the King at Flint Castle. The remains of this castle are still to be seen in the northeast part of the town of Flint. It is situated upon a low rock, in the midst of a marsh, and, when the tide is high, is under water. A portion of the ground is now occupied by the county jail, and the ruins are in such a decayed state that they seem likely soon to disappear.

Sychnant Pass, near Penmaenmawr.

Soon after being taken prisoner, Glen-

dower, in a personal dispute about land with Lord Grey de Ruthyn, was wronged and this led to a national revolt of the Welsh, which, beginning with an attack on Ruthyn Castle, in 1440, was maintained by the ability and energy of Glendower and the enthusiasm of his countrymen for fifteen years. The Welsh name of the town, now called Ruthyn, is said to have been Rhudddyn. It is situated on a high hill, rising from the banks of the river Clwyd. An old writer curiously, but properly, describes it as being situated "on a rising ground in a dish of mountains." The castle was held for Charles I. against the Parliament, but, after a siege of two months it was taken and dismantled. A private owner has erected on its site an imposing structure, the most striking feature of which is the octagon tower.

In his famous revolt, Glendower drew over the Percies to his side, but the alliance was ended by Hotspur's death at the battle of Shrewsbury. Glendower was formally crowned Prince of Wales, was recognized by Charles VI. of France, who sent him auxiliary forces; took many of the towns and castles built by the English in Wales and invaded England; and, after the defeat and departure of the French, still kept up, on a smaller scale, a spirited and harassing warfare. The terms of a treaty with Henry V. were under discussion, when the great rebel chieftain died in Hertfordshire, 1415.

An historical critic says of Glendower: "His successes show that he had about the highest talent of his days, and he had their faults also." The popular idea of him is to be found in Shakespeare's "King Henry IV." From the first he has been a kind of mythical hero, and the lapse of centuries does not clear up the exact facts of his history. His rebellions were the expiring fires of the independence of Wales, which the English Kings had been treading out for nearly a century and a half."

The reader will recall Glendower's description of his birth in the opening of the third act of Shakespeare's Henry IV. (part 1): * * * "At my nativity, the front of heaven was full of fiery

St. Winifred's Well and Plunge Bath, Holy Well.

shapes, of burning cressets; and, at my birth, the frame and huge foundation of the earth shaked like a coward."

Hotspur treats this announcement, even though it is reiterated, very flippantly; and, when Glendower tells him: "I can call spirits from the vasty deep," the impetuous warrior breezily replies: "Why, so can I, or so can any man; but will they come when you do call for them?"

Nevertheless, the memory of Glendower is not forgotten in Corwen. There is an ornamented stone pillar in the churchyard which, probably on account of its pointed form, is called the "sword of Glendower." On the brow of a cliff near by, a rude pile of stones bears the name of Glendower's Seat.

While Wales is best known as a mountainous country, it has many beautiful valleys which represent the quiet and peaceful side of nature. The Vale

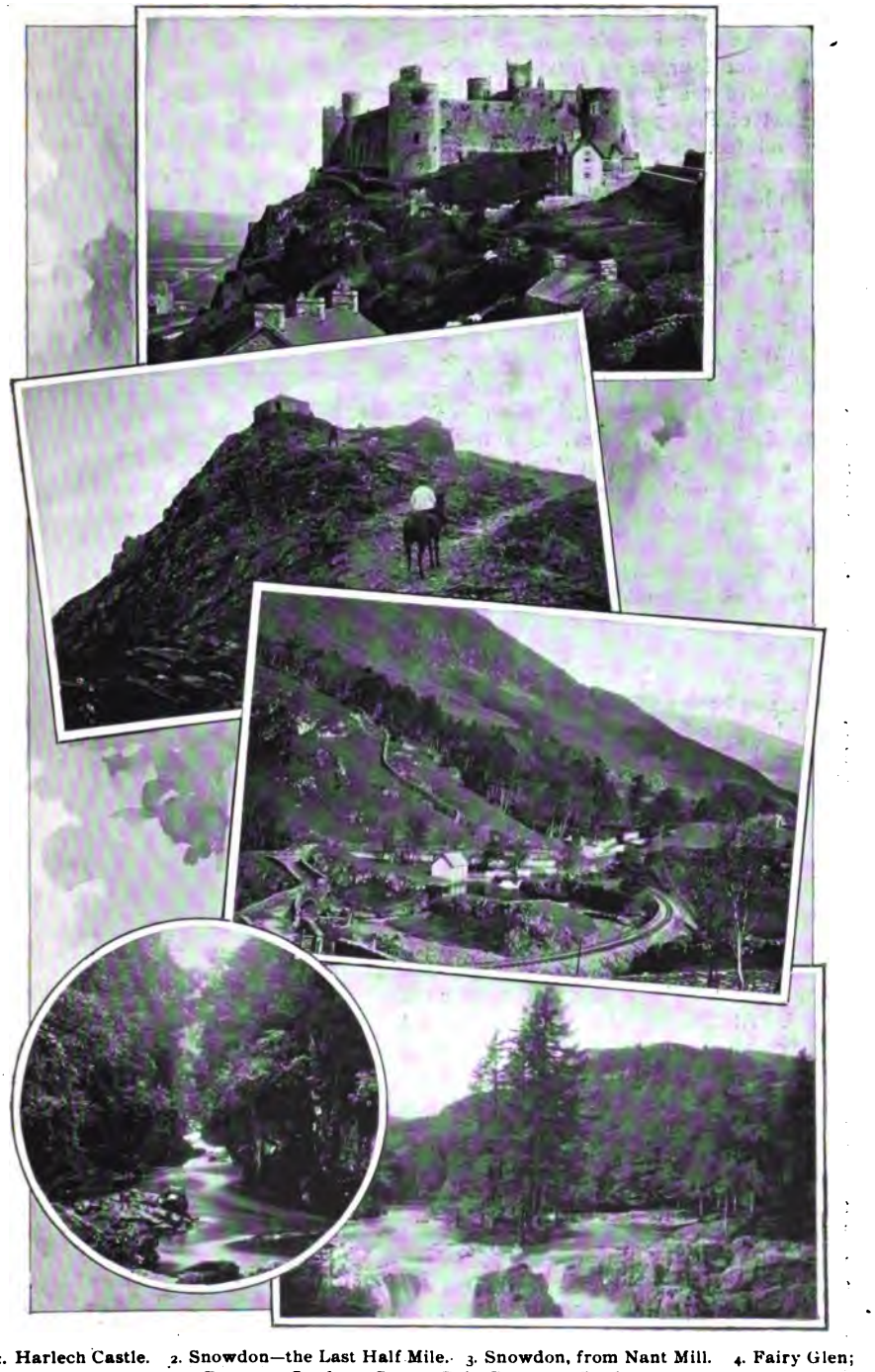
of Clwyd is one of these spots. The Welsh name, *Dyffryn* Clwyd—the Vale of the Flat—describes the character of the country. On the north side, it is open to the sea, and through its whole length it is watered by the river Clwyd. The small but comfortable looking cottages and homesteads on the plain, suggest a spirit of peace and contentment for which so many of the world's workers struggle and never attain. There are also many elegant villas and stately mansions on the banks of the river, or nestling among the hills which border the valley on two sides. Edmund Burke, in his "Beauties, Harmonies and Sublimities of Nature," says that the vales of England, though richer in meadow, animals and buildings, cannot be compared with those of Wales, most of which are made picturesque by rocks, ruins, and mountains. The peaceful character of this valley, and the charms of the river Clwyd which passes through it, have been described in the well-known sonnet by Mrs. Hemans:

"O Cambrian river! with slow music gliding,
By pastoral hills, old woods and ruined towers;
Now midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding;
Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers;
Long flowed the current of my life's clear hours
Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
Though time and change and other mightier powers,
Far from thy side have borne me, thou smooth stream!
Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy song,
Low, sweet, unchanged! My being's tide hath passed
Through rocks and storms; yet will I not complain,
If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
Brightly its waves may reach their parent deep at last."

One beautiful autumn day, as our party rode through the picturesque valley of Llangollen, the driver directed our attention to a lady attended by her servant; she was driving a donkey. Some one inquired as to the gentleman accompanying her. He replied: "The gentleman is Sir Theodore Martin, the lady is Lady Martin, better known throughout the civilized world as Helen Faucit, the actress." The Martins have a summer residence at Llangollen, one of the most beautiful and attractive homes I have ever seen, just such a quiet spot, "far from the madding crowd," as an intellectual, thoughtful man, like Sir Theodore, would be likely to select for a retreat from the noise and bustle of the city.

As Lady Martin approached our carriage, and the gentlemen of our party raised their hats in respectful greeting, I noticed that, though she showed signs of age (as well she might by this time), her matchless eye, the power of which all who have ever seen her upon the stage will remember, shone as bright as ever, as keenly intelligent and sympathetic as when she took part in the famous Shakespearean celebration at Stratford-on-Avon, some eighteen years ago. On that occasion, she appeared as Rosalind in "As You Like It," and a lady who saw the performance informs me that she looked and acted the character to perfection. In earlier days, with the exception of one night(when the character was assumed by Ellen Tree), she played Calanthe in Talfourd's tragedy of "Ion," creating the character and supporting the famous Macready. Miss Tree never played the character of Calanthe but once afterwards she took the part of "Ion," which she made her own.

The Vale of Llangollen (pronounced Thangothlan) is narrow, watered by the river Dee and surrounded by hills. On the northeast side, there is a remarkable range of lime-stone rocks, called *Eglwyseg*, which form a singular background to the surrounding scenery.



1. Harlech Castle. 2. Snowdon—the Last Half Mile. 3. Snowdon, from Nant Mill. 4. Fairy Glen; Bettws-y-Coed. 5. Pont-y-Pair; Bettws-y-Coed.

When the sun shines upon them brightly the effect is curious and imposing. About four miles from the village, where the vale expands, is the aqueduct of Pont-y-Cysyllte, about one thousand feet long, and sustained by twenty piers one hundred and sixteen feet in height from the bed of the river Dee. The first stone was laid in 1795, and the object of its construction is stated in an inscription engraved on the central pier: "The nobility and gentry of the adjacent counties, having united their efforts with the great commercial interests of this country, in erecting an intercourse and union between England and Wales, by a navigable communication of the three rivers, Severn, Dee and Mersey, for the mutual benefit of agriculture, trade, etc."

A romantic interest is atached to *Plas Newydd* about a quarter of a mile from the town of Llangollen. This cottage, for many years, was occupied by Miss Ponsonby and Lady Eleanor Butler, daughter of the Earl of Ormond. Lady Butler was born in Dublin, and, almost from babyhood had been an orphan. Many suitors sought her hand in marriage, but she declined their offers. She was modest and possessed of all the feminine graces. Her intimate friend, Miss Ponsonby, was a member of the noble family of Besborough, and had long been her associate. It so happened that these ladies were both born in the same city, on the same day of the year, and both lost their parents at the same period. At the age of seventeen, they had vowed eternal friendship, and, at twenty-one, when they were legally entitled to act for themselves, they took the little cottage called Plas-Newydd. Its situation was exceedingly retired, almost lonely. They improved the house to suit their taste, selected a choice library, and here, away from the gay world of fashion, and even the land of their birth, they quietly spent their lives. They were not morose hermits, but entertained congenial friends with every evidence of hospitality. Among their distinguished visitors were Madame de Genlis and the Mademoiselle D'Orleans. One of these ladies, on first hearing the notes of the æolian harp (a Welsh invention), remarked, "It is natural for such an instrument to have originated in a country of storms and tempests, of which it softens the manners." Lady Butler died in 1829, aged 90, and Miss Ponsonby in 1831, aged 76. Both, together with their old and faithful servant, Mary Carrol, are interred in one tomb in Llangollen Churchyard, marked by a triangular pillar.

The bridge over the river Dee at Llangollen was at one time considered one of the Seven Wonders of Wales. The so-called Seven Wonders were St. Winifred's Well, Wrexham Church, Overton Churchyard, Gresford Bells, Llangollen Bridge, Pistyll Rhayadr, and Snowdon Mountain.

St. Winifred's Well is near the town of Holywell, or *Treffynon*, the town of the well. The church here is so situated that its bell cannot be heard in the principal portions of the town. In former times, the public services were announced in a curious manner. A man was employed to act as a sort of walking steeple or perambulating belfry. He carried a large bell suspended by a strap from his shoulders, and a cushion buckled around one knee, the cushion striking against the bell as he stepped forward. The story of St. Winifred is that she was a beautiful and devout girl of noble parentage, and was beloved by a neighboring prince named Caradoc. Refusing his proposals, she fled from him, but the irritated lover, pursuing her, drew his sword and struck off her head, which rolled down the hill towards the church. Water immediately gushed forth at the spot where the head fell, and the spring has always been endowed with miraculous healing powers. I have seen the well and crowds of invalids, in all stages of disease, gathered around it, drinking the water, and, at intervals, singing hymns and saying prayers.

Wrexham Church, one of the other Seven Wonders of Wales, was erected in 1472. In architectural beauty, it is surpassed by few buildings of the same date. It possesses the most melodious peal of bells in the principality. A little bell—called "the parson's bell"—is one of the old peal, and was cast in 1678. The weight of the largest bell is 2,800 pounds. The bells in Gresford Church are only twelve in number, and are in no sense remarkable. There are, however, some very large yew trees in the churchyard, which will attract the attention of the visitor; one of them is thirty feet in circumference, and is said to be more than two thousand years old.

The Lakes and Snowdonian Range.

Pistyll Rhayadr, another of the Wonders, means "the Spout of the Cataract,' and is the highest waterfall in Wales. It is not far from Llanfyllin, on the banks of the river Cain, which is a tributary of the Vyrnwy. The waterfall referred to falls down a dark and almost perpendicular rock, about 210 feet. Before reaching the deep basin into which it flows, it rushes through a natural arch passing between two walls of crag. George Borrow, in describing it, compared it to "an immense skein of silk agitated and disturbed by tempestuous blasts, or to the long tail of a grey courser at furious speed."

The name "Snowdon" represents a mountain range extending across the county of Carnarvon in the northwest section of Wales. The name is Saxon, and signifies "snowy height." The ascent of the mountain, usually made from the village of Llanberis, covers a distance of five miles, and is by a path wide enough for ponies, to within a few yards of the summit. It takes about three hours to make the ascent, and two hours to return. Half way up the mountain, there is a place of refreshment, and there is also a small hotel on top, where lodging can be obtained by those who wish to stay overnight to see the sun rise. Mountain climbing, even under the most favorable conditions, is not easy work. It occurs to me that a man must be born with a genius for enjoying such experiences. There is a rough pass in Wales, near *Penmaenmawr*, a huge rock, presenting towards the sea a rugged and almost perpendicular front, its height above the sea

level being 1553 feet. This obstruction was formerly surmounted by a steep zigzag, round, narrow and unprotected, the passage of which was often attended with disastrous consequences. At each extremity, there was a small public house, on the signboards of which, respectively, appeared the following couplets, attributed to the wit of Dean Swift:

"Before you venture hence to pass,
Take a good refreshing glass."

"Now you're over, take another,
Your drooping spirits to recover."

The Snowdon region was once called by the Welsh, *Craig Eryri*, variously rendered "rock of eagles" and "rock of snow." Snowdon peak, itself (3560 feet in height), may be climbed from many points: Penygwrhyd, Beddgelert, Snowdon Ranger and Llanberis. The Pass of Llanberis is one of the wildest bits of scenery to be found in Wales. Until a few years ago, it was only accessible to adventurous pedestrians and the hardy ponies of the country. A good road has now been made, which, though steep, is traversed safely by wagons and carriages. All along this wild pass can be seen huge masses of stone and earth which have been hurled down from the heights above, while amidst them a stream is rushing and roaring in its mad descent. At one point, there is an enormous fragment of rock, which, resting upon other rocks, leaves a cavity beneath. It is said that an old woman named Hetty was in the habit of occupying this wild place as a shelter, while tending her cattle, sheep and goats on the mountainside; hence the natives call the rock *Ynys Hettws*, or Hetty's Island. In common parlance, it is known as the *Cromlech*, an ancient monument consisting of a huge flat stone, supported like a table by others set on end.

The town of Carnarvon is rich in historical associations, and it is so situated as to be within a short distance of some of the grandest scenery of North Wales. Carnarvon Castle, which a Welsh writer calls "that most magnificent badge of our subjection," is one of the noblest ruins of its kind in the Empire, and, externally, is still entire. The walls enclose an area of about three acres, and the imposing entrance to the castle itself is beneath a huge square tower of prodigious strength. A narrow, dark room, in the lower part of the tower, measuring about 12 feet by 8 feet, is pointed out as the birthplace of Edward II., the first Saxon Prince of Wales. In one of the towers, William Prynne, a barrister in the time of Charles I. was imprisoned for his religious opinions. Before this sentence had been pronounced upon him, he had been compelled to pay a fine of five thousand pounds, to lose "the remainder" of his ears and to be branded on both cheeks. Eventually, he was restored to liberty and held a seat in the House of Commons until his death. Owen Glendower, in 1402, made an unsuccessful attempt to get possession of the castle. The castle changed masters many times during the Wars of the Roses. Cromwell took the castle and town in 1644, when the garrison had been greatly reduced. It fell into the hands of the Royalists soon afterwards; but, in 1646, again surrendered to the army of the Parliament. The property is now vested in the crown. Carnarvon is an interesting spot from the fact that, in ancient times, it was the only port of any consequence in this section of Wales occupied by the Romans. A short distance from the castle is an ancient Roman fort, the walls of which are still in a good state of preservation. The building of the castle was commenced in 1282, by King Edward I., after the subjection of the ancient Britons. He designed this for his royal palace. In order that the Welsh might say they had a prince of their own, with great cunning he brought his queen to the castle, at an interesting moment of her life, where

she gave birth to Edward, afterwards named Carnarvon. It is said that what is called Queen Eleanor's Gate was not a portal of entrance, but that a platform was lowered, on which the queen-mother appeared, in order to exhibit

A Five O'clock Tea.

her royal infant to the assembled chieftains. "After the performance of this great mockery," says a Welsh writer, "the gate was restored to its fastenings in the wall."

Conway Castle is another object of interest, and which I visited on one of my trips. This was erected in 1284 by Edward I., as a security against Welsh insurrection. And it may be said that the large number of castles in a small country like Wales, the remains of which are still to be seen, and which do not probably represent all that were in existence in the early days, certainly show that the Welsh were a very brave and liberty-loving people, stubborn to the last degree in the defence of their independence; no ordinary warriors would have required such formidable preparations to have been continually made against them. In its time, Conway Castle is said to have been one of the most magnificent fortresses in Great Britain. The castle was oblong in shape and placed on the verge of a precipitous rock, one side bounded by the river, a second by the creek filled at every side, and the remaining two facing the town. When the castle came into the possession of the Earl of Conway, in 1665, he barbarously took away all the timber, iron, lead and other movable materials to Ireland for the repair of his property.

One of the most enjoyable excursions from Liverpool to North Wales can be made in the North Wales Steamship Company's superb greyhound, "The Saint Tudno," commanded by that sturdy Welshman, Captain Lewis. "The Saint Tudno" is a marvel of beauty and speed, and Captain Lewis is an ideal commander. A trip with him to Llandudno will be one long to be remembered as "a thing of beauty

and a joy forever." No true Welshman should fail to travel by this route. A look at Captain Lewis's honest face is a certain guaranty of a delightful trip and security against seasickness.

There are some names that touch the heart of every true Welshman "like the grand old music of our native land." Such a name is "Harlech." This place, though once of great importance (being the capital of the county) is now only a straggling village; but its identity will be preserved so long as Harlech Castle stands. That ancient ruin will recall, to the very day that the mutations of time and the ravages of the elements complete its destruction, the dauntless valor and dogged persistency of our race, whilst Welsh national airs such as "The March of the Men of Harlech" will ever keep alive the martial spirit and the love of liberty that inspired Llewellyn and Owen Glendower. In a book published in London in 1833 appeared the following description of Harlech Castle, which applies equally well to that historic pile to-day:

"The great attraction of Harlech is the magnificent castle—formerly remarkable for its strength, now only celebrated for its beauty—once the terror, but now the pride of the scene. It stands on the summit of a bold perpendicular rock, projecting from a range of hills which stretches along the coast, and frowning over an extensive marsh, which is scarcely higher than the level of the sea that skirts it. On the side next the sea it must originally have been utterly inacessible, the castle walls being scarce distinguishable from the rock on which they rest, but rather resembling a continued surface of dark gray masonry. The other sides were protected by a fosse of great breadth and depth, cut in the solid rock. The only entrance was beneath a barbacan, within which a drawbridge fell across the fosse, and opened within a ballium, which enveloped the citadel. The plan resembles a square, each angle of which is strengthened by a large circular tower, the entrance being also protected by two noble flankers. On the entrance side of the inner court are the chief apartments; and a beautiful elevation, of three stories in height, with cut-stone architraves to each window, the whole terminated by graceful circular pavilions, rising far above the ballium, and commanding one of the grandest imaginable prospects, is still entire. It resembles in style and position the council hall in the castle of Beaumaris. The banqueting hall is on the opposite side, and its windows look from a dizzy height down upon the green waters of the sea. On the right of the court may be traced the ruins of a small chapel, the pointed window of which is still entire.

'No more the banners o'er the ramparts wave,
Or lead their chieftains onward to the fight,
Where die the vanquish'd, or exult the brave,
For victory, basking in its worship'd light.
The Cambrian chiefs of Rheinog Fawr
Are mingled in the dust with common clay.'

"No view in the northern 'shires is superior in grandeur to the prospect from the light turrets of Harlech Castle. The Marsh and Traeth are seen spread out at a frightful depth, and from the margin of their wide level, stupendous rocks and cliffs suddenly start up, tufted and embossed with wood. A great mass of air seems to float in the void behind this scene, separating a world of mountains, the grandeur of whose feature the pencil only can express. A stupendous vista of broken hills forms a noble perspective, crossed by ranges that open to farther glimpses—summit succeeds to summit in endless train, leading the fancy into regions of solitary obscurity.

"Bronwen, the fair-necked sister to Bren ap Lyr, Duke of Cornwall, and afterwards King of England, had a castle on this rock called 'Twr y Bronwen.' She flourished in the third century, and

was married to Matholwch, an Irish chieftain. The highest turret of the present fortress is still called, by the Welsh, after the name of the fair-bosomed princess, who once kept her court at Harlech. Colwyn ap Tango, Lord of Effionydd and Ardudwy, repaired and fortified the castle of Bronwen, and changed its name to Caer Collwyn. Upon the ruins of the British castle King Edward the First raised the beautiful and impregnable fortress of Harlech (the fair rock), and the union of the old and new masonry is still distinguishable in the walls. Owen Glendower seized this fortress in the year 1404, but resigned it shortly after upon the approach of Henry's army. Here the wretched Margaret of Anjou took refuge after the defeat of her friends at Northampton, but being pursued and discovered, she fled from Harlech also, leaving her jewels and baggage behind, which were afterwards seized by the Lord Stanley. Dafydd ap Ivan ap Einion, an adherent of the house of Lancaster held out, in Harlech Castle, for nine years after the accession of Edward the Fourth to the throne of England. His determined obstinacy, a quality for which his countrymen have always been remarkable in war, compelled the king to send a powerful army to dislodge him, under the leadership of William, Earl of Pembroke. After a march, both tedious and difficult, across an Alpine country, Pembroke sat down before the castle walls, and summoned the brave Welshman to surrender, but only received from him this singular answer: 'Some years ago I held a castle in France against its besiegers so long that all the old women in Wales talked of me; tell your commander that I intend to defend this Welsh castle now until all the old women in France shall hear of it.' Sir Richard Herbert, who had the immediate conduct of the siege, finding the impregnable nature of the castle, and stubborn quality of its governor, accepted the surrender upon conditions honorable to Dafydd, guaranteeing to him and to his followers, fifty in number, their lives and estates. Being all persons of consideration, they were at first committed to the Tower, the King designing to put them all to death, notwithstanding the conditions of the surrender. Against Edward's cruel and dishonest conduct Sir Richard remonstrated, urging that the Welsh hero might have held the castle longer for anything the King's army could have done to expel him; but the King still continuing in his base resolve, 'Then,

Steamship Saint Tudno.

sire,' said Sir Richard, 'you may take my life, if you please, instead of that of the Welsh captain; for, if you do not, I shall most assuredly replace him in his castle, and Your Highness may send whom you please to take him out.' The King was too sensible of Sir Richard's utility to persevere in his iniquitous determination, so yielded to expediency and pardoned the captives; but he never became sensible of the value of honor and dismissed his own brave general without further reward.

"In the civil wars of Charles the First's time this was the last fortress in Wales held for the King. William Owen, the governor, with about twenty followers, surrendered to General Mytton on the 9th of March, 1647."

Captain Lewis, Steamship Saint Tudno.

PILLS AND POWDERS.

By Rev. D. E. Richards, M. D.

to the subject we considered
o as well as to the prevailing
f things among us just now,
ver of a certain wag to the
What is the greatest war
ave ever read? Answer: My
ince I was married! And, it
dded with a great deal of
that the saleslady who an-
certain customer when he
e you a copy of the "Fifteen
ttles?" "No, but we have a
a Married Man,'" was close-
o the same class, if not the
ife of the above cruel cynic.
pointed and full of humor,
e answers may appear, they
eless, to the thoughtful, ex-
gestive of a lamentable con-
society with its sad phase
line of progressive domestic

n to what we then stated as
he said status of things, it
led that lack of thought and
agement, resulting in pre-
f action are among the most

* * * *

ago, in one of the courts of
nwealth, an appeal for free-
he marriage vows was made
n furious over wrongs that
real and partly imaginary.
evidence, pro and con, had
ed to, the judge, who by all
ld wear the nom de plume
or Solomon III., as a mark
distinction from the rank
judges, exercised a preroga-
was his under the law, a
never used before as far as
we have heard or seen, and granted to the parties in the suit, a separation for the period of six months, that they might have time to think it over. Oh! what a judgment, what a boon, what a valuable decision—time to think it over! Do we not all of us, more or less, act upon the spur of the moment and commit ourselves as a consequent unreservedly into the unrelenting clutches of worry and regret? Time and again have we seen people acting without taking time to think it over, and afterwards spending the balance of their lives repenting the foolish rashness.

Those who are acquainted with the writer, will readily admit that his regard for the gentler sex is such that he will err on the side of indulgence rather than otherwise, yet, from personal observation, he must state what he believes to be true, and that is; women somehow are peculiarly the victims of their impulses, and so much so, that betimes one would wish the mentioned judge or some omnipotent court would institute an injunction or something to restrain them from taking any irrevocable step until after they have thought it over for a period which would guarantee no rash undertaking.

* * * * *

What an array of sad mistakes might have been avoided; what poignant regrets which now are of no avail we might have prevented; what periods of heart misery we might have saved ourselves, if we had only acted upon the principle of the judge's decision—taken time to think it over. Six months apparently is a long enough period to dispassionately consider and weigh both

the advantages and disadvantages of almost any project.

Young people before entering into wedlock should become acquainted with each other's meanness and prejudices, whims and foibles, politics and religion, in addition to the immense virtues to which he himself will call her attention to. Take time to think it over, and don't get married on the spur of the moment, you will then most likely escape that affection which shows signs of frizzling out around the edges before the honeymoon is over, and secure the kind that will stand the wear and tear of everyday life.

* * * * *

Have you noticed some of these victims to their impulses when a "Cheap Jack," a "Peddler" on the corner of the street, or a "Bargain Store" have come to town? A family I know in B—— comes vividly before my mind just now, the women folks of which were everlastingly attracted by a novelty in this line. Anything marked down from $1 to 99 cents, or from $2 to $1.98 would invariably catch their eyes, and of course they purchased it utterly regardless of the fact whether they needed such or not.

Their home was well stoc tom-foolery trinkets and abs necessary things, while those plied them with their daily w to go without their just due. people ever have any calm ho flection following their barga ing, &c., they must of neces their days of worry and regret repentance, and all this com taking time to think it over.

Commonest if not the sad takes with some people in our the things they say in hast tongues seem to balance upon which have not the remotest ship to their mental portions they have. They don't think, sequently speak unkind a words, they insinuate this or t and start a scandalous story round, inflicting wounds and i ing wrongs, to undo which th power either in heaven or in e

Think it over, and you will from many things idly and un ly said, to recall which you w worlds the minute after being Take time to think it over.

ANGLO-AMERICAN ALLIANCE.

By Lewis Leyshon.

Under the above catching heading the reader would naturally and unavoidably expect the discussion of Joe Chamberlain's stirring speech at Birmingham, which has so pleased the ordinary Yankee and so angered the European from Moscow to Madrid. This subject is rapidly becoming a favorite theme among English-speaking people, and the Anglo-Saxon, which is a hensive term, including the pr and wide-awake section of th race, is thereby brought into prominence and distinction. one fact connected with Britis can civilization which is cons lacking in other peoples of t world; it is a popular institu

popular instinct controls it; it promises increased liberty and developed right in the future. It is not like the Russian or the German movement, impeded and clogged by imperialism or personal aggrandizement; it is not spoiled and poisoned by the egotism of a William or the self-sufficiency of a Czar; it is not affected or infected by the absolutism of a church or checked by the immobility of a throne; it is free of Bourbonism, and is conscious of its own power and its own ability to proceed along the lines of liberty and victory. The dying countries, which Lord Salisbury so ably depicted in his late utterances before the Primrose Club, "are not in it" at all, but they pale with envy and rage with impotent anger as they behold this giant of a people marching onward like an Alexander to really conquer this little globe. China of late has shown its moribundness by allowing itself to be quartered and divided as a dead ox; but the Anglo-Saxon race which has set foot (or feet rather, for it is a large family) on the four parts of the globe, is working its way north, south, east and west, like leaven in dough or gossip in a community of Eves. The reader will excuse this digression.

Dolly, nee Evans, is American born, and she always appears an inch taller when she is called to own it. But although she is thoroughly American in instinct and by birth, her father is American only by confession and profession, having been born in Wales, and after a 50 year sojournment in the "land of the free," yet cherishing sweet memories of the land of song; and as he leisurely travels down the evening path of life, he thinks more and more of the fields and the hills where he roamed when a boy. Old age brings on childish memories, and the older Evan Evans became the more he thought of the scenes of childhood. One day at the table, he abruptly said, "Mam," to Mrs. Evans, "suppose we take a trip to old Wales once before we depart this life, never to return?" "Did you ever!" said Mrs. Evans, in mild surprise. "Wel, Ifan," she added, "what possesses you, boy?"

Dolly just smiled, tickled and pleased beyond the adequacy of language to describe. "O, Mam!" she ejaculated, "how delightful!" She had heard the old man so often talk of the hills and valleys of Wales, of the beautiful fields variegated with daisies, buttercups, dandelion-flowers, and the woods festooned and bunted with ivies and vines; of the many feathered songsters which warble and twitter in the branches all day from morn until eve—especially the ascending lark which spirally mounts the sky with such musical enthusiasm! Dolly, many a time had heard father talk so highly of his native country and always complimentarily of the sea-walled principality. He had often become intoxicated over its high mountains and its crystal rivers and its "wide" valleys. Being only a boy when he emigrated, his reminiscences of Wales had grown with him so that Welsh hills were much higher and Welsh meadows much wider in his mind's eye than they actually were. But we are digressing again.

"Distance lends enchántment to the view," and in this case, distance had been helped a good deal by Mr. Evans' exaggerations; so Dolly, as soon as her father broached the question of visiting Wales, became at once and uncontrollably interested, and she immediately adopted means to urge her father to pursue his purpose. "I should just love to see papa's Garden of Eden," she said. So when the motion was put to the house it was carried unanimously—with acclamation; because Dolly fairly shouted with joy. All preparations having been made, all sailed on the Teutonic and reached Liverpool in six days from the date of departure from New York. It would be superfluous to say that the undulating movement of the ship

caused some stomachic disorder which affected Dolly during the voyage. All the afternoon of the first day she felt so well that she anticipated escape from obligation and subjection to seasickness, but about 10 o'clock, insisting on being on deck to exhibit her sailing qualities, she became so suddenly infected with some undesirable form of unhappiness that she was glad to forego all pretenses to navigation and was forthwith glad to be relieved! Dolly was submissive during the rest of the voyage.

They landed in Liverpool in the morning, and no time was lost in reaching the train direct for Wales. After traveling for several hours through pretty vales and around green hills they arrived at the little town where Evan Evans had first seen the light of day. Evans felt somehow disappointed, because the mountain which had seemed to him for 50 years to have been a very Himalaya was a mere geological bump, and the river which he had delighted to compare with the Ohio, was a mere streamlet. Dolly took in the situation more humorously than her father, because he was personally interested in continuing the illusion. She ascended her father's mythical mountain the next morning in half an hour, and she actually jumped athwart the river, where its broad expanse had narrowed into a four-foot wide stream to round a ledge. But although the high mountains and wide rivers disappeared from existence the charm of the fields and crystal quality of the water, with the attractions of varied scenes still remained, and Dolly was won to love and admire her father's old home.

From this they went to A—, a popular resort, and the seat of a college. Here they remained for months, charmed by the constant change and the holiday appearance of the people. The sea-beach was daily alive with interest and the streets promenaded by pleasure-seekers. Dolly was soon popular among the young folks, for she was witty and vivacious, could talk with volubility, could sing a song or recite a piece and could explode an occasional joke. She was fairly well educated, was naturally attractive and had a personal charm which neither wealth, education nor position can bestow. She was much sought in little social gatherings of a private nature.

She had not shone in vain among her newly made acquaintances in the town of A—, for a young English student confessed to having been wounded by her beauty, and Dolly being favorable to his petition, they were soon attracted together and were engaged. The young man being well connected and with fair prospects in life, Mr. and Mrs. Evans consented to the marriage, and the union was consummated. In the A— "News" next day the event was gazetted under the attractive caption: "An Anglo-American Alliance." Coming events cast their shadows before them.

Some men there are who cannot see,
And deaf and dumb we find,
But he whose heart from love is free,
Is deaf and dumb and blind.

ST. DAVID'S SOCIETY OF NEW YORK.

Historial Sketch.

By William Miles, One of its Founders.

Ninth Paper.

General Lewis having expressed a desire to retire from the presidency of the Society, on account of his infirmities and advanced age, and the Society feeling that his request should be complied with, a committee consisting of Edgar W. Davies, Thomas I. Jones, and the writer hereof, was appointed to confer with him in regard to selecting his successor. It was felt on the part of the committee that it was but a mark of due respect to him to obtain his views in regard to the selection of a suitable candidate to succeed him; and to that end they made known to him that while the Society felt it to be its duty to comply with his desire, yet the members wished the committee to convey to him the deep sense of obligation they were under for the warm and fervid interest he had displayed in fostering the growth of the Society's objects, and its successful establishment.

The General was tenderly affected by the manner in which the committee had made known the kind and friendly feeling of the members towards him, and said that while fully reciprocating their kind and complimentary sentiments, he in return, would say that in all his life he had not performed any service more willingly and gratefully than that imposed upon him by his fellow kinsmen of the St. David's Society in the discharge of his duties as their standard bearer.

It had been a grateful task to him to act in that capacity, and he was pleased to learn that he had performed the duties satisfactorily, and he was more than pleased to know that the members all took such a deep interest in upholding the memory and character of their ancestors. In response to their request to advise with them upon the choice of a suitable person to succeed him, he would say that he felt assured that the Society was in the hands of good and loyal descendants of the old Welsh stock. He said it was a delicate undertaking on his part to suggest the name of a successor to himself, as he thought it to be the prerogative right of the members to do so, yet in the exercise of that right which belonged to him as a member and in response to that desire he would propose the name of a gentleman for their consideration whom he thought from his high social standing was eminently qualified to fill the office with credit and honor to the Society. The gentleman he had in view was David Cadwalader Colden, who had had long experience as an active member of the Union Club, he having been its treasurer and steward.

Furthermore he was connected by descent with the ancient races of Scotland and Wales, and should the members after full consideration have no higher preference, he would in their behalf tender to him the offer to make him the Society's next president. The committee made the report of their mission to the Society, which was unanimously approved of, and the General was duly informed thereof, upon which David Cadwalader Colden was duly made president of the St. David's Society.

The Cadwaladers, Coldens, Lewises, Livingstons, and the old Holland Dutch

of Albany and New York and other prominent families were among the earlier settlers of the State, and were also contemporaneous with each other, and were more or less intermingled through marriage and other ties with the great revolutionary families who were prominent in the founding of the American Republic. They had therefore a deep interest in upholding the high character bequeathed them by their ancestors.

Mr. Colden in personality was a man of commanding figure, easy and graceful in his deportment; pleasing and genial in his intercourse with men of all grades and standing, treating rich and poor with equal courtesy. In short, he was a good type of a true born gentleman.

It shows the solicitude and interest felt by Gen. Lewis for the welfare of the Society, in selecting a candidate possessing the requisite qualifications for the presidency of St. David's Society.

It may not be out of place just here to insert a few remarks relative to the objects of the Union Club. This club was a select body chiefly composed of wealthy, and the most substantial business men of the city, upon whom fell the important office of entertaining distinguished foreign dignitaries and prominent commercial men visiting the city, thus making it very broad and comprehensive in scope and character, as will be seen in the following quotation taken from a printed proof of its constitution, dated October 18, 1836, which I have had in my possession for many years. To wit:

"The Union Club is established in the City of New York to promote social intercourse among its members, and afford them the convenience and advantages of a well-kept hotel in conjunction with a reading room, library and baths in some proper house or apartments to be procured for the purpose, and in a manner combining elegance and comfort with order and economy. It consists of not less than two, nor more than six hundred members."

The Society about this time was undergoing the change in its constitution, before adverted to, by which it was divided into two distinct bodies, one representing the benefit feature, and the other the benevolent.

The banquet of 1838 was duly celebrated at St. John's Hall, Edgar W. Davies, Vice President of the Society, presided, assisted by the Hon. Morgan Morgan and Mr. John Morgan. It was well attended, and the programme of toasts, speeches, music and songs was excellent.

The next annual banquet, that of 1839, was held at the North American Hotel. I give an accocnt of the same from a newspaper of that day, as follows:

"ST. DAVID'S DAY IN NEW YORK.

The anniversary of Cymru's national saint was celebrated by a public dinner given at the North American Hotel on Friday, March 1st, David Cadwalader Colden, Esq., presided, assisted by Morgan Morgan, Jr., and David S. Jones, Esqr., as vice presidents, Messrs. William Lewis and John M. Jones, stewards, and John Griffiths, Esq., treasurer. Among the invited guests present were his Honor, the Mayor of the City, Gen. Morgan Lewis, President of the St. David's Society; Rev. Wm. Rowlands, editor of the 'Cyfaill;' John R. Bartlett, Esq., and Major Carroll of the Washington Guards. Letters were received from Alderman Lynch and John L. Morgan, and Edgar W. Davies, Esquires, regretting their inability to attend the celebration. After a blessing from the Rev. Jonathan J. Jones, about one hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous feast, prepared from the choicest delicacies of the season, and served up most profusely by the liberal proprietors. The utmost joy and harmony reigned o'er the festive board, whilst delight and satisfaction beamed forth from every countenance present.

The transparencies and decorations were elegantly arranged, and the whole presented a scene worthy the days of the ancient glory of a Moelmud or an Arthur. Before the removal of the cloth the Rev. William Harris returned thanks.

Before proceeding to deliver the regular toasts prepared for the day, the president begged leave to trespass for a short time upon the patience of the company. He stated that he felt deficient of being able to discharge the duties of the chair with the ability to which they had been accustomed, it having on so many previous occasions been so ably filled; he would rely upon the kindness which had already been shown him, and upon the assistance of his associate officers, to enable him to do justice to the situation in which he was placed, and to contribute to the festivity of tne evening.

He said he had frequently attended anniversaries similar to the present among his own countrymen, and among the descendants of other nations—they had always appeared to him most happy occasions for strengthening those ties which bind us to our country and our kindred. It is then that laying aside the cares and anxieties of our every day life, we look only to encourage the kindred feelings of our nature. We look only to call up into our bosoms those feelings of benevolence, of charity, and of brotherly love, which will enable us to resist that callousness of the heart, arising too often from a devotion to worldly pursuits, to encourage each other in all good deeds, by looking back upon the history of our ancestors, and pointing to their bright examples as our guiding stars through life and unto death. And where, be it asked, rather than in the history of the sons of Cymru, shall we look for more glorious examples of all that is holy in religion, all that is devoted in patriotism, all that is heroic in courage, all that is tender in love, or beautiful in poetry, Cambria can point with pride and exultation to her religion as having exhibited, through all ages, all those characteristics which have ever rendered man noble and illustrious; whose religion was more pure, whose life more holy; whose zeal more centering than that of the holy St. David, whose name was more renowned in chivalry than that of the friendly Arthur, and from whom have flowed sweeter or more soul-stirring strains than those which were struck from the harps of Hoel and Taliesin? Is it not well, be it asked, that these things should sometimes be called to mind? that we should sometimes meet together, and while indulging in a national festivity, and encouraging social mirth, at the same time strengthen the ties which should never be severed between those who look with pride and affection to a common ancestry."

The President then spoke with great enthusiasm of the late splendid festival of Abergavenny, the thrilling sensations that must have pervaded the bosom of every Cambrian present on the occasion of the noble bearing of the Comte de la ville Marque, and his companions of the Briton delegation, and concluded by giving the following: "The Cymreigyddion of Abergavenny and their noble guests the compte de la ville Marque, and the Briton delegation."

After the last sentiment, Henry L. Hoguet, Esq., of the French Society of this city, rose, and in the most happy style of thought and manner, acknowledged the high compliment paid the land of his parentage, La belle France, and concluded as follows:

"In my triple capacity of a Frenchman by descent, an Irishman by birth, and a guest at the table of the warmhearted Welshman, permit me, Mr. President, to offer the following sentiment:

"The arch of literature in the eighth century: Its pillars were Alcuin of Wales and Clement of Ireland, the key-

stone that united it was Charlemagne of France."

There were numerous other eloquent speakers, among whom I may mention the names of David S. Jones, Wm. H. Dannat, Major Nicholas Carroll, Daniel L. Jones, John J. Jones, and John R. Bartlett. The latter gentleman made a very interesting speech upon the subject of the traditional story of Madog's discovery of America, to which he had bestowed years of close study. He was a firm believer in the story, and adduced very strong and almost convincing reasons for the grounds of his belief, which were listened to with intense interest. The story of Madog is destined for years to become a subject for discussion, as it has been facetiously remarked, "If when he embarked on his voyage of discovery he did not go to America, where did he go?"

Soberly speaking, however, I think that it is not so unreasonable a story as to shut out the question of probability. There are many things accepted as history far less creduluos than the story of Madog. The company adjourned in good season after a most delightful and well spent evening.

MY LOVE LIES LOW IN HAVANA.

By George Coronway.

My love is asleep,
Down low in the deep,
Beneath the cold waves in Havana;
Oh, I'm lonely and sad,
For my true sailor lad,
Who sleeps 'neath the waves in Havana!
Havana! Havana!
My love lies low in Havana!

Most cruel the foe,
And foul was the blow,
That sunk our proud Maine in Havana;
Oh, I'm lonely to-day,
And my heart's far away,
With him in the Maine in Havana;
Havana! Havana!
My love lies low in Havana!

With a tearful eye,
I sit and I sigh,
As I think of my love in Havana;
To his home he was true,
To his love he was, too,—
Alas! for my love in Havana!
Havana! Havana!
My love lies low in Havana!

I'll see him no more!
On earth's troubled shore—
He'll never return from Havana;
He's asleep, 'neath the wave,
With the true and the brave,
Who died for their home, in Havana!
Havana! Havana!—
My love lies low in Havana!

LOVE AND INTRIGUE.

By a Neighbor.

Polly lived next door to us, and during the years of her childhood we had become to love her as one of our own children; but as soon as she had bloomed into young womanhood, she showed unmistakable signs of flirtation and an insatiable love of company. She was very pretty, bright, winsome, and was a veritable angel as far as beauty and attractiveness of appearance went; and she cultivated the art of effect and perfection of surface with great assiduity. She could hardly walk a square without turning some one's head, and bruising some one's heart; and every one she met would turn around to have a reverse view of one whose face was so charming. She was proud of her beauty and her charms, and she just laughed and giggled at the killing power she exercised over the youths of the town.

Before she was fifteen she had a lover —a nice gentlemanly youth, who thought Polly was an angel. He was an honorable young fellow, and thought an angel was something celestial in more senses than one. He in his simple heart believed that an angel was honest, sincere, and the reverse of hypocritical. When she said "Yes" or "No" he believed she could not mean otherwise; and when she smiled he actually nestled the childish little creed that she never did so in the presence of other young lads. He thought he could swear by Polly; he implicitly entertained the idea that he could build the superstructure of his life on pretty Polly's bland smile.

Polly had an aunt in the country about ten miles away from town, and she usually spent the summer there. She would return about the latter end of August as bright as a cherry, and as healthy as a chick. The first summer after she commenced to keep company with our young hero, she spent as usual at her aunt's, and returned home about the first of September brighter and more charming than ever. Our young hero used to visit her about once a week, and returned home as happy as one returning from a feast. The thought of Polly and of spending his future in Polly's society painted all his coming years with all the hues and tints of the rainbow, and he felt as light as if he could tread on his own head. His future was a great magnificent castle in the air, of a larger size than usual, and furnished with more numerous chances for disappointments than the ordinary cases of lovers. This castle was furnished in the most approved fashion with the most immaculate thoughts of Polly and the multifarious successes and comforts of life. Undoubtedly, his future was going to be paradisical, and his home with Polly as the first lady in his heart, promised to be a perfect Eden.

Two winters and two summers passed in this wise, and our young hero was just spending all the money he could get on Polly's whims and fantasies. He was continually buying something or other—a hat, gloves, a parasol, and even material for dresses, &c. Although she was actually dressed up in his own gifts and presents, she seemed so charming that he scarcely noticed his own belongings about her, because everything she wore was absolutely her ware. It seemed as if they, by right belonged to her, and that he had got

them and restored them to her! Love is a most tyrannical master and teacher, and his eloquence and his power of persuasion over subject minds is most engrossing. The last summer she went to her aunt's, she borrowed some books of our young hero, a set of George Eliot's: Felix Holt, Adam Beade, Romola, Daniel Deronda, &c., which she took with her. This would suggest to the young man that she would keep thinking of him, especially while reading his books. He thought she could not help thinking of him and have her heart moved, swayed and mellowed by the sweet notions of love.

On the night of her return our young hero, promenading down town, beheld his angel in the company of another Lothario of very stylish appearance, and although he passed close to her, even brushing her as he went, she never seemed to care at all, although he was positive that she was conscious of her villainy! What an experience! What a revolution of everything which was dear to his heart, and clear to his mind! What an impudent demonstration of duplicity on the part of his angel! What an interpretation of woman nature! He could not believe his own eyes; and as soon as he had, turned the first corner, he struck his toe hard with his cane to see if he was awake. Had he been struck with a stray brick or tile, or, had he been mesmerized, hypnotized, or what? Well, he thought he would move towards home, and watch Polly and confront her for an understanding. He mused as he went, his thoughts all unhinged, and his purposes all deranged. He half believed that Polly could explain all satisfactorily, and he hoped so! In due time Polly and her man came, and after a little conversation on the corner they parted, and Polly walked leisurely up street towards the house. Our disappointed hero confronted her, and started to catechise her as to her mysterious and unaccountable carriage. She was a diplomat by nature, and love had helped a good much to make her as shrewd as that beast referred to so complimentarily in the second chapter of Genesis. She said this and admitted that, and excused herself in many little aggravating ways, until, finally, our young hero became indignant with her, and requested her "courteously but firmly" to return his books as a preliminary to a separation. It did not grieve her at all.

The following evening she met him, bringing with her the set of books he had loaned her, and without hardly a word they separated never to meet again. Next night he called at my house, and desired to see me for a few moments. We took our seats in the parlor, and he began his tale of woe. He told me of all the money he had wasted on her, and of her deceitfulness, her double dealing, and, finally, he produced black and white to prove and corroborate. These were love letters which Polly had unwittingly left in the books and forgot to abstract before returning them to our hero. These were really damaging, and demonstrated clearly that she had a third lover to whom she was engaged to be married. Our young hero felt indignant and was pale with anger, and after reading one of the letters, he asked me if there was any remedy, and what I would advise him to do.

"Well, young friend," I said, "thank the Lord for your deliverance from the bondage of a frivolous daughter of Eve."

"Yes, but," said he, "see the money I have extravagantly expended on her worthless person." "How much?" I asked. "I must have spent $100 on her," he said. "Not to get her," I replied, "is fully worth that." Our lady of the Three Lovers was soon married, and her life proved as miserable as could be. Her husband became a gambler, a drunkard and an all round knave; and after ten years of a most unhappy

lied. He was in that saloon
ıen her remains were taken
ıe burial ground. The young hero she fooled has succeeded wonderfully in life, and is one of our most able citizens.

MY BICYCLE.

By Rev. J. V. Stevens.

ıy mother was told that I had "Hickory Wheel," she coolly that it ought to be a "hick-" And she was not the only ıat was flabbergasted at the minister of the gospel riding I honor those good people's ıe dignity of the ministry, and reverence in which they es- preacher; nevertheless, I found such a manifest convenience ɔn rode over their prejudices. is more than the minister, and ıo habit, nor custom, that be- ormer which ill becomes the 'hen men look at different ob- ɔugh colored spectacles, even snow seems to wear the same ıe green grass, and whenever makes the minister appear here the man is natural, it remembered that the green- the observer's eyes.

st thing I learned about my as, that I had no more power an the letter p has in its pneu- es. But by persistent per- the silent steed was soon nder full control. That prin- conquering difficulties by un- persistence holds true in all es of life. In every enterprise ɛlongs to perseverance. Grit, grace make a three-fold cord l not quickly break. There is ıation which this trio will not solve. The successful man of to-day must push hard. The side posts of the temple's door were made of olive wood, an oily, sappy substance to indicate that the door whose hinges were fastened to such timber were destined to open readily at the slightest touch of the feeblest hand that would seek admission; but the door of the temple of success needs vigorous pushing, and he who attempts to pass through will find it labeled in large letters "Push." Persistent pushing alone will let him in. "My sword is too short," said a Spartan youth to his father. "Add a step to it then," was the old warrior's characteristic reply. Never complain, young man, of your circumstances. If your sword is short, add a step to it. Get nearer your opponent. The shorter man has always the advantage at infighting. Boys with no chances are the makers of every nation's history. Of course, every one can't become an inventor, or a poet, or a millionaire, or a president, for the stuff that makes inventors, poets and presidents must be inherent. But there is standing ground for every youth under the American flag who has grit and grip to seize his opportunity. The success of life depends more upon the steps a person adds to his sword than to its actual length.

When people ask me how long it would take them to learn to ride a bicycle, my reply is: "It depends how you go at it. If you will wait for a full

moon for practicing in order to avoid the criticism of your neighbors it will probably take you a considerable time, and when you will learn to ride by moonlight, people will, doubtless, call you a lunatic rider. Do not let the fear of man drive you from your vantage ground. Nothing can be thoroughly mastered by inferior means. On the other hand, if you will wait until your friends will cease taking the keenest interest in your falls, and make their loudest laughter at your misfortunes, you will never learn at all. But if you are prepared not to heed the jokes of the merry-making crowd of spectators, and are ready to take off not only your coat, but also a large portion of the epidermis which covers your elbow, and nearly all the cuticles of your shins, then you will learn to ride it in a jiffy. Every enterprise demands sacrifice. Even such a small thing as a bicycle demands of its rider a certain number of square inches of his skin as a guarantee of good faith at the very outset. And, of course, the greater the undertaking, the more imperative is the demand to cut deeper into the flesh. Dogged perseverance may not give you immortal fame, but it will plow your land, repair your fences, fatten your cattle, enlarge your house, fill your granaries, and remove the mortgage which is like a skeleton in your cupboard.

Do you ask why I am so much attached to my wheel? It is the ties of blood.

WELSH NATIONALITY.

By David Davies.

In all the books, articles and papers ever published on the above interesting subject, there is lacking one predominant idea which seems to me to suggest the greatest and most serious obstacle or difficulty in the way of the nationalization of the Welsh people; and in the course of this paper it is my intention to develop that thought with sufficient prominency to enlist the attention of every thinking Welshman. It is a peculiarity of our nation that the very defect in our character is the very cause of our blindness to this serious fact. What a truth there is in the French writer's saying that it is the tendency of wrong to justify itself, and this very national defect which I am about to expatiate on, and, if possible, elucidate, is the very virtue we pride in.

In the Biblical story of Jacob and his sons, we are told that the old patriarch loved Joseph more than his other sons, for the reason that he was the son of his old age, and to express this partiality he gave Joseph a particolored coat, which first caused suspicion and subsequently inveterate and malicious hatred in the hearts of Joseph's brothers. This led Joseph to dream and his dreams even aggravated his relations with his brothers. This caused the old man great sorrow, for Joseph was finally sold to the Ishmaelites on their way to Egypt where he was taken and disposed of as an article of merchandise. But this did not settle the difficulty; in fact, it cropped up again, this time too, among the envious brothers. George Eliot says in one of her novels, that the worst thing about a wrong is that the

etrator's future conduct is subject
ıe deranging effects of the trans-
ıion; another wrong has to be done
: it, hide it and justify it; and it is
the original wrong, but the conse-
.t evils that constitute the worst
of a transgression.

ıs the Welsh nation something cor-
ɔnding to Jacob's love, and Joseph's
i-colored coat? Has it a cursed
g hidden in its heart, some dis-
ing element which desecrates and
ıtegrates its hope of unity, and
ıs to make the complete nationali-
ɔn of the Welsh people almost an
ɔssibility? And when the cause is
ɔvered, is it removable, or is it so
ɔdded and ingrained in the Welsh
.re that it can not by any means of
ation and discipline be obliterated?
ɜe are serious questions; these are
ıiries which every Welshman should
y and try to realize so as to have
national evil removed or modified.
ar back as the history and tradition
the Welsh people have been char-
rized by the spirit of sectionalism,
ırty spirit, a partisanship, a spirit
ıdhering and getting immoderately
enthusiastically interested in frag-
.ts rather than in the whole of
h. During his short stay among the
s of Britain, Caesar discovered this
kness, this sectarianism, this disre-
l of wholeness, this lack of national
.lty. Through the ages this truth is
ıtrated by history. Welsh history
ɡnizes no nationality; Wales never
a kingdom worthy of the name; the
sh were clans, tribes (ciwdodau) led
:hieftains who never had the nation-
ideal to be loyal to a national leader.

Llewelyn and our Glyndwr could
er be kings of Wales; they might
political or military leaders of the
lsh tribes for a season, but in time
ɔeace they could never establish any
:em of national government. We
ı the pages of Welsh history in vain
a respected king and a regularly
ıtituted national government.

We are fully justified by history in our statement that until recently intercommunion and commerce among the different counties of Wales were nil, and the people of the different localities or counties were so stationary, or even stagnant, that they were largely strangers, and their customs, language and habits were fences whereby they were debarred from social intercourse with other parts. Any man acquainted with different localities and peoples in Wales will recognize the fact that a hearty communion can hardly be established between them. Their temper, habits of thought, and deeply-stained prejudices are almost unconquerable difficulties; and these are often intensified by religious sectarianism. It is a sorrowful fact that sectarianism outweighs nationalism, and religious rancor predominates over goodness. Sectarian prejudice over-rides every national worth or virtue. Another peculiarity or idiosyncracy of the Welsh is that their language is subject to the same infection. Every county has its own linguistic traits, which clannishness converts almost into treasons. There are different dialects (tafodieithoedd, genieithoedd a chegieithoedd) from the soft labial lingua of Glamorgan to the maxillo-guttural sprache of Anglesea. These lingual differences would be harmless if they were not the expressions or the out-croppings of mental and spiritual qualities which are obstacles to cordial mutual communion. These different tongues or peculiarities of speech with their attendant prejudices and jealousies form unpleasant barriers between people of separate counties. These lead them also to entertain unfavorable opinions of each other, and to disdain each other on the ground of dialectic crochets and conceits. A common school system of Welsh education which would nationalize the Welsh language, sweep away local brogues and barbaric peculiarities, and popularize a uniform form of

speech and expression half way between present extremes, would be a general blessing; but there are so many obstacles in the way that the task is apparently impracticable. It is impracticable, because it is contrary to the genius of the Welsh. It is a national idea, and as I stated before, we have never been particularly loyal to anything national. Those who are educated and who know better, still cling to their localisms and local prejudices, and so this love of sectionalism seems to be incurable.

Religious sectionalism also injures the Welsh more than they seem to be conscious of. According to good authority, it is rampant in Wales, but its effects is not so visible as in this country. Here we often find the disastrous results of sectarianism among the Welsh, and we often hesitate in contemplating some instances of denominational folly, not knowing whether to laugh or cry at the dogged obstinacy with which sectarians cling to religious hallucinations. Often we behold in one town or village in the United States three small emaciated, consumptive causes dying of separateness, when they could secure a long lease of life by uniting. But they consider it a blessing and a God-service to die of sectarianism!

There is a story told of a certain temple whose gates could be opened by one hundred supplicants pushing together. Within this temple were great blessings to be enjoyed, but a spirit of distrust and a lack of mutual helpfulness sprang up among the people, that one hundred men could not be found willing to drop their mutual jealousies; so the gates remained closed. Nationality means unity; sectarianism signifies disruption, and if we hope to be a nation we must cultivate a spirit of loyalty to national ideals.

CHOICE EXTRACTS FROM JAMES' "EPISTLE OF STRAW."

By a Layman.

This James is wonderfully practical. "Count it all joy," he says, "when ye fall into divers temptations." It is through trouble we get experience, and experience is the only real knowledge.

"If any of you lack wisdom let him ask of God." Why could not he say, "Go to school, or to college, or read good books?" Do you know the things you learn out of books, at schools, and at colleges, are nothing comparable to those deep instructions you get from communings with the stumbles and tumbles of life. You can't learn God's wisdom out of books, not even out of the Bible. That's the mere letter of godliness. You can't learn skating out of books. You must put the skates on and try and fall and tumble and learn. You can't learn bicycle riding out of books. It comes through practice. You can't become wise in the sight of God only by practical godliness.

"A double-minded man is unstable in all his ways," he says. A man that is trying to walk both ways never mak

rogress. The man that is trying
e two horses running in different
ions gets left and gets hurt too.
nan that is trying to please God
an, pleases neither.

t the brother of low degree re-
in that he is exalted, i. e., in the
of God." James is always talking
God's point of view. He thought
of being exalted in grace than of
e riches imaginable. A sincerely
al man can not consistently re-
iches as anything of value. The
and favor of God is more valu-
han all the wealth of the world.
s a great fact of Christianity; but
lays it is not appreciated.

t the rich, in that he is made
A man does not rejoice when he
led down, as a general rule; but
had his own view of greatness.
a man is puffed up with his vain
nportance based on nothing but
aterial wealth, which is no spirit-
alification, it is a blessing to him-
o be told in a practical manner
position he actually holds in the
om of God. In this world men
assified according to their means
eanness often; but in the sight
d material wealth is no consid-
n. The kingdom of God is a great
vement on the kingdoms of this
. Don't you think a soul that
God should be more blessed than
a that loves gold? Don't you
a spiritually minded man should
re highly honored in the kingdom
d than a tyrannical brute or a
-hunting blackguard? Don't you
that a man that gives his life to
a better citizen of His kingdom
the rich man who can give Him
:k for $1,000? James didn't have
ticle of respect for the rich, as
r rich.

essed is the man that endureth
ation, for when he is tried he
receive the crown of life." Now
ommon Christian idea is that
man and woman will get
crowns, not as a reward, but merely to get rid of them. They get this idea from the custom of sheriff sales, or the sellings out to quit business. The crown of life is a direct consequence and result of the cross of life. There will be crowns prepared, not a surplus to throw away.

"Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God; God tempteth no man." It is very common nowadays to charge God with every evil that occurs; and if there be any good or any success, to credit that to our own especial work and efforts. James settles this question by saying that God "tempts no man, hurts no man, but gives him all the good gifts he has." Do you know, a good man never blames God for his own blunders and mistakes; but a bad man does. This is a good way to know a good from a bad man. A bad man will always attempt to saddle his wickedness on some one else, or God, whereas a good man acknowledges his own work. The sinner who acknowledges and confesses his sin does God great honor, and God treats him with signal mercy and magnanimity. The man who says that God tempts man to sin may as well say that the devil saves sinners.

"Be ye doers of the word and not hearers only." There are lots of people who believe that to hear the word of God is enough—that God's commandments are to be heard and not obeyed. People are satisfied and contented if they visit a church and listen to a sermon and a couple of prayers. A man who hears the word of God and does it not seems to think that God's word isn't worth doing. There are lots of people who like to hear God's word, but hate to do it. Every man that heareth the word of God and doeth it not, excuseth himself to himself, and as much as says to himself: "I don't believe it is necessary for me to do God's will at all. I believe I can please him by neglecting to do it." But do

you know, the doing part is the greatest and the most important. The hearing is only the invitation—the doing is the eating and the drinking and the benefit. Suppose a man is thirsty and hungry, and he comes up to the table and sits before it a little while, and then moves away again and says, "I feel first rate after smelling that nice dinner," what would you think of him?

"If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridleth not his tongue, this man's religion is vain." That is, if any man among you goes around performing the contemptible function of tattler and gossiper with his tongue loose without a bridle to check it, cantering and galloping over his neighbor's reputation; well, that man may think he is serving God, but in fact, he is only the devil's agent. Such a man revels in the failings, the disgrace, the mishaps and disappointments of his neighbors. He builds his little happiness on the ruins and miseries of others. If everybody gets along happily and merrily he is very miserable and uncomfortable.

Pure God-service is not to have a grand church with stained windows, a big organ, a fashionable quartette, cushioned seats, and a dandy preacher, and a flash congregation. No, no; that is no religion or God-service. That's organized worldliness; that's systematized selfishness. Pure God-service is this, says James: To be holy, unselfish, charitable, sympathetic, pure-minded and considerate among men and sincere before God. People puffed up with self-importance because they are a little exalted in a worldly sense are despicable in the sight of God. Such a people are abominations before God. God is not accessible to a man that hates and disregards the poor. Man's pride is the high fence that prevents him from coming to God. Selfish, frivolous, artificial, worldly-minded, carnal-minded men and women are far away from the kingdom of God.

THE PEOPLE'S SOLILOQUY.

By Lizzie Owen.

A nation's hope is staid,
And on our heroes laid,
  Both true and brave,
Till yonder on that Isle,
Oppress'd by cruel guile,
And terror reigned the while,
  Our flag shall wave.

For justice long we cried,
For peace in vain we tried,
  Then we must fight.
Oh that our country's fame,
May ever be the same,
In struggling to maintain,
  Freedom and right.

We eagerly await
The yet uncertain fate,
  Filled with dismay,
Yet hope for victory,
And cry more liberty,
Till dawns triumphantly
  A better day.

To Him the God of all,
In agony we call,
  And help implore.
In thee alone we stand,
Reveal thy mighty hand,
Protect our cherished land,
  And peace restore.

FIELD OF LETTERS

COFIANT Y PARCH. GRIFFITH ROBERTS, Lake Crystal, Minn., edited by the Rev. John R. Daniel and David Edwards: T. J. Griffiths, Utica, N. Y.

This memoir was written by the Rev. John R. Daniel, of Randolph, Wis., and it was in every sense a labor of love on the part of the author. The task had hardly been finished when he also departed this life mourned by a wide circle of friends. Following the Memoir is a selection of Mr. Roberts' sermons and choice poems, concluding with a memorial sermon by the Rev. David Edwards of Lake Crystal, Minn. A prize elegy written by W. W. Rowlands, Cambria, Wis., appears also in these pages which Mr. Griffith Roberts' friends and admirers will not fail to enjoy and appreciate. The sermons are the following: The Prophet Jonah's Sign; The Woman of Canaan; The Preaching of the Cross; Adonibesek; The People is Grass; The Raising of Jairus' Daughter; What shall we do to these Men; and Choice Sayings.

Illinois Steel Company, the "Rookery," Chicago, Ill. This beautifully printed and illustrated little pamphlet which we received through the kindness of Mr. A. M. Crane, general sales agent, relates and describes the astonishing developments of the Illinois Steel Company. The printed matter gives interesting figures, and the excellent illustrations provide us with graphic views of the different departments. We wish also, to acknowledge its beautiful companion, "Mineral Wool for Insulation of Cold Storage and use in Architecture," with valuable information relating to its properties and use, a product manufactured by The Illinois Steel Company Manager, L. C. Welch.

The June number of "Harper's Round Table" contains the story that captured the first prize of the "Round Table Short-story Competition." It is entitled "The Comedy of the Herr Professor," and its author is Ida Kenniston. Among the other features in the number are "The Troop that Was Not," by F. L. Pollock; "Tom's Vindication," by Albert White Vorse; "The Lost Voice," by F. H. Spearman; and "The Mayor's Music Box," by W. S. Rossiter.

The announcement of the contents of the June "Harper's " shows a large proportion of timely subjects. "Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects" is by Captain A. T. Mahan, U. S. N.; Professor Albert Bushnell Hart contributes an article on "Our Diplomatic Relations with Cuba;" "The Situation in China" is analyzed by "one of the most distinguished European correspondents;" and Julian Ralph contributes "The Czar's People"—the second of a series of articles treating Russia as a militant power in the forefront of modern political and territorial movements. A story of the Maine woods by Hamblen Sears; "A Rebel Cipher Dispatch," by David Homer Bates; and "A Study of a Child," by Louise E. Hogan, are other noteworthy features in an exceedingly valuable number.

In the "Bazar" published on May 21st readers who are fond of golf will find an admirably practicable paper

by Horace G. Hutchinson, entitled "Hints on the Up-Keep of Golf Greens." Miss Adelia K. Brainerd tells of rowing at Wellesley College, which is carried to great perfection under the able instruction of Miss Lucille E. Hill, Wellesley's physical director. Dr. Grace N. Kimball writes of "Women and War;" and there is a clever and amusing little sketch by Helen W. Pierson, of "Pamela's Black Gown" and what it accomplished.

In connection with the many favorable comments which "Literature" receives on both sides of the Atlantic, it is interesting to note the opinion of Mrs. Humphrey Ward, who has recently completed in Florence the composition of another book. Mrs. Ward writes that, in her estimation, "Literature" has distanced the "Athenaeum," so long the recognized literary authority in Great Britain, and that the new "International Journal of Criticism," while preserving its tone of fairness and courtesy, is constantly growing in character, individuality, and completeness. Praise of this character from such a source tends to confirm and strengthen the high position which the new journal has already taken among the literary and critical periodicals of England and America.

The sketches by Paul Bourget which have attracted attention as presented in translation in "The Living Age," will be followed by one or two delightful groups of sketches by that other master of style, Pierre Loti. These are specially interesting just now because they relate to Spanish life and character.

In its issue for May 28, "The Living Age" began the publication of the most striking English serial of the year, "John Splendid," by Neil Munro, now in course of publication in "Blackwood's Magazine." "The Living Age" has bought the right to print this story from the owners of the American copyright, and will continue its publication in weekly instalments until it is completed.

"Cwrs y Byd" for May has a number of catchy, breezy, peppery articles as usual. This little monthly never fails to find interesting subjects for criticism, and it observes social evils rarely mentioned by others. The following are among this present number's themes: The Landlords are Dying; Golden Calf Worship; Incidents in the Life of Thomas Rees, Llandyssul; The Order of Things; Paul in the Light of Jesus; Correspondence, Poems and Various Things.

The "Drysorfa" for May keeps up its standard of excellence in religious and theological matters. Whatever is neglected, the religious side of life is provided with pabulum of the highest quality. "Eternal Life in Christ," by the late D. Charles Davies, M. A.; "Prayer," by the Rev. J. J. Roberts, Portmadoc; "The Kenosis Doctrine," by the Rev. D. D. Jones, Upper Bangor; "Abermeurig," (a sketch) by the Rev. John Evans; "Miracles," by the Rev. T. Powell, Llantrisant; Monthly Notes, Editorial Remarks, Home and Foreign Religious Intelligence, &c.

"Y Dysgedydd." This is the monthly organ of the Congregationalists of Wales, and furnishes the denomination with religious intelligence and theological education. It is almost exclusively religious. Among the articles for May are the following: "The late Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin," by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; "Man a Self-tempter," by the Rev. Owen Evans, D. D., London; "Along the Shore of the Mediterranean," by Professor E. Anwyl, M. A., of Aberystwyth; "A Memoir of the late Rev. T. Jones Tabor," by the Rev. E. James, Nefyn; Monthly Events, Notes, Obituaries, &c.

ntents of "Young Wales" for as follows: "Scientific and l Education in Wales," by R. es, M. A., B. Sc.; "The Mem- Youth," by J. B. Anwyl; "The f our Welsh Theological Col- y Prof. R. W. Phillips, M. A., Our Welsh University Forum," J. Young Evans; "The Maid of n," by T. G.; "Progress," by Morris; "Patriotism and the of Cymru," by one of the "Young Wales in the Inter- School," by J. E. Southall; the Welsh Members," by T. Jones.

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y "Traethodydd" opens with a the Rev. J. Roberts, D. D., Fork, on "The Present Status arwinian Theory." The other re "Mr. D. R. Fearon, C. B., mediate Education in Wales;" ie Leek on thy Breast," (a The Moral Philosophy of Mar- y the Rev. William Benjamin; " by Dr. Karl Lentzner; "Re- ality," by the Rev. Hugh Ellis; . of Progress in the Old Testa- the Rev. D. Rowland.

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y Byd" observes with consid- propriety that although bicycling it within the bounds of mod- et it can not help pitying the humanity which is so often one possessed trying with nd main to beat the d——. is a time," it says, "when dogs uisance, but a dog tax soon the trouble, and the only de- from this wheel plague is to lers according to their veloc-

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cluding his discussion of the n Theory, Dr. Roberts writes: e, we find that evolution is a ot only inasmuch as it fails man from animal creation, but s short of proving the trans- mutation of species. And in the light of the facts I have adduced, and the testimony of scientists, is it not unscientific, yea, madness in ministers of the Gospel and the ignorant to talk of evolution as a verified science? In fact, they are not established in the truth, but lost in the waves like shipwrecked mariners without a board to sail on."

"The Lamp" is a monthly (Welsh-English) published in the interests of Welsh Calvinistic youth. The May number has a variety of short articles on religious and social subjects, interspersed with poems. Among the articles of the May number are "The Rev. George Muller, Bristol, England;" "The late J. R. Daniel;" Bible Lessons, &c.

"The Cronicl" for May has considerable interesting matter for the ordinary reader; and the busy man will find between its covers extensive information within easy reach. Among its articles are "Notes," by the Editor; "The Independent Father's Series," (with illustration) by Keinion; News of the Month, Obituaries, &c.

The May "Cerddor" has interesting material for musicians and lovers of music. Among its articles are "Not a Word of Welsh;" "Who Founded the Musical Conventions of Wales?" "The National Eisteddfod at Festiniog;" Musical Notes and News, &c.

The work of the American Bible Society in foreign lands during the last year involved an expenditure of $192,-292.32, and the circulation of 767,528 volumes of the Holy Scriptures; of these more than half, 405,000 volumes, were distributed in China; 50,000 in Japan; 57,000 in the Levant; 60,000 in South America; 33,000 in Mexico and Central America; 32,000 in Siam and Laos; 40,000 in Russia; 20,000 in France; 12,000 in Spain and Austria; 10,000 in India; besides smaller numbers in Africa, Micronesia, Arabia and Korea.

SCIENTIFIC

FLY SPECULATIONS.

A Washington correspondent reports the findings of the government Bureau of Entomology in the matter of the house-fly. The fly is an enormously reproductive creature, and, if a fair chance is given to it, can supply any demand in a very short time. Practically all flies are bred in stables. The eggs do best in horse droppings. They are easily killed by chloride of lime or kerosene; and as the new fly makes for water as soon as hatched, a dish of poisoned water in a stable is effective in reducing their numbers. The way to keep a stable clear of flies is to spray all fresh manure with kerosene. The most hopeful token of the abatement of flies in cities, however, is to be found in the substitution of electricity for horses, but that is still so far off that there is every prospect that the fly question will still be actively discussed long after the Cuban question is settled.—Harper's Weekly.

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THE PROBLEM OF VENTILATION.

We spend about a third of our lives in sleep. What provision do we make that our bedrooms—rooms as a rule far too small in any case—are well ventilated, and that in the watches of the night our brain will be supplied with blood containing a due amount of oxygen in place of air loaded with the breath re-breathed. And then in the morning we descend unrested and peevish, and feeling that life is hardly worth living till we get our blood renewed in the fresh air, and then all is well with us again. Many a bad temper (in the morning) is explicable on the basis that he (or she) has been breathing impure air all night, and in the case of growing children the matter is much more serious. The growing body wants plenty of oxygen; if it is deprived of it it becomes a pale-faced body, a thin body and altogether an unhealthy body.

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A NOVELTY.

Science is continually discovering new wonders. An artesian well driven at San Marcos, Texas, recently found not only water, but a kind of animal inhabiting the water, which is found nowhere else. Specimens have just been received for study at Cornell University. The creature proves to be a blind salamander, nearly white in color, with long slender legs and toes useless for locomotion, but valuable for feeling in the blind darkness of the underground waters. They have been given the graceful name of Typhlomolge.

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AMERICAN WOMEN AND GRAY HAIR.

Is it true that the hair of American women turns gray much earlier than that of the women of other countries? There are those who make the assertion. It is, too, say these, a more thorough gray. While the locks of an English or French woman will late in life show a few stray "basting-threads," the head of an American woman at a much younger age will be quite blanched, or at least frosted. To two things may the cause of the tendency be ascribed, American air and American atmosphere—terms not at all synonymous. If the former turns our leaves, why should it not turn our hair? While what the latter may accomplish through the agencies of ice water, hot bread, and worry, needs no comment. Early gray hair, as a rule, means inability to cope with nerve-destroying

things. It is declared to be largely a matter of temperament. That it should be a characteristic of American women is in keeping with most other traits of our race.—Harper's Bazar.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.

The average Christian Scientist does have a victory over fear and care and sin that is not achieved by the average orthodox Christian. To the average church-member, Christianity is the acceptance of a series of doctrines and historical facts, and the acceptance of a forensic transaction of eighteen hundred years ago, in consequence of which acceptance he hopes for heaven beyond. But he is a worried and fretted and fearful man; afraid of himself and his propensities, afraid of colds and fevers, afraid of treading on serpents or drinking deadly things, as the apostles of Christ were not. The average Christian Scientist—and in this respect he is like the Keswick disciples—has put all anxiety and fretting under his feet. Christ is to him no distant historic figure, but the incarnation of the divine idea. God is no mere "first cause," but a very present help.

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AN INTERESTING TEST.

"The tractive power of elephants, horses and men was lately tested at Barnum & Bailey's Circus, in London," says "Engineering." "An instrument capable of recording a tractive force up to thirty tons was anchored to the floor. Two powerful horses were first attached to it, capable of drawing a load of eight to nine tons on an ordinary road. Their pulling record on the dynamometer was 1.2 tons. The largest elephant was next yoked to the instrument and gave a record of 1.85 tons and then 2.5 tons. But a smaller elephant with more spirit gave a pull of 5.5 tons. In the further trial it was shown that 83 men were about equal to one elephant, their combined pull registering 5.6 tons. In the case of both the horses and the men, however, the collective maximum force was probably not reached, as training is required to this end. The elephant, by throwing its weight suddenly against the instrument, might also produce a tension far in excess of any steady pressure it could exert."

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MORALITY VERSUS IMPULSE.

The enemy of morality is impulse. Only to a very limited extent do we ever succeed in rationalizing our impulses—that is, in training them to move along the grooves which reason prescribes. Even when we applaud impulse, we do so only when, by consummate training, it has ceased to be wayward. The really moral person is one who keeps perpetually before his eyes the outspread world of the moral relationships—that is to say, who sees what his relations ought to be as in an ideal landscape; who sees especially the striking differences that distinguish the duties which he owes to different persons; sees how differently he ought to act toward a superior and toward an equal, toward a person of the same sex and a person of the other sex; toward a person of the same age and a person of tender age; toward members of the same social class and members of a different social class. The moral man, I say, is one who sees before his eyes the chart of his relationship to others, and especially the differences of the duties which he owes to others, and who tries to conform his speech and his action to the directions of this chart.—Prof. Adler.

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MARRIAGE NO FAILURE.

Whereas civilized man is expected to support his wife, the Pondo leaves to his women folk the privilege of supporting him. This shows that a savage is not necessarily a fool. Mr. James

O'Haire, missionary of the Catholic Church in Umtata, explains the working of the system in a letter. "Polygamy," says he, "is the very life's support of the Pondos; the number of wives a man has settles the question as to his previous wealth, for each wife was bought, and for her he must have paid her father from eight to thirty oxen; and now his wealth may be estimated by the number of wives and children, because the whole affair may be simply described as natural human farming. Each daughter is worth, say, ten oxen; if she is well built and pretty, she may sell for forty; then, too, the sons work in the care of cattle, for the whole of the Kaffir property consists in cattle. The wives work, and so do the daughters. But the head of the family, the man, works no more after marriage. The dignity of labor is so noble a thing that one can not but admire the complete self-abnegation of the polygamous Pondos in leaving it all to the females. And yet the absence of work does not seem to prey upon their spirits. They are as happy as the day is long; they all smoke tobacco and drink beer, and eat mealies and beef, or the flesh of wild animals or wild birds. They sleep a great deal, then rise and laugh and sing and dance, and play and work a little, and are without a solitary care, without sadness or sorrow.—South Africa.

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ANIMALS' STORES.

A writer on "Animals in Famine" observes in the "London Spectator," that if we examine the stores made by most of the vegetable-eating animals that lay by a "famine fund," we shall find a rather curious similarity in the food commonly used by them. They nearly all live on vegetable substances in a concentrated form—natural food lozenges, which are very easily stored away. There is a great difference, for example, between the bulk of nutriment eaten in the form of grass by a rabbit and the same amount of substance in the "special preparation" in the kernel of a nut, or the stone of a peach, or the bulb of a crocus, off which a squirrel makes a meal. Nearly all the storing animals eat "concentrated food," whether it be beans or grain, hoarded by the hamster, or nuts and hard fruits by the squirrel, nuthatch and possibly some of the jays. But there is one vegetable-eating animal whose food is neither concentrated nor easy to move. On the contrary, it is obtained with great labor in the first instance, and stored with no less toil after it is procured. The beaver lives during the winter on the bark of trees. As it is not safe, and is often impossible, for the animal to leave the water when the ice has formed, it stores these branches under water, cutting them into lengths, dragging them below the surface, and fixing them down to the bottom with stones and mud. This is more difficult work than gathering hay.

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WORK BY ARTIFICIAL LIGHT.

Many persons experience great fatigue in working and reading by artificial light. Some attention has been given to this subject, especially in view of reading and study, and the type, paper and illumination most favorable to comfort and health. White light is recommended for all artificial illumination. One should never read at a lower degree of light than ordinary daylight. Very low intensities cause eye strain and weakness, which may result in exceedingly severe and even dangerous mental and physical condition. It is now an established fact that epilepsy is sometimes caused by eye strain. There are also many other maladies that are primarily caused and greatly aggravated by bad light while using the eyes. Some authorities recommend white paper. Others, notably experienced journalists, insist that straw colored paper and black ink are less taxing to the eyes than white paper.—New York Ledger.

Crickhowell is obliterating the boundaries of sects. A Nonconformist bazar has just been held under the "distinguished patronage" of four leading Church-women.

The total amount raised by the Calvinistic Methodists towards making up the loss caused by the earthquake of last year in Assam is £14,052 11s. 5d. This sum includes the conditional gift of £1,000 by the late Mr. Edward Davies, J. P., of Llandinam.

The Liverpool Welsh National Society, at a meeting recently, unanimously resolved to invite the National Eisteddfod to meet in Liverpool in the year 1900, and appointed a committee to make preliminary arrangements. The National Eisteddfod was last held in Liverpool in 1884.

It would seem that the London "Echo" is aiming at being the organ of the Welsh people in London. Of late this sedate little paper has actually given reports of Welsh events in Welsh, and scarcely a day passes that some Welsh function or other is splashed. Even preliminary notices of eisteddfodau and festivals are given in the language that Adam spoke before he sinned.

Welsh coal is destined to figure in the American and Spanish war, as it has in every war, wherever waged. Some time ago two of Messrs. Cory's boats, laden with best steam, left Barry for Porto Rico, but it is not known what success they have had in landing it.

There is a farm in Carmarthenshire which has been owned by the family of the present owner for the last 502 years. and has been occupied by the family of the present tenant for the same unbroken period. The present landlord has in his possession the rent accounts for the whole of that time. This is a case of fixity of tenure if you like.

It is a moot point, and one for the consideration of debating societies, whether Munchausen or Giraldus Cambrensis was the bigger story teller. Giraldus did his best. For instance, he tells us that in a certain lake in Snowdon he found a species of "monocular fish." Using an hibernicism, the fish which are in that lake now have neither one nor two eyes, because there are no fish there, and no signs they were there six hundred years ago.

"Jingo" is said to be a word of Basque origin, introduced into England by Spanish sailors at the time of the Spanish Armada. It is a Basque word for God, and the phrase, "By the living Jingo," means "By the living God." In Welsh it is supposed to take the form "Dango," which is a mild swear word still heard in some districts.

An interesting discovery has been made at Cold Cock, Denbighshire, the residence of the late General Wynne, in the shape of the original confirmation by King Edward VI., in 1566, of the charter of privileges granted by Henry VII. to the inhabitants of Denbigh. The Great Seal of King Edward VI. is appended to the document, which is in good condition.

During the last three years several valuable gifts have been presented to the Gorsedd. For better security the ownership of these presents, which are worth over £2,500, has been vested in fifteen trustees, and Lord Mostyn has undertaken to keep the Gorseddic raiment and appurtenances, from Eisteddfod to Eisteddfod, at Mostyn Hall, his Flintshire seat.

It seems that the deepest shaft in Great Britain is not in South Wales. The deepest in S. Wales is Harris' Navigation at Pontypridd, which goes 2,367 feet into the bowels of the earth, but there are two deeper than this in the North of England, viz: Rose Bridge. at Wigan, which is sunk 2,446 feet, and Ashton Moss, about 3,000 feet. The deepest mine, however, though not the deepest shaft, is Pendleton, near Manchester, the lowest part of which is nearly 3,500 feet from the surface.

Five choirs at least will compete at the Blaenau Festiniog National Eisteddfod in the chief choral contest, viz: the Holyhead, the Carnarvon, the Rhosllanerchrugog, the Builth, and the Llanelly. The prize is £150. The "Nottingham Express" also urges that a choir from that town should also enter the lists.

Poor old sliding scale! Last year the joint committee organized a fine demonstration to celebrate the coming of age of the scale, and all the members representing capital and labor were specially photographed for one of the purposes connected with the event. Of course, there was to be a big dinner and other high jinks, but something or other happened to make postponement necessary, then there was another postponement, and last week the joint committee met, not to praise the scale, but to bury it.

The early annals of many an old chapel in Wales is somewhat roughly compared with that of the old Scotch kirks. An elder in Argyleshire was asked one time in the long ago how his place of worship got on. "Well," he said, in his picturesque dialect, "We had four hundred members. Then we had a split, and we had only two hundred left, one body starting a place of their own. Then we had a disruption among ourselves, and only ten of us was left. Then there was a heresy trial, and there is only me and my brother Duncan; and I begin to have great doubts of his orthodoxy!"

Incidents of the coal famine are now coming in. The householder in a "stop tap" neighborhood told a friend that he had gone in for Scotch coal. It was something like Welsh; very like it in one respect—it made the kettle boil! "Oh," exclaimed his neighbor, "I could not get Welsh or Scotch, so have had to fall back on Irish." "What sort is that?" was the query. "Some sticks from the hedge," was the reply. "They'll make a pot boil, but there's no staying power in it, like the crisis."

Amongst the cherished treasures of the Czarina is what she playfully calls her "black diamond." This is a small block of common household coal, which reminds her (says "Cassell's Saturday Journal,") of one of the most novel experiences of her life. When, some years ago, as Princess Alix, she spent some time in Wales, she expressed a wish to descend a coal mine. Every facility was, naturally, afforded to the adventurous and beautiful Princess. She descended 1,500 feet into the bowels of the earth, and with her own hands dislodged some blocks of coal, one of which she now cherishes as a souvenir of a new experience and of unconventional days.

The American Eagle might sometimes boisterously flap her wings and screech

as though she meant to tear out the eyes of the British lion—but that was if they listened to the newspapers. The British Lion might ominously shake his tail and roar as though he meant to tear the Eagle to pieces, but there was no occasion for alarm. There never would be war between Great Britain and the United States. At all events, it would not happen so long as I am United States consul at Cardiff, and as long as Mr. Spicer is member of Parliament for that division.—Consul Phillips.

The writer of an article in a recent number of "Tit Bits" states that near Mold, in Flintshire, there was at one time a mound or barrow, named Bryn-yr-Ellyllon, or the Hill of the Fairies, in which, according to a local legend, there lay a skeleton clad in golden armor. When the mound was eventually cleared away, for agricultural purposes, a complete human skeleton was disclosed. Round its breast was a corselet of pure gold, which may now be seen by the curious in the British Museum.

Here is an English view of the Welsh Radicals in Parliament (it is from the "Sunday Chronicle"): "In point of age the Welsh Nationalists are probably the youngest section in the House of Commons. Nor are they much behind in ability. The strong advantage they possess over the Irish members is the fact that they are much better educated than the average follower of Mr. Dillon or Mr. Healy, and that they have a much more cultured style of speaking. Most of them are young and pushful barristers, and a few are the sons of wealthy merchants. It is true that their outlook on life generally, and politics in particular, is tinged with the rigorous severity of Welsh Calvinism, but they possess the saving grace of a very keen sense of humor."

The Registrar of the Welsh University, Mr. Ivor James, has issued a circular in which he explains the scheme for the establishment of fellowships in connection with the Welsh University, with a preliminary list of donations and annual subscriptions connected therewith. It is proposed to found four such fellowships, of the value of £100 per annum or more, tenable for two years, with a possible renewal for a third year in recognition of exceptional merit. These shall be confined to graduates of the University, and conferred for "very distinguished merit," and held at one of the constituent colleges. The fellowships, towards the establishment of which subscriptions are invited, are to be awarded by the Court on the recommendation of the Senate, acting on the suggestion of a small Standing Committee specially appointed for the purpose.

The common belief that Welsh words contain a larger proportion of consonants and a smaller proportion of vowels than words of any other language will hardly bear examination. Mr. W. Davies (Mynorydd) recently took the trouble to institute a comparison. Taking first a number of passages in German, he found in them a much greater scarcity of vowels than in Welsh. But the comparison with English was more striking still. Here are one or two examples—"Gwyn ei fyd a ystyria wrth y tlawd"—14 vowels, 13 consonants. The English rendering is—"Blessed is he that considereth the poor"—12 vowels, 21 consonants. Again—"Yr Arglwydd yw fy Mugail, ni bydd eisieu arnaf"—19 vowels, 18 consonants. The English rendering is—"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want"—10 vowels, 22 consonants. A number of further passages yield similar results. In each case the vowels in Welsh are more numerous than in English, and the consonants in Welsh less numerous than in English.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE.

Mr. Gladstone was the fourth son of the late Sir John Gladstone, a well-known merchant of Liverpool, born there December 29, 1809, was educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Having spent some time in a continental tour after graduating, taking double first class in Michaelmas term 1831, he was returned at the general

election in December 1832. After a most brilliant political career he retired from public life in 1894, and was succeeded by Lord Rosebery. Since that time Mr. Gladstone had devoted himself principally to literary work, publishing a verse translation of Horace, and a commentary on the Psalms. He continued to take interest in public affairs, and in the time of the Turkish atrocities in Armenia he spoke and wrote with his usual eloquence. Mr. Gladstone is a remarkable illustration of a soul that was continually moving towards greater light, improving and mellowing to the last. Although born and bred a Tory and a bigot, he became in due time a Liberal, and in some sense a Radical, and was even in old age developing the most generous traits of the human heart. He was in the highest sense a popular man. In his early days he was a Tory of the Tories, and in his old age a Radical of the Radicals. He even once defended slavery, and in after years acknowledged his errors publicly and widely. He was grand in almost every sense, and he was great enough to alter his views according to increased light. He refused a peerage, but has had a title which is even greater than any which the Queen could bestow, viz. The Grand Old Man; and it is the only title that does him justice. May he always be known as the Grand Old Man. Mr. Gladstone's home was in Hawarden, Flintshire, Wales, and Mrs. Gladstone is a sister of the late Sir Stephen Glynne, M. P.

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Sunday, May 1, the Rev. R. T. Jones, D. D., celebrated his sixteenth anniversary as pastor of the Susquehanna Avenue Presbyterian Church, Susquehanna Avenue and Marshall Street, Philadelphia. The occasion was a triple anniversary of the church, pastor and Sunday School. On graduating at Princeton, the Rev. Dr. Jones began his pastorate at the Susquehanna Avenue Church on the first Sunday in May, 1882. At that time twenty-three members worshiped in a small room in a factory building on the northwest corner of Marshall Street and Susquehanna Avenue. In September of that year a lot was secured on the opposite corner.

A chapel at a cost of $8,000 was erected and occupied in January, 1883. The growth being so large and constant, the chapel became too small, and in June, 1888, work was begun on the church edifice, which was finished and dedicated in November, 1889. It is a large and imposing structure, and will accommodate nearly 1000 people, and recently its seating capacity has often been taxed. The lot and edifice cost $50,000. Notwithstanding the few members at the beginning, during the sixteen years over $100,000 have been raised for all purposes. The pastor has received 1077 persons into church membership. There are at present 670 communicant members, making a net increase of 637. The church has a flourishing Sunday School of over 600 scholars. The superintendents are Charles Lewes, Richard Stewart and George W. Davis. The pastor is supported by a strong and active session, consisting of William Davidson, John Lunn, Richard Stewart, William F. Bernstein, Samuel Ash, O. W. Funston, David Davies and Charles Lewis. The church is thoroughly organized for aggressive work with twelve active organizations.

The Rev. Maurice Griffiths, M. A., of Llanidloes, has accepted the invitation sent him to become minister of the English Calvinistic Methodist Church at Llanelly.

The Rev. Dr. Owen Evans, of London, is preparing for publication another volume of his sermons, which will be the eighth volume of his discourses which have been published in the Welsh language.

Two well-known Welsh Congregationalists, the Rev. J. Machreth Rees and Owen Thomas, M. A., both of London, intend paying a visit to the United States this summer. They will leave England in August, and be away about two months.

Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. A., has chosen for his Oxford home 3 Clarendon Villas, close to the house of Mr. J. Gwenogfryn Evans, M. A., the palaeographer. Mr. Edwards will, however, not give up his house at Llanuwchllyn.

The Rev. John T. Lloyd, of Johannesburg, published in the "Goleuad" a letter in which he contradicts several statements made by the Rev. Evan Rees (Dyfed) in the account published of his visit to South Africa. Mr. Lloyd states that the Welsh people in the Transvaal are not quite as bad as they are made out by Dyfed.

In West Pembrokeshire there lives a very pious old Methodist deacon, who is not only a strict Sabbatarian, but a rigid moralist on week-days as well. Some time ago a rumor spread about that the old bachelor had got married, and the following Sunday his brethren asked him if it was true. "Do you think," he asked, when his amazement had found its voice, "that I should have got married between two Sundays?"

Two colliers were keenly discussing the course of affairs at Merthyr some time ago, when one burst forth with the brilliant remark, "Do you know, Shoni, the fault of all this strike is in that old plenary power, myn j——? Who he is whatever I don't know. I don't think he is a collier, for I have been a delegate once or twice, see you, and I have never met him at any of our meetings."

One of the amusing things in connection with the presentation of the freedom of the borough of Cardiff to Alderman David Jones was that the mayor asked the town clerk to read the script. There was some confusion. It turned out that the script was engrossed in Welsh. Then the mayor covered the slip by saying, "I was only having a

lark with the town clerk. You know, his name is Larke Wheatley."

Mr. W. Cadwalader Davies, some time assistant to the late Sir Hugh Owen in the secretariate of Aberystwyth College, and subsequently first registrar of the North Wales College at Bangor, has undertaken to write the history of "The University of Wales and its Constituent Colleges" for Mr. Robinson's series of college histories.

Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. A., in the current number of "Cymru," urges the Festiniog National Eisteddfod Committee to invite Mr. George Meredith and Sir E. Burne Jones, "the greatest thinker and the greatest artist that Wales has ever given to Britain and to the world," to preside over two of their meetings this year.

A Welshman traveling in Canada went far out of his way one day in order to see a Welsh woman in a "bush" settlement. His informers had assured him of a hearty Welsh welcome. Her hearty greeting, however, though evidently sincere, was somewhat ambiguous. Shaking his hand almost to dislocating it, she exclaimed, "I am glad to see a dog from Wales."

The late Dr. Price, of Druidic fame, believed and taught the doctrine of the transmigration of the soul. When visiting a dying man he told him, "I can do no more for you, Twm. Your soul will soon enter a strong horse or some other animal." "Oh! doctor," exclaimed the dying man, "don't send me into Shon Bwtchwr's horse, whatever you do." Shon, it seems, was very cruel to his horse.

"Gwna a ddylit, doed a ddelo" ("Do what you ought to do, come what may") is the motto on the Sir W. T. Lewis thanksgiving window in St, Catherine's Church, Pontypridd. Now that the workmen have whittled down their demand to 10 per cent. advance, it is to be hoped the chairman of the emergency committee will see that his duty is consistent with meeting the men, and once he conceives it to be his duty we have no fear as to the result. The "doed a ddelo" will be right enough.

Mr. J. E. Southall, the author of "Wales and Her Language," intends to re-print the autobiography of Richard Davies, of Cloddiau Cochion, Montgomeryshire. The story of the life of this man, the greatest figure among Welsh Quakers, is extremely interesting. The full title of the work is "An Account of the Convincement, Exercises, Services, and Travels of that Ancient Servant of the Lord, Richard Davies, with Some Relation of Ancient Friends and of the Spreading of Truth in North Wales."

Watcyn Wyn intends at the next meeting of the Gorsedd in connection with the National Eisteddfod at Festiniog to bring forward a proposal which he has been contemplating for some time past, viz., to have the bardic chair open for the "Awdl" and the "Pryddest" alternatively, so that when the chair is given for the "Pryddest" the crown will be given for the "Awdl." This is intended to place the bards of the alliterative metres and the blank-verse poets on the same footing, and to make the "Awdl" and the "Pryddest" of equal merit. There is a strong feeling among the bards of the "new school" against chairing a second time bards who have won the National Eisteddfod chair. This matter was brought forward by the Rev. Elvet Lewis at the Rhyl National Eisteddfod, and a prominent member of the Gorsedd intends giving notice at this year's meeting to move that bards who have won the National Eisteddfod chair be not allowed to compete for it a second time.

CURRENT EVENTS.

THE GREAT NAVAL VICTORY AT MANILA.

Another brilliant victory has been added to the list which has already rendered illustrious the annals of the United States navy, and one more name is placed upon its roll of honor. On the page of history Dewey and Manila will

Rear-Admiral Dewey.

become as inseparable as Farragut and Mobile, or Nelson and Trafalgar. Concise as are the tidings which have reached the outside world, and coming largely through a hostile channel, they have served to establish the fact that our new navy has emerged from its first baptism of fire and blood in just the very way that we knew it would—with colors flying and fresh laurels added to its record. The skill and daring with which the attack was planned and carried out have received world-wide recognition, and the estimate of Vice-Admiral Colomb, the leading expert on naval strategy in the British navy, is representative of professional opinion on the other side of the water:

"The boldness of the American commander is beyond question. Henceforth he must be placed in the Valhalla of great naval commanders. Nothing can detract from the dash and vigor of the American exploit, or dim the glory which Dewey has shed upon the American navy."

The fleet which sailed from Hong Kong when the declaration of England's neutrality necessitated its departure consisted of nine vessels, two of which were unarmored and acting respectively as a transport and a collier. Of the other seven, one, the "McCulloch," is one of the revenue cutters which have been armed and added to the navy as part of its auxiliary fleet, two are gunboats, and the other four are protected cruisers.

From comparison it is evident that the Spanish fleet under Admiral Montijo was superior in numbers, while our fleet excelled in the size, speed and fighting qualities of its individual ships. The flagship of the American squadron was the "Olympia," one of the finest vessels in the navy. She was built by the Union Iron Works, San Francisco, and on her trial exceeded the contract speed by 1.7 knots, maintaining an average of 21.7 knots for four hours. Her main battery consists of four 8-inch rifles disposed in two Harvey steel turrets and ten 5-inch rapid-fire guns. Protection is assured by a steel deck 4¾ inches on the slopes assisted by a belt of cocoa-fiber and another belt of coal. The "Baltimore" and

"Boston" carried between them six of the formidable 8-inch rifles (this by the way is one of the most popular weapons in the navy) and twelve 6-inch slow-firers. Another 6-inch slow-firer was carried on the forecastle of the "Raleigh," and ten others were divided between the two gunboats. The "Raleigh" also carried a powerful battery of ten 5-inch rapid-fire guns, and on the "McCulloch" were four 4-inch guns. The total armament of the fleet consisted of ten 8-inch rifles capable of piercing 20 inches of iron at the muzzle; twenty-three 6-inch rifles good for a muzzle penetration of 14 inches; twenty 5-inch rapid-fire guns capable, in the skilled hands of our gunners, of discharging 140 carefully aimed shells each minute, each of which can pentrate 13 inches of iron.

The flagship of the Spanish fleet was the "Reina Christina," a steel vessel of 17½ knots speed, armed with six 6.2-inch rifles. These guns are of the Hontoria pattern, and are credited with a muzzle penetration of 14.3 inches of iron. In the hands of competent marksmen they should have been capable of penetrating the thickest armor carried by our ships; but unless the shooting was better than that exhibited against Admiral Sampson's vessels at Matanzas, it is not likely that our boats suffered serious injury from them. The next most effective gun was the 5.9-inch Krupp rifle, of which seven were carried by the "Castilla" and "Velasco." It can put a shell through 11½ inches of iron. In addition to these the fleet mustered sixteen 4.7-inch Hontoria guns, good for a penetration of 10½ inches of iron at the muzzle. The total armament of the fleet in the larger rifles was six 6.2-inch guns, seven 5.9-inch and sixteen of 4.7-inch caliber, all of them slow-firers.

The Spanish flagship caught fire early in the engagement, and Admiral Montijo transferred his flag to the "Isla de Cuba." The "Don Juan de Austria" was blown up, and according to Spanish accounts several of the other vessels were scuttled to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. During the engagement Commodore Dewey kept his ships under way in a methodical formation, and after the destruction of the fleet was accomplished he withdrew to the opposite side of the bay to land his wounded. When this was done he returned to Cavite, which again opened fire, upon which our fleet poured in a crushing fire which effectually silenced the forts. The gallant commodore then turned his attention to Manila, and demanded its surrender, sending in a twenty-four hour ultimatum, which apparently was rejected. We cannot do better than give Dewey's report verbatim: "Manila, May 1.—The squadron arrived at Manila at daybreak this morning; immediately engaged the enemy and destroyed the following vessels: "Reina Christina," "Castilla," "Don Antonio de Ulloa," "Isla de Luzon," "Isla de Cuba," "General Lezo," "Marques de Ducro," "El Cano," "Velasco," transport "Isla del Mindizao," and one other vessel and water battery at Cavite. Squadron is uninjured. Only few men were slightly wounded. Dewey."

It appears that Commodore Dewey forced his way past the batteries at the harbor entrance during the night, and when the eventful day dawned the Spanish on the fortifications and the ships were confronted by the spectacle of the American squadron standing down the bay. The Spanish fleet had taken up a position under the protection of the Cavite guns, which opened fire on our fleet. Commodore Dewey at once closed in, and opened up with all his guns for a space of half an hour. The Spanish fire had weakened under the deadly precision and rapidity of the fire from our fleet, and after another cannonade at shorter range what remained of the Spanish fleet was practically wiped out, and the forts were silenced.—Scientific American.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

AFRICAN PYGMIES.

Mrs. Henry M. Stanley enters a protest against a recent article in the Paris Figaro by M. Labadie Lagrave on the African pygmies, in which the French writer compared Mr. Stanley to Pizarro and Cortes. This comparison, she says, is a fresh proof that M. Labadie Lagrave knows nothing of Mr. Stanley and of his work in Africa. She quotes long passages from her husband's writings to prove that M. Labadie Lagrave has read him all in vain, and she adds: "Whoever has read Mr. Stanley's book must feel the profound pity and consideration which he cherishes for the Africans, without distinction of stature or tribe. It is owing to Mr. Stanley, who was the first to ask England for missionaries, that Uganda is to-day a Christian country, with cathedrals, churches and schools. It is owing to Mr. Stanley that the banks of the Congo, once infested by horrible cannibals, are inhabited now by a peaceful and civilized people."

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RELIGIOUS BARGAINS.

The Rev. Francis S. Borton, a missionary in Pueblo, Mexico, says in "The Christian Endeavor World," that he recently saw the following notice in a Roman Catholic Church in Mexico:

"Raffle for Souls—At the last Raffle for Souls the following numbers obtained the prize, and the lucky holders may be assured that their loved ones are forever released from the flames of Purgatory:

Ticket 841—The soul of the lawyer James Vasquey is released from Purgatory, and ushered into heavenly joys.

"Ticket 41—The soul of Mme. Calderon is made happy forever.

"Ticket 762—The soul of the aged widow Francisca de Parras is forever released from the flames of Purgatory.

"Another raffle for souls will be held at this same blessed Church of the Redeemer on January 1, at which four bleeding and tortured souls will be released from Purgatory to Heaven, according to the four highest tickets in this most holy lottery. Tickets $1. To be had of the Father in charge. Will you, for the poor sum of $1, leave your loved ones to burn in Purgatory for ages?"

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Dean Farrer, in his "Reminiscences," says that the first proofs of Dean's Stanley's "Sinai and Palestine" informed the reader that from the monastery of Sinai was visible "the horn of the burning beast!" This was a fearfully apocalyptic nightmare of the printer's devil for "the horizon of the burning bush." The original proof sheets also stated that on turning the shoulder of Mount Olivet in the walk from Bethany, "there suddenly burst upon the spectator a magnificent view of 'Jones.'" In this startling sentence "Jones" was a trans-mogrification of "Jerus," the dean's abbreviated way of spelling Jerusalem. When the dean answered an invitation to dinner his hostess has been known to write back and inquire whether his note was an acceptance or a refusal, and when he most kindly replied to the question of some working-men, the recipient of his letter thanked him,

but ventured to request that the tenour of the answer might be written out by someone else, as he was not familiar with the handwriting of the aristocracy."

Nothing of the kind in this world can be more impressive than the way in which an audience of 6,000 French radicals receives the wonderful air (the "Marseillaise"), says Colonel T. W. Higginson in "The Atlantic." I observed that the chorus of young men who led the singing never once looked at the notes, and few even had any, so familiar was it to all. There was a perfect hush in that vast audience while the softer parts were sung, and no one joined even in the chorus at first, for everybody was listening. The instant, however, that the strain closed, the applause broke like a tropical storm, and the clapping of hands was like the taking flight of a thousand doves all over the vast arena.

An interesting anecdote of Nellie Grant is contributed by Mrs. Minnie E. Leo to "What to Eat": When a schoolgirl, she visited London, and was asked to luncheon by Victoria. After the meal was over and Nellie had gone, the marchioness of Ely, the queen's secretary, who was of the party, expressed her great surprise at the perfect self-possession and freedom from embarrassment of the young American. "Yes," said the Queen, smiling; "indeed, it was I who was embarrassed."

The South is a place where a breach of promise suit is practically unknown, where women are not husband hunters, and where divorce is infrequent. There is no such thing in the South as awaiting for a rich man to die and then springing sensational common law marriages, nor has there been rarely ever a claim made by Jekyl and Hyde women for rich men's estates. Come South and flee from designing womanhood; come where there is no need for a bachelor or non-marriage clubs, and fall a willing and easy victim, as you inevitably will, to God's best handiwork, a true Southern woman.

The Japanese have an idea that one of the faults of woman is to overdo pretty much everything she undertakes. This tendency of the gentler sex they have illustrated in the following fable: Once upon a time a man discovered the fountain of youth. Thanks to its magic he returned young, strong and hearty to the land from which but a short time before he had departed an old and feeble man. The first person he met after his return was an old woman, and he told her about the fountain. The woman knew a good thing when she heard it, and she at once set off to seek the rejuvenation upon her own account. The next day when the man again repaired to the fountain he found by its side a few days' old babe. It was the woman. She had overdone it.

It is a shame to attack the character of people who have been dead as long as the Pharaohs, but Prof. Petrie, the great Egyptian excavator, has been mean enough to do so. He asserts that the monarchs who built the pyramids were cannibals. He claims to have opened 150 tombs, and from them taken many mutilated remains of the victims of cannibalism. Prof. Heinrich Brugsch, continuing the study and investigations, adds his opinion that the ancient Egyptians were man-eaters of the worst kind, and brings forward conclusive evidence showing that they not only offered up human beings to the gods, but regularly used the flesh of human beings as food.

Morgan D. Evans, of Dinas Bach, Rhandir Mwyn, Carmarthenshire, resided at Forest City, Pa., and worked for G. S. Good, whence he removed to Lock Haven, Pa., but returned to Forest City about three years ago. Any information will be gratefully received by Henry J. Harris, Elksdale, Susquehanna Co., Pa.

THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

CHAPTER I.

Saint Winifred's Well and the Hermit's Cave.

In A. D. 1054 Saint Winifred's Well, though not so widely known for its supposed supernatural efficacy in removing bodily diseases and infirmity as in later years, was the object of almost idolatrous regard in Gwynedd. The summer of that year brought a somewhat larger quota than usual of devoted pilgrims to worship at the shrine of its patron saint, and to get the benefit of its healing waters. But when winter came, the absence of comfortable quarters where the sick and the infirm might find shelter from the cold, caused the place to be deserted. An occasional traveler, however, lingered a moment under the rude structure built over and around the well, to quench his thirst or to try the healing effects of the water. On the day before Christmas two horsemen reined in their diminutive palfreys in front of the well, and one of them dismounting and shaking off the snow which had clung to his tunic of white linen as he rode in a storm that still added to the thickness of the white mantle enveloping the earth, filled a horn with water and handed it to his companion with the remark,

"Einion Ap Howel first, and after him his friend."

"I am glad you know your place for once, Hoel," was the reply; "but methinks when it comes to a question of booty you are apt to reverse the order."

This the equestrian said as he lifted the horn to his lips. He and his companion were evidently on the best of terms with each other. Both were in the prime of life, and had blue eyes, brown hair, and heavy mustaches. The one who was still mounted, however, was the taller of the two, and also the most intellectual. His face showed that he could on occasion exercise no small degree of craftiness and duplicity; yet ordinarily his friends thought him genial and trustworthy. His companion was of a different type, combining the unscrupulousness of the robber with the cunning of the knave. They were still bantering each other when the shorter man pointing to a pedestrian who could be dimly seen approaching through the falling snowflakes said,

"Here comes one of the bardic fraternity, and no doubt an aspirant to kingly favor, and a bard of note."

The other made no reply, but fixed his gaze on the bard, whose hoary locks and beard, and long robe fluttered in the wind as he labored on under the heavy burden of his harp, half-blinded by the snow. At the same time the bard's dark, piercing eyes looked out from under his bushy eyebrows, and sought to discern the character of the men who were eyeing him with so much interest. Then as he came up to them he said apologetically,

"Your pardon, friends, for a moment's intrusion on your presence. A long and laborious walk on a stormy day like this calls for a brief rest and the means of assuaging my thirst."

"Your arrival is no intrusion, venerable bard," said the mounted traveler. "On the contrary, all are welcome to Saint Winifred's Well."

"Ay; and may the richest blessing of our patron saint rest on your hoary head," added the other, crossing himself. Then filling his horn and handing it to the bard he continued, "And may this healing draught quicken your flagging powers."

"I thank thee, friend," said the bard taking the proffered horn. "The illustrious Gryffydd ap Llewelyn should have thee for his cupbearer."

"They say his majesty is never at a loss to find men who aspire to that distinction," was the reply. "They also say that his mead has no equal. Yet I question whether you will find it as wholesome a drink as that."

The bard emptied the horn, and handing it back to its owner with a wry face he remarked,

"I know not the taste of king Gryffydd's mead, but if it taste no better than this I want none of it."

"If you are wise you will speak less disparagingly, for you will find Ceridwen no match for Saint Winifred," said the owner of the horn with a frown.

"No offense should be taken where none is intended," continued the bard. "I knew not that this well was more sacred than a thousand others in Wales."

you a Cambrian and a Chris-
ıd have not heard the legend
ıt Winifred's Well?" asked
unted horseman with astoni-
t. "Your costume and voca-
ɜspeak you a frequenter of
alls rather than a dweller in
"

voice has often been heard in
ncely halls of the Deheu-
was the reply. "But my
ıas never drowned what my
ould hear. Were Gryffydd
welyn as little known there
r patron saint, his enemies
have reason to rejoice."

ny faith, that is very strange;
ı I account for it, Saint Win-
ıould be as famous as the
You are a good listener are
t?"

when I am in a comfortable
ı, and when the subject suits
od. Pardon me, I will re-
yself of this burden, and rest
under that roof in order the
o listen to what thou mayst
say."

ıg his action to his words the
ɔw seated himself on a stone
within the rude structure al-
lluded to, and the two horse-
llowed his example.

ı have heard of St. Beuno?"
e horseman who until now
nained mounted.

ave heard the name, but I
ıot the man," the bard re-
lancing at a pile of crutches
from where he sat.

: is not strange since he died
seventh century," continued
seman with a smile. "How-
beit, St. Beuno had a most devout and beautiful niece, of noble parentage, called Winifred, whose protection and training devolved upon him by reason of permission given him by her father to build on his estate the church whose dilapidated walls support this roof. Not far distant was the palace of King Alen, whose son Caradog was desparately in love with the charming maiden. The prince, watching his opportunity, surprised the object of his affections one Sunday morning

St. Winifred's Well.

at her home, and she, unable to return his love, and fearing violence, fled from his presence in this direction. But Caradoc, indignant at the treatment he had received, followed in hot pursuit, and overtaking her yonder drew his sword and struck off her head. So violent was the blow that the head rolled into the church, stopping by the al-

tar, and immediately this sacred fountain, which by the holy virgin's merits restores the health of multitudes, gushed up as it does this day."

"A most remarkable tale," said the bard as the speaker paused; "nor does it lose any of its charm in thy telling."

"But not more remarkable than what follows," was the reply. "St. Beuno immediately picking up the head joined it to the body, and miraculously restored her to life. But he thought fit to leave a slender mark around her neck as a remainder of Caradoc's crime. She lived fifteen years after that, and died the abbess of Gwytherin; but the impious prince fell dead the moment she was restored, and the earth swallowed his unholy corpse."

"A fitting sequal to a most interesting tale," gravely remarked the bard;" "and to prove how firmly I believe it, and to confirm my vow to tell it wherever I go, I will drink another hornful of the saint's elixir of life."

"Good," exclaimed the narrator; "you are less skeptical than I suspected. Had I the time I might relate other equally interesting tales connected with this well. But I perceive that my horse is growing impatient, and Hoel here is already worrying lest we fail to reach St. Asaph in time to dine with the bishop, for his reverend lordship knows far better how to provide and enjoy a good dinner than to feed his spiritual flock."

"Say rather that Einion ap Howel and not I smells the feast from afar this time," said the man called Hoel. "By my faith, he would go to the end of the earth for a chunk of venison or a bowl of steaming mead."

"Provided I had a good supply of roast beef and wine to last me on the way," retorted Einion ap Howel, whom we have already described as the smarter of the two. Then addressing the bard he said, "If I mistake not, your destination is not far from ours, and since to-morrow is Christmas we may count on seeing you at the royal banquet. Had I an extra horse with me I would gladly place it at your service, and thus make comparatively easy a journey which must otherwise tax both your strength and your patience."

"I shall thankfully take the word for the deed," replied the bard. "The vicissitudes of life have taught me to expect the disagreeable with the pleasant, and the bitter with the sweet, and I shall make the rest of my journey, despite the inclemency of the weather, as I have performed other disagreeable tasks, knowing that I shall all the more enjoy the pleasures awaiting me. As to my present destination, suffice it to say that it is not Rhuddlan Castle. But if the dispenser of destinies will that we shall meet to-morrow at the royal banquet, I shall deem it a very happy circumstance."

"A bard is no less to be admired for being a philosopher also," smilingly remarked Einion ap Howel. "There is my hand, and with it goes a hearty invitation to visit Colsul Hall. Hoel here, who is too much

of a rover to have a home of his own is not altogether indifferent to its hospitality, else it would not see his face so oft. The welcome which is always his shall be yours also, venerable bard, whenever you shall see fit to cross my threshold."

"Though not much of a homesbody," said Hoel, also taking friendly leave of the bard, "even Einion ap Howel will not deny that my favor is far better than my hate. My friendship may not mean much to you; yet it is yours such as it is."

The next moment the horsemen were out of sight, and the bard now that he was alone gave himself to reflection, not only of a character foreign to the vocation of a lover of the muse, but actually of a treasonable cast. Much as he desired to indulge his thoughts, however, the lack of physical comfort soon caused him to resume his journey. This he did under conditions less trying to his patience than he had found earlier in the day, the snow-storm being temporarily abated. The road which he followed was rough and irregular, and led in a westerly direction through dense woods, in whose dark shadows burrowed the wild boar, lurked the wild cat, prowled the wolf, wandered the bear, and roamed the deer, all of which together with the fox, the hare, the beaver, the otter, and the woodcock afforded amusement and recreation to king Gryffydd and his nobles. If the bard had been in quest of game he would have left the road soon after his departure from the well; but being intent upon reaching the end of his journey, he changed his course only after arriving at a point about a mile east of St. Asaph, where he found a trail, of which some one familiar with the region had informed him, leading in a south-westerly direction. Penetrating a thick growth of oaks intermingled with beeches, hollies, and copsewood of various descriptions, and occasionally shifting his harp from one side to the other, he pressed forward with more energy than his aged appearance seemed to warrant. He had been preceded by a rider, whose horse's tracks made it comparatively easy for him to follow the trail. He was evidently more keenly alive to his surroundings now than he had been, as the least noise attracted his attention. Once he started a couple of deer on his left, and at another time he heard the grunt of a wild boar not far to the right. Other signs also led him to think that there was no lack of game in that region, and to remark to himself, "The usurper must have more games than guests this year, else he would not allow so many deer and bears to wander in these woods. By my faith were I as near home as I believe I am to the hermit's cave, I would be strongly tempted to grace my own larder with some of them."

Finding himself at length in a region abounding in deep, picturesque glens and fossiliferous caverns, he congratulated himself that his journey would soon be at an end. As he was unfamiliar with the region, however, he experienced greater

difficulty in discovering the object which he sought than he had anticipated. He was standing at the base of a rock near the river Elwy, peering hesitatingly into the yawning mouth of a cave, when a voice from the gloomy depths within bade him enter. He did as he was bidden. He had not proceeded far when the voice again addressed him. It was now within a few feet of him, and said,

"The safety of thy head no less than the health of thy heart requires humility. Stoop and follow me."

The bard obeyed, though he found it no easy matter owing to his heavy burden; and a moment later he was led into a large open space, not unlike a spacious room dug out of the rock, but which in reality was a natural cavern. In the center of this cavern a bright fire was burning, and beyond was dimly seen a rude contrivance resembling a table, and a clumsy cupboard in the vicinity of which hung a crucifix over a bed of rushes.

"This, then, is the hermit's abode," inwardly remarked the bard as he seated himself on a large bear skin near the fire, "and this stern-looking, clean-shaven, and tall individual, clad in sack-cloth gown and hood, and girt with a rope of rushes, must be the hermit himself.",

"The seclusion of the woods has less attraction for the bard in these modern times than in the days when priests and bards alike studied the mysteries of the groves. I, therefore, infer, venerable bard, thy presence here betokens a mission of some importance. But thy business however pressing in its nature, can wait till I offer thee some refreshments."

Thus the hermit spoke while placing a newly-lighted torch on a sort of candlestick extending from a crack in the rock. Then throwing open the doors of the cupboard he took two small wooden disnes, one containing barley bread, and the other sweet-smelling herbs, and placed them on a low stool before the bard. To these he added a drinking horn filled with water, and after pronouncing a blessing in Latin he said somewhat apologetically,

"If the palate which is accustomed to the luxuries of princes can relish what heaven has ordained for hermits thou art welcome to this humble fare."

"Holy father, I shall find no fault with your fare," said the bard concealing his disgust at what was set before him; "but it would greatly add to my pleasure were you to partake with me."

"The meal is scarcely enough for one," was the reply. "Besides I have already eaten more than I deserve to have. It is for priests and monks to fast and not to feast; to crucify the flesh and exercise the soul in all good works. The holy saints—may they ever defend us—left us not an example of worldly ease, but of patient suffering and self-denial. But thou art not here for a homily."

"Assistance and advice, holy father, would better suit my present

want," said the bard, striving to satisfy his hunger with the scant supply of food set before him; "and this letter, whose author is not unknown to you, will acquaint you with the mission which brought me here."

Taking the letter handed him, the hermit moved closer to the lighted torch, and while he pursued the writing the bard watched his face in silence. He beheld no sign of interest, however, other than the lifting of the eye-brows once or twice.

"I commend thy wisdom in assuming that guise," presently remarked the hermit folding the letter, "for the slayer of thy father is no friend of thine."

"Nor is he, holy father, a friend to Wales. He is an usurper, and a tyrant, whose foot is on the neck of every true son of Cambria."

"Thou speakest truly, and certain expressions in this letter seem to indicate that at least one of his half-brothers shares in thy opinion."

"Can you not lend your aid to rid the world of our common enemy, and thus advance the cause of freedom?"

"I am, as thou seest, a man of peace; to bear arms is not among the functions of a priest."

"A priest may advice those who are willing to bear arms, especially when stimulated with the promise of a rich reward. If I be elevated to the throne of the Deheubarth, as I shall be when the usurper is out of the way, I shall surely remember all my friends."

"My first advice to thee is to count the cost before entering on a course that may prove fatal to thee while thine enemies escape unscathed. 'What king, going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first and consulteth whether he be able with ten thousand to meet him that cometh against him with twenty thousand?' So says sacred writ. Art thou prepared to meet Gryffydd ap Llewelyn on the field of battle?"

"No; but is there not another and surer way to encompass his destruction? The dagger sometimes succeeds where the sword fails."

"Ay, Julius Cæsar, the first invader of our sacred soil had reason to think so when treason ended his career. But he that would wield the dagger must take his life in his hand."

"That will I most gladly do, if you will aid me to crawl into the tyrant's favor. Perchance you have a friend at court who needs a servant."

"Bards find easier access to the hearts of kings than do servants. Canst not thou play well the part of a bard as well as assume his disguise?"

"My father thought me equal to his chief bard, and often did I fan his patriotism into a burning flame."

"If thou art not too much fatigued perhaps thou wilt favor me with one or two of thy favorite songs," suggested the hermit as he removed the empty dishes to the table, and set the low stool between the table and the cupboard.

Uncovering his harp the pseudo bard immediately set himself to

humor a man that was likely to be a most efficient accomplice in his murderous undertaking. He had a good voice, and his fingers as they touched the harpstrings evinced more than ordinary skill.

"That will do," said the hermit when the professor paused. Then he continued, "The Christmas festivities, as thou must know, have already begun, and to-morrow Gryffydd's banquet will be graced by the presence of eminent and noble bards. There is thy opportunity; avail thyself of it."

"Your excellent and wise suggestion, holy father, shall find me its willing slave," was the reply, "provided you help me to remove a difficulty that seems all but insurmountable. A bard who aspires to courtly favor must be known to fame. The whole of Gryffydd's dominion will be represented at the banquet, and I, despite my hoary locks, cannot claim distinction even as a local bard of note."

"Then thou must bring greeting from the North. Thou shalt be presented as the chief bard of one of the Highland chiefs. I am not unacquainted with the customs of the Scots, and therefore can teach thee all thou needst to know before the banquet."

"Ha, ha, good! Perhaps you will also accompany me to the castle, or at least find a way to introduce me to some friend high in courtly favor. I might easily worm myself into kingly esteem through the influence of Bleddyn and Rhiwallon, the king's half brothers; but they must not be suspected of knowing me, much less of being connected with a scheme such as we are determined to carry out."

"Thou needest not trouble thyself about that. I will write thee a letter of introduction, which thou must hand to Einion ap Howel. Thou wilt find him this evening at the Red Dragon Inn in St. Asaph whither thou must go after a while when thou art sufficiently rested. I expect a friend of mine to call here in the course of the evening, and he will be glad to conduct thee there. And by the way, thou wil do well to cultivate his friendship for he may be able to render thee valuable assistance."

Much pleased with these suggestions the pseudo-bard now laid his harp aside, and wrapped it in its covering. He also temporarily removed his false hair and beard, that he might feel more comfortable and resuming his place near the fire he listened to a few instructions from the hermit relative to the part he was to play on the morrow. He did not evince the least surprise at the unscrupulous character of the hermit; on the contrary, his face which was neither old nor bad-looking, showed much pleasure at what he heard. Perhaps the general corruption of that age, and his knowledge of the clergy caused him to make undue allowance.

HAPTER II.

Red Dragon Inn.

Dragon Inn, which was structure with walls of roven together, and a of, was situated near the ne village of St. Asaph. rooms in the rear of the re devoted to the use of l's family, while a much than either or both of ng been a place of pub-

pleasure also that he always greeted the arrival of Christmas eve; not that he cared especially for the deeper sentiments connected with it, but rather because superstition and popery had gathered around it a number of customs, more pagan than Christian, that tickled his fancy and proved remunerative to his pocket. As usual, therefore, the day before Christmas found him superintending the making of garlands and festoons of evergreen, which were

St. Asaph.

r the peasants of that l of accomodation to

There were occasions, he landlord, to his great nd a representative or upper classes among his it is safe to say he never n these rare visits to his ge. It was with much

duly hung on the bare walls of the hall and on the posts that supported the roof. Then after engaging the services of another bard in addition to the one that he employed on ordinary occasions, he seated himself on the rush-covered floor, before a fire in the center of the room, to contemplate the decorations as best

he could through the clouds of smoke that gradually rose toward a hole in the roof, and to wait for the merry crowd that he expected in the evening. Nor did he have to wait long before the peasants came dropping in, accompanied by their wives or sweethearts, and grouped themselves as near the fire as possible. As in these more modern times each newcomer had some remark to make about the weather, to which the landlord replied with due gravity that it was an unusually cold winter. Then as if in acknowledgement of this sage observation the newcomer ordered his drinking-horn filled with cwrw (ale), while the bards, who had promptly assumed their places, entertained the constantly increasing company with harp and voice.

The guests already numbered more than a score when Hoel, accompanied by a man clad in the garb of a peasant arrived, and found a place near the fire. As Hoel was much in the company of Einion ap Howel it was generally believed that he was the overseer of his estates, and as both found this impression rather convenient, neither of them took any pains to explain their true relation to each other. The landlord sharing with the others present in the popular belief was effusive in his words of welcome, and expressed the hope that the lord of Colsul was in good health.

"His lordship's health was never better," said Hoel. Then he continued to the delight of all: "I should not be surprised to see him enter at any moment to try the quality of your mead on his way to the castle."

"It will not be the first time for his lordship to taste the mead made at the Red Dragon," remarked the landlord with no small degree of pride; "nor will he find it less to his liking than usual. I hope you find it to your taste."

"If he finds the mead as much to his taste as I find this cwrw is to mine, methinks he has no reason to complain," said Hoel's companion, who being taken for what he appeared to be, an ordinary peasant, had received but little attention.

"I infer from your speech that you are not from these parts," observed the landlord, on whom the compliment was not lost. "You are, I take it, from the south."

"You have rightly guessed," said Hoel; "but he is no less a Welshman on that account."

"No less a Welshman to be sure," echoed the landlord. "It does not follow that a man is not a Welshman because he is a Hwntw. You know that we of the North call the people of the South Hwntws; but we all know that there is no little difference between the Welsh of the two sections, and between different parts of the same section for that matter. I have heard so many dialects that I can tell almost to a certainty whether a man is from Dyved, Powys or Gwynedd, and from what particular part of each."

Further conversation on this subject was prevented at this point by the entrance of Einion ap Howel

with a few attendants, and his presence produced a marked sensation among the guests, who promptly made room for him by the fire near Hoel and his companion.

"Bring the lord of Colsul some of your best mead, some that is even better than this you have brought me," said Hoel to the landlord, who now that a great chieftain was among his guests felt very self-important.

"Ay, bring me the best you have, or else the Red Dragon shall not see me again soon," commanded Einion with a sly wink at Hoel. "And let us have some more music, and let it be of the lively kind too."

The bards who had just stopped playing when Einion entered immediately obeyed, and while they poured forth a stream of melodious sounds Hoel handed the chieftain a letter he had previously received from the hand of his companion. The act attracted no undue attention, nor did the company evince any added degree of curiosity when Einion, after draining his drinking-horn nearly to the bottom, arose and retired to a spot where one of the numerous rush candles which dimly lighted the room was burning. As the letter was short, its perusal required but a moment, and the chieftain was about resuming his place by the fire when he noticed that a buxom lass, who had just arrived with her lover, was unconsciously standing beneath a bunch of mistletoe, and he kissed her, greatly to the amusement of all. The maiden took the kissing in good part, considering it more of an honor than an indignity to be kissed by a lord, and as she blushingly joined the other young people accompanied by her lover, Einion returned to his seat, and gave a significant nod to Hoel and the man by his side, whom the reader has doubtless already guessed to be the bard whom Einion had seen at St. Winifred's Well several hours before. In the conversation that followed, however, no reference was made to the letter or to the character that Hoel's companion was assuming.

Though Einion had no intention of staying long at the inn when he entered, he found the mead so much to his liking that he seemed to forget that he was on his way to king Gryffydd's court. Nor did he lack for amusement. The sensation caused by his kissing the maiden had scarcely subsided when another mirth-provoking incident occurred. A stout, rosy-cheeked country girl arrived with a number of others, and stood for a moment under the mistletoe glancing around the dimly-lighted hall. A burly fellow with red hair and beard, bent on following the example of Einion ap Howel, sought to steal a kiss from her, but the damsel was too quick for him, for she gave him a box on the ear that sent him back to his place by the fire like a cur that had received a whipping, amidst a loud outburst of laughter.

"Ha, ha, good! excellent!" said Einion with uncontrollable mirth. "Iolo Goch has at last met his match, and in a girl too! by St.

Winifred, I never saw him so completely cowed before."

"If he is wise," remarked the landlord after another outburst of laughter, "he will take lessons from your lordship before he again attempts to kiss a girl."

"I fear he is too old to learn," said Hoel tauntingly; "for one who would gain favor with the fair sex must learn that there is a difference between trying to steal a kiss and trying to sieze a bullock by the horns."

"Iolo Goch being of a disposition to resent rather than to enjoy a joke when its object was himself made no effort to conceal his displeasure at the merriment he had caused; nor did he fully recover his good humor during the rest of the evening.

It was about an hour after Iolo Goch's discomfiture that Einion ap Howell informed the company that he understood that there was a penillion singer of no mean ability in the hall, and said that he doubted not that they would be very glad to hear him sing. A murmur of applause showed that he had not mistaken the mood of the crowd, and while many curious eyes scanned the faces of those sitting around the chieftain, Hoel's companion arose and said with assumed modesty.

"The lord of Colsul means well, and I humbly thank him for the compliment he has kindly condescended to pay me; but I fear he has raised your expectations too high. Singing with the harp as you all know is an art peculiar to the Welsh, and demands a musical skill which few can hope to acquire."

"It is not a speech that we want, but singing," put in the chieftain. "Nor do we want any apologies."

"Good, ay, let us have penillion singing," echoed the crowd. "His lordship knows exactly what we want."

"Penillion singing you shall have then," was the reply; "but I warn you against expecting too much."

"Ednyved," said the landlord, addressing one of his harpers, "you accompany him on your harp, and if he succeeds in confusing you I shall be greatly surprised. Remember that the honor of Gwynedd is at stake."

It was one of the peculiarities of penillion singing that the singer and the harper were placed much in the relation of enemies to each other, the one doing his best to confuse the other, or put him out of tune. This was well understood by the harper on this occasion, and with the confidence of an expert player he commenced a popular air, the singer sounding not a single note until the harper had played through several bars. Then he struck in with a suddenness and volume of voice well calculated to confuse the harper, especially as he was designedly as far as possible from the key. The one, however, was a match for the other, and after crossing and recrossing each other for some time they ended the stanza in the most approved style, and in perfect harmony. The harper commenced

again, holding his own against the sudden outburst of the singer, and playing the air in good time, and without a single false note, while the singer allowed his voice to wander hither and thither, high and low, only to return to the key in time to end the stanza with the tune. The third time the harper was put out of tune, greatly to the amusement of the company, but he had his revenge during the singing of the fifth stanza, as he succeeded in disconcerting his antagonist. Thus the evening wore on, the performers displaying as much good humor as skill, and the merry company manifested unabated interest. When the singer sat down there was no lack of applause or congratulations. Even the landlord admitted that the Hwntw had acquitted himself in the most admirable manner, but not until Einion ap Howel had expressed his appreciation of the performance both of the harper and the singer.

Much as the chieftain would like to have prolonged his stay at the inn he now tore himself away, and was followed into the street by Hoel and his disguised companion. Then presently the latter, much to the delight of the now hilarious guests, reentered the tavern, while Einion ap Howel and his attendants proceeded to Rhuddlan Castle. The harper who had been at rest during the penillion singing, was now entertaining the company with a medly of Welsh airs. But an occasional titter among the young, and an occasional burst of laughter from the half-intoxicated, followed by cries for silence, indicated that some at least were but indifferently entertained. This was due not so much to a lack of bardic skill on the part of the performer as to the preoccupation or silly mood of some of the company. When at length the bard paused, the general hum of voices was resumed, and various superstitions associated with Christmas eve were discussed. In those dark days, and for centuries later, it was generally believed that during the holy season "the bird of dawning" exerted his power throughout the night, and that no spirit ventured to walk abroad. There were some also who insisted that the cattle kneel on Christmas morning in homage to the child of Bethlehem. When the guests at the inn had spent some time discussing these and kindred superstitions, Hoel suggested "singing under the eaves" as a diversion. According to this ancient custom among the Welsh, festive occasions, especially in the halls of the nobility, were enlivened during the night by one bard going outside to sing and play under the eaves, while the other remaining near the fire answered his less fortunate brother. It was decided who should go out by casting lots; but the bards had to exchange places in case the one on the outside composed a better stanza than the one on the inside, the guests being the judges.

As the night was very cold, neither of the bards favored Hoel's suggestion, ostensibly because the customs belonged more to the halls of the

great than to an inn, but really because each feared that he would be the one to go out in the cold. The guests, however, to whom the suggestion was most acceptable forced the bards into compliance with their desire, promising that the competition should not last very long. The lot failing on the bard who had taken part in the penillion singing, he accordingly stationed himself outside near the door, and accompanying himself on the harp he sang in a loud voice as follows:—

"The stars are making love to me,
And great is my resentment;
Fair lasses there I wish to see,
And share their sweet contentment."

To this the bard inside the inn loudly replied,

"Heed not the stars, go ask the moon
Thy loneliness to pity;
No doubt she'll smile upon thee soon,
If thou but sing a ditty."

After this bardic banter had lasted so long that the shivering bard without began to dispair of being able to surpass his antagonist, the company within came to the agreeable conclusion that his wit entitled him to a place near the fire, and the other bard reluctantly stationed himself outside and sang and played until he also was so overcome with the cold that he could perform his task only with the greatest difficulty. He felt, as his fellow-bard had also felt, that the flow of ideas and words was not so easy in a frosty atmosphere as it was by a cheery fire. Hence he was glad when the guests not only gave a decision in his favor, but also declared themselves sufficiently satisfied with the whole performance to bring it to a close.

It was past midnight when the half-frozen bard resumed his place by the fire, and he found a hornful of steaming mead particularly acceptable at this time. As he sipped his beverage he noticed that several of the men had imbibed so freely that they now lay on the rush-covered floor in a drunken sleep. Not a few of the women also now, that the excitement of the bardic contest was over, began to show signs of drowsiness, although they had scarcely more than tasted either cwrw (ale) or mead. They were as unaccustomed to sitting up all night as they were to spending an evening away from home. Nor would they have consented to spend Christmas eve in a tavern with their husbands and lovers had not their ancestors done so from time immemorial, or to stay till morning had it not suited their convenience to do so, as they were, in conformity to an old Welsh custom called plygain, or the crowing of the cock, in the habit of congregating with all other parishioners that were able to attend in the cathedral at St. Asaph.

The ecclesiastical structure just alluded to crowned the summit of the eminence upon which the town was built, and in its construction the builders had followed the usual cruciform plan with central tower. It was plainer than the present cathedral, and yet at that time it was the most pretentious building in that whole region. A glance at its exterior showed that it was al-

ted, and at about three
the morning nearly the
ıpany gathered at the inn,
Hoel and his companion,
to the cathedral, while
let us hope, more godly
tent parishioners, directed
to the same sacred place
· directions.

worshipers seated them-
:he plain fixed benches in
ır of the cathedral, there
to excite their admiration
:o inspire them with rever-
ɜ chandeliers, which were
tly lighted with tall wax
vere decorated with fes-
wreaths of evergreens,
prinkling of red berries.
also were adorned with
e Christmas designs,
y arranged in a carelessly
.y along the chancel rail,
:d about the altar, on
ɔod fifty lighted wax
equal length with those
ndeliers, combined with a
nded above the altar, and
ith texts in relief on the
roducing a most pleasing

ly, after the members of
:ed choir had taken their
ıe a solemn procession, in
most imposing personage
ishop of St. Asaph in full
. He was preceded by
ɔearer, in a purple cas-
ɔ servers, with lighted
vearing lace cottas; and
tes with red cassocks,
number of ecclesiastics
ɔ the rear. Starting from
the altar, and singing the Christmas anthem, the procession advanced down the nave, around the church, then up the nave. The bishop then proceeded to the altar, and assisted by the subordinate clergy, duly conducted the Christmas service. At the conclusion of prayer and a sermon, the people continued in their places singing psalms and hymns with great devotion till broad daylight, when they dispersed to engage in the festivities of the day.

CHAPTER III.

The Royal Banquet.

Christmas day, which is ever fraught with much to gladden the hearts of men, found the Vale of Clwyd clad in a mantle of pure whiteness decked with innumerable frosty gems, which, in the brightness of the morning sun sparkled gloriously like so many rare jewels. As it lay like a sleeping child in its cradle of hills, only those accustomed to its loveliness could discern in its winter attire the least trace of the tranquil beauty which charmed the admiring rambler in spring and summer. A cold, sharp wind blew from the sea, and moaned among the snow-covered branches of the giant oaks and tall evergreens which dotted the valley, and stood guard on the hills, while the river, quietly yet successfully struggling against the encroachments of the frost, constantly murmured as it glided by pastoral hills and ancient groves, or hid among the reeds and willows, or meandered

through the localities made dear and sacred to the heart of Cambria by the triumphs or defeats of her brave sons. Near the confluence of the rivers Clwyd and Elwy, and a few miles north of the hermit's cave stood Rhuddlan Castle, a crude fortress built, according to some of the leading authorities, by Llewelyn ap Sitsyllt, and now occupied by his illustrious son Gryffydd. The castle as it now stood possessed neither architectural beauty nor grandeur, being a low long-roofed structure of red stone with a round tower of the same material, surrounded on three sides by a strong wall and a trench of considerable dimensions, and protected on the other by the royal barracks and the river. Compared with the palatial residences of the great in modern times it was indeed a poor abode for a king; but in that half-civilized age, when the common people lived in rude huts made of branches woven together, and when nearly all of the nobility and gentry dwelt in low, clumsy buildings of timber, not a few of the vassal chiefs regarded it with a twinge of envy. Like all the princely dwellings of the period in Wales the castle was divided into nine apartments, of which the hall was the most spacious and important. In the center of the apartment, between two of the six wooden columns which supported the roof, and near the screens extended across the room, a large fire sent cloudy billows of smoke in search of the opening which served for a chimney. The hall, decorated for the occasion with evergreens, was already well filled with guests, and new arrivals were being constantly announced. In the upper part near the fire sat king Gryffydd with his two sons, his two half-brothers, nine of his officers, and the most distinguished guests; in the lower part sat four of the other officers of the court with the less distinguished guests and members of the household. The queen and princess were not present, as they were assigned by court etiquette to an adjoining apartment. The most conspicious as well as most dignified personage in the hall was the king. Though slightly built, and below the average in stature, his fiery eye, strong nose, and firm lips pronounced him both noble and royal. Like most of his courtiers he was clad in a tunic of white linen cloth, and in common with the other princes present his neck was adorned with the Eurdorchawg, or chain of twisted gold links. The circlet of gold which intermingled with his long, deep red hair, and the superior quality and workmanship of his armlets and anklets declared him monarch of all Wales. Near the king on the left sat the chaplain of the court, a middle aged man of keen perception and scholarly habits, who deplored the spiritual degeneracy of the times, and the dense ignorance of the masses. Next to him, also in a seat of honor, was the judge of the court, whose duty it was to decide in matters pertaining to the royal family and court. On the floor

directly in front of the king sat a youth who kept Gryffydd's feet warm by chafing them, and by wrapping them in his mantle. Among those on the king's right, Meredith and Ithel, who bore some resemblance to their royal father, claimed no little attention, one being the prince royal, and the other the ruler of the household, This young prince was tall and graceful, with dark hair and eyes denoting a mixture of Celt and Euskarian, and a strong, pleasant face suggestive of thoughtfulness and determination. In close proximity to him at the head of ten other bards of note, sat the family bard tuning his harp, and occasionally casting an anxious glance in the

The Vale of Clwyd.

upon whom devolved the care of the royal family in the absence of the king. Both were surrounded by a number of the younger princes and nobles, prominent among whom was Trahaiarn ap Caradoc, a nephew of Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, the elder of Gryffydd's half-brothers. direction of the door. Presently the head steward, whose duty it was to see that the officers of the court were properly seated as well as to superintend the feast, observing the family bard's anxiety approached him and whispered.

(To be continued.)

A HOMELY PILGRIMAGE.

By Tom Jeffreys.

As I was led out of the capacious and comfortable new home, says William R. to me, "This is the old house where I was born and the rest of us, and wherein the old man, and the old woman too, labored to feed and dress us children." Stepping across a passage, we entered the old home, the scene of domesticity in years gone by. The new house had hardly been completed before the old man became suddenly sick and died. "I really believe, that if mother had her way she would spend the remainder of her days in this old log building; and sometimes, when I think of it, I feel homesick, feel a kind of longing for the years of youthful happiness I experienced within these simple antiquated walls. There is more style in the new house, but somehow when I step inside, I feel like coming home. It is a pretty comfortable home for dogs, cats and chickens, ain't it? William inquired.

"It seems so; but I really believe it is too good an establishment for mere animals," said I, for the old log building in spite of its lack of art was a solid, substantial edifice, and appeared to be more serviceable than the contiguous frame building.

William proceeded: "These two houses represent two epochs: an epoch of incessant labor, and an epoch of comparative ease; an era of ambition and an era of fruition; for I can tell you, this old house stands for struggles and conquest over wild nature, a period of sowing in sorrow and tears; and this new house is the realization of the hopes and yearnings of many years.

"My father was a native of Carmarthen, and when a young man he was suddenly filled with an unconquerable desire to emigrate to America, a very Canaan in the sight of the oppressed in the rural districts of Wales. Being in love with mother, then a mere girl of 18, he proposed to take her with him, and having been in the course of a month married, they sailed for America in a slow ship, completing the weary journey in fifteen weeks. Simple, honest, hardworking couple! Their sole aim in life was to work and build a home by dint of hard work, and the practice of simple economy. After a long journey by ship, boat and wagon, they reached this part of the country (then a wilderness) with a few dollars, stout arms, and hopeful hearts; and father started to work, and mother co-operated to clear this piece of land. Of course, the good neighbors gave Christian assistance. In this wilderness, my father and

mother found more Christian hearts and helping hands than he ever dreamt of as existing in this world. In these woods he found fellow-feeling growing high and stout, and brotherly love seemed to thrive in a wonderful way, The neighbors helped them to build a home; one gave them a cow, the other a hog, the other a horse, the others supplied them with necessities, and all were anxious to do some act of kindness; for in this unsophisticated settlement was a Christian feeling of mutual help. The community was made up of one class—the laboring ; every member of the society was equal, and enjoyed equal rights and privileges; and not one of them affected a superiority over the others. The minister or the "preacher," as he is called, was one of them, and although he preached every Sunday, visited the sick, and buried the dead, he never pretended to be infallible over his fellowmen, and never had the airs of a man with supernatural rights over his neighbors. He was their friend and co-worker; hen ever had the effrontery to remit their sins, but always directed them to One able to save and pardon.

Talk about churches, abbeys and cathedrals, there never was a more serviceable and a more efficient house of God and gate of heaven that yonder little log chapel where this little community attended God's service, where the settlers came together every Sunday afternoon to read God's word, and where we met week nights to sing old popular Welsh hymns, which we call "ysgol ganu," and where the old characters would congregate once a week to humiliate themselves before the great throne of God, for these were really worshipers of the Most High. They are fast disappearing —the veterans who with their axes cut down the forest which covered these farms 40 years ago. A few more deaths, and the old generation of pioneers shall have gone! The story of their deeds of self-sacrifice —those days of clearing the woods (for the paradise you behold was not created, but made by these farming heroes who accomplished all this by untiring efforts), yes those days are mere echoes to-day, and to us descendants, they are romances."

"But let me tell you of the pilgrimage," he proceeded, "which my father made. That is the goal I am driving to. The next town to our settlement was P——, and although father had been settled here for fifteen years he had not been there once. It was John and myself's job from the time we were mere kids to take eggs and dressed chickens there occasionally. Previous to that father had disposed of such things through neighbors as agents, but as soon as John and myself were able to go we took that little business into our hands. The town was fully ten miles away,as the crow flies; and it always took Jack and me all day. The path was through woods primeval, shaded, silent and solemn; and to us light-hearted lads it seemed

at first awful in its unbroken shade. After many trips we became very familiar with the route, and could direct our steps without hardly any thought. We knew pretty near every tree, every shrub, every stump and hole along our path, but to a stranger the journey would have been bewildering.

"One breakfast time it struck father that he would go for once to town with the basket of chickens and eggs, and mother might as well have argued with a post as with him that Saturday morning. It was then six o'clock, and the day was bright as promise.

"Yes," said Jack, "let pap go for once; he'll get there all right. Go just east and you can't miss it."

Before seven father was out with the basket on his arm, and giving instructions to us as to what to do during his eventful absence. It was so unusual a thing, that it seemed to mother and us boys and girls like a holiday, a Queen's Jubilee, or a centenary, and father in his new role seemed to us a kind of hero. As soon as he was prepared to strike out we (Jack and I) began to describe his route with a view of instructing and directing his movements, until the old man became a little rattled and peevish; and he started with some bad-tempered expressions, which showed that he was impatient of our instructions. However, until he got out of sight Jack and I holloaed and yelled after him directions which he thought were utterly superfluous and annoying.

"Father did not know much about geography, or the cardinal points, although he had discovered that the sun rose in the east, and set in the west. He knew also that the town of P—— was east. He traveled and traveled for hours, without sighting the town he was seeking for the first time; he tramped and tramped for some hours more, but still he found himself in the wilderness, lost entirely, without the slightest notion as to where the west or the east was; he wandered and wandered for hours more, until he perceived that the sun was setting, and the twilight was creeping along stealthily. He now became nervous, anxious and alarmed. The cold perspiration broke out; he began to tremble; strange doubts and misgivings rushed through his mind; his heart sunk within him; a prayer came to his lips, and he was about to deliver his spirit into the hands of his Maker when he beheld a bright light through the darkness, and he sighed like one relieved of a great burden. He was by this time utterly bewildered and dazed, and was oblivious of all except the little comforting light in some inviting window. He hurried thither, and knocked at the door, which was forthwith opened, and there stood mother and we kids wondering how father had succeeded in his travels. He placed the basket on the table; and taking off the covering mother ejaculated,

"Wel, y mawredd anwyl, what's the matter, William?"

"I bet you, mam," said my brother

Jack, "father has been playing John Bunyan."

Father turned around, peevish, and said he to mother, "It's time for these young ones to be in bed."

So we prepared to retire, and instead of going up to our room, we hid ourselves in the parlor, and heard the old man confessing to mother how it all happened. Mother laughed and laughed, and we heard her tell father:

"Now, don't you show the kids anything, because they'll plague patience out of you. Jack wanted to bet Bill all the morning that you would see more trees than customers."

So many amusing and endearing incidents happened in this old home, that I love it more than this more pretentious edifice. Father had no talent for anything beside hard labor, and whenever there was a bargain to be made mother was called. We never mentioned the unfortunate pilgrimage in his presence, and he died thinking we were ignorant of his failure.

THINGS I LIKE TO SEE.

By J. D. Morgan.

The oriole upon the wing,
The early blossoms of the spring,
A cascade in a rural nook,
A placid lake and winding brook,
A waving field of golden grain,
A gallant steamer on the main,
A rugged mountain, steep and high,
A peaceful rainbow in the sky,
An apple tree when in full bloom,
A blushing rose of rich perfume,
The ocean when its waves run high,
The glories of a sunset sky,
A sturdy oak whose strength sublime
Withstands the ravages of time,
The ocean, gentle and serene,
The costly diamond's brilliant sheen.
All these are pleasing to the sight,
But these afford more true delight:
A brave and conscientious youth
Who always dares to speak the truth,
A man who is both true and bold
And values honor more than gold,
A valiant man who bravely fights
With sword or pen for human rights,
A friend who is both true and tried,
A wealthy person free from pride.
All praise and honor I ascribe
To him who will not take a bribe,
An honest man—alas how rare—
Whose dealings are all just and fair,
A noble man—long may he live—
Who can an injury forgive,
A man who dreads not being odd
By walking in the ways of God.

THE STRUGGLES OF BLEEDING CUBA.

By Rev. E. A. Watkins of Albany, N. Y.

The United States is at war with Spain. The greatest liberty loving nation in the world is contending with the greatest tyrant. A God-given Republic is in arms against a hell-born monarchy, whose machination for centuries have soiled the pages of human history with the most revolting crimes, and stained its leaves with the blood of innumerable victims. The judgments of Jehovah and the retribution of heaven is about to fall upon Spain, and when the smoke of the present battle has cleared away, no trace of Spain will be left in this western world, and only the dust of its crumbled Empire will be left on Spanish soil.

Spain is a tyrant. Of all the tyrants of history, she is the most tyrannical. Whatever countries she has captured with her merciless armies, she has kept their people in bondage. She placed her grasping hand on Cuba, and claimed it in the name of her king and the Pope of Rome, and from the first day the Spanish flag was unfurled to the summer breezes of the "Pearl of the Antilles," up to this year of our Lord 1898, she has made its people groan under a fearful burden of taxation and wrong. And now I verily believe that Jehovah's judgments are about to fall on Spain for her captivity of Cuba, and the rivers of human flood she has shed in her efforts to perpetuate her infamous power.

My study of history has satisfied me that the Spaniard is half Phoenician and half Danite, and the key to his character is given us in the 49th chapter of Genesis, 17th verse: "Dan shall be a serpent by the way, an adder in the path, that biteth the horse's heels, so that the rider shall fall backward."

The serpent of Jesuitism, that has been a curse to the entire world, was born in the breast of the Spanish Loyola. The cunning, slippery Spaniard has indeed been "an adder in the path" of civilization, biting everybody who dared proclaim liberty or preach the pure and unadulterated gospel of the humble Nazarene.

The Phœnician of modern history is the Canaanite of ancient history, and God declared that the Canaanite should be "a thorn in the flesh and a prick in the eye of my people Israel." And this declaration has been fulfilled. Spain has been a thorn in the flesh and a prick in the eyes of Israel—Great Britain and the United States—the Ephraim and Manasseh of Israel.

Spain bases her absolute and eternal ownership of Cuba on two claims:—

1. By the right of discovery. Well, the devil discovered the garden of Eden, and it was a very bad day for the garden and its population when he did discover it. Rome makes a great deal of fuss over the accidental discovery of the Catholic Columbus. Now, if Rome is anxious to get all the credit that belongs to her for the discovery of one of her children, I am anxious that she shall have all the discredit that belongs to her Catholic child along with it. The poor, unsuspecting Indian received Columbus with every mark of kindness and hospitality, and gave him the best he could find in the chase, and extended to him all the comforts of his humble tepee and wigwam. In return for all these things, this miserable son of the papal church seized the defenceless and powerless red man, and put him in chains, and sent five ship loads of the race to Spain, where they were publicly sold in the markets of Seville. Therefore to this papal pirate belongs the discredit for the establishment of the infamous system of slavery on the American continent; and we can thank God for raising up the noble Lincoln, whose strong hand destroyed slavery in these United States. Rome has made a saint out of Columbus, and perhaps 300 years hence she will make one out of "Butcher Weyler," and slippery Blanco, and all the vicious vipers who have perpetrated crimes in Cuba,

2. She claims Cuba as a papal gift. Let me present to you as briefly as possible the history of this papal gift. In the 15th century,

Cuban Soldier Equipped.

Portugal was fortunate in having a very enterprising papal king. This king, fearing that his immense army which he used so successfully in the expulsion of the Moors from Spain, would be out of employment, commenced to explore the Atlantic. Beginning in the year 1418, "they ambled Cape Non, discovered Madeira, passed Cape Bojador, occupied the Azores, and reached the Senegal and Cape Verde Islands." Pope

Eugenius IV. granted to Portugal the absolute ownership of all pagan lands, regardless of their present occupants, discovered or undiscovered, between Cape Non and India. The inducement held out to the pope was the great glory that would come to the church through the conversion of the inhabitants. Show me a country that Rome has ever blessed, from Italy, the land of her birth, to bleeding Cuba; wherever Rome has gone she has been a curse and a burden, and her cruel and bloody hand has ever sought to throttle liberty and extinguish light.

Cuban Soldiers Breakfast at captured Block House, near Matanzas.

While the Portuguese were cautiously making their way eastward toward India, Columbus conceived the idea of sailing westward, over the wild waste of waters, and thus reach the desired and much-coveted goal of gold. It was on the first voyage that Columbus, on the 12th day of October, 1492, discovered Cuba.

Another pope was now in the papal chair, and as there was danger that the Spanish discoveries might come in conflict with those of the Portueguese, Pope Alexander VI., the infamous Borgia, himself of Spanish birth, not only confirmed the right of the Spanish crown to the newly discovered countries, but designated a line to be drawn due north and south, one hundred leagues west of the Azores, from one extremity of the world clear to the other, and gave all lands east of this line to Spain.

The Spaniards made their first settlement on the Island of Hayti, or Hispaniola. The native population, amounting to about three millions, were reduced to 50,000 in

eighteen short years, by the hardships of Spanish slavery, for which they were totally unfit.

Having exhausted the island, Don Diego Columbus, son of Christopher Columbus, determined to place his greedy paw on Cuba. He selected for the enterprise Don Diego Velasquez, whom he sent with 300 Spaniards to Cuba. They landed at Baracoa, without resistance from the Indians, and soon had the entire island in their hands.

Spanish Guerilla Band.

An Indian chief named Hatney, who had fled from Hispaniola or Hayti, because of Spanish cruelty and tyranny, rallied a few of his race to resist the march of Velasquez, but he was soon conquered and captured, and sentenced to be burned at the stake. When securely tied by Spanish hands, and the wood piled around him, he was urged by a Franciscan friar to forsake the god of his race, and accept the teachings of Rome, promising him for his abjurgation a home in heaven. He turned to the cowled brute of Rome, and asked if there were any Spaniards in heaven. The monk assured him there were, and he bravely retorted, "I will not go to a place where I may meet one of that accursed race that has wronged my people."

I don't know whether there are any Spaniards in heaven or not, but I feel very much about them as "fighting Bob Evans," of the Iowa, felt, when he declared, "If I had my way, there would be nothing but Spanish spoken in hell for the next six weeks." In forty years Spanish cruelty got rid of every red man on the island, and to-day not a single aborigine can be found in Cuba.

Spain is an adept at the business

of extermination, but I pray that the moment may be near when some chosen power shall chastise her for all her wickedness, and wipe out her power forever.

If the Pope gave Cuba to Spain, I trust that God will use the United States to take it away from her.

The original name of the island is the name it bears to-day. It was changed by Columbus to Juana, in honor of Prince John of Portugal, and from whom he stole the idea of circumnavigating the globe. Another change was made, and it was called Santiago, in honor of the patron saint of Spain. Not satisfied with this name, another change was made, and this time it was called Ave Maria, in honor of the Virgin Mary; but they finally got back to the name given it by the natives, and it has ever since borne the name of Cuba.

In 1762 the island fell into the hands of England, but by the treaty of Paris the country was restored to Spain in 1763. In 1808, when Napoleon deposed the king of Spain, the Cubans took an oath of allegiance to the Spanish crown, and thus they committed the mistake of their lives.

It would be a blessing to Cuba if she were living to-day under the British flag instead of the Spanish flag. I do not want to eulogize the British flag, for the most precious banner to me is the Stars and Stripes of America; but I will say, in justice to Protestant England, and England's flag, that wherever it has been unfurled, human liberty and the Gospel of Jesus Christ have flourished, and has been protected beneath its folds.

The present war in Cuba is one of many magnificent attempts to

San Juan de los Yeras.

cut loose from the Spanish yoke.

In 1829 came the rebellion of the Black Eagle; in 1844, an uprising of the negro population; in 1848, the unsuccessful attempt of Marcisso Loper; in 1850, 1851, 1867 to 1878, wars broke out that were with difficulty suppressed by Spain. In 1878 the United States had an opportunity to give the Cubans their liberty, but gold and Rome interfered, and the opportunity went by, and God has been whipping us ever since for our inhumanity and indifference, and for permitting ourselves to be controlled by anti-Christ.

In the present outbreak Spain is favored by the papacy, and poor Cuba has had its curses, but to me this is an evidence that Cuba will succeed, for, whatever Rome has cursed God has blessed, and vice versa.

I also believe that papal influence is responsible for the disgraceful attitude of our government towards Cuba. Why should we stand cowardly by and see our neighbors suffer when we nave always extended our sympathy to struggling nations?

In 1822 President Monroe sympathized with Spanish-America, recognized the belligerency and independence of our southern neighbors, and with his famous measure, now called the "Monroe Doctrine," kept papal hands off these countries forever.

In 1824 we sympathized with Greece in her fight against the inhuman Turks. In 1830 we sympathized with Poland, the land of the brave Sobieski, when she was seeking to break the Russian chain. In 1848-9 our hearts were with Hungary, who, led by the valiant and patriotic Kossuth, tried to break the yoke of the popish house of Hapsburg, and thus permit the liberty-loving Hun to wander over his native mountains in freedom and peace. Then, why not sympathize with Cuba, and put our sympathies into Protestant form and demand, if need be, at the cannon's mouth, the freedom of the Cubans!

We have interfered in Cuba because we were morally bound. As a Christian nation we could not stand by and see our Cuban neighbor hacked to pieces by the murderous Spaniard. Our troops are now on Cuban soil. Our soldiers are face to face with the Spaniards. With determination, they grip their swords and rifles, and conscious of the righteousness of their cause, as well as the responsibility of their position, they are prepared to do or die.

Perhaps before the "Cambrian" for July is in the hands of its readers, our soldiers in Santiago will have avenged the murder of Captain Fry and the crew of the Virginius, and repaid Spain for the vicious murder of the sailors of the Maine. We have taken up arms against Spain, and we will never lay them down until the flag of Cuba Libre proudly waves over the palace of the Captain General in Havana, when

its silken folds can be fanned by the summer breeze, kissed by the silent stars, and hailed by a free and independent people.

"Shall butcher's scenes like these act still?
Insult our flag, our brethren kill?
From widows, mothers, stricken homes,
From rural plains, from city domes,
From friendless orphans' severed ties,
From graves where buried honor lies,
From North to South, from East to West,
One answer comes—one sole behest;
The answer will be verified
When Freedom's banner hailed with pride,
Shall o'er the beauteous Island Queen,
Where now red murder's flag is seen,
And ce'r bold Fry's forsaken grave,
Forever in sad triumph wave."

STAIRCASE PREACHING.

By David Davies.

Montaigne in one of his essays has the following curious remark: "In eloquence lawyers and preachers seem principally to pretend. If I were worthy to advise, the slow speaker, methinks, should be more proper for the pulpit, and the other for the bar." Now it would be interesting to inquire how preachers came to preach slow, and how people came to think and believe that slowness becomes a preacher more than a lawyer. At one time slow preaching was the only orthodox way, and a man that would dare to preach in a lively and natural way would be accounted extremely secular and worldly. There was a time also when preaching was a sorrowful sighing and whining kind of eloquence, and the more lugubrious it was, the better. In some way, slowness was essential to piety; for the godliness of a brisk and bright talker was forthwith suspected. At that time nature was altogether within the territory of his Satanic Majesty, and to be natural was almost generally considered unholy. A man or a woman that would dare to rise and talk without the regulation sorrowful face and whining voice was reckoned surely ungodly, and even impious. The Bible says that God likes a cheerful giver, but it seemed to be a little creed erstwhile that he loved a lugubrious speaker!

Now, in this little sketch, we do not intend to inquire how and why preachers became addicted to slowness, and very often to immoderate deliberateness in speaking, but to describe an old fashioned preacher and his staircase method of delivering a sermon. When the writer was

young, he had cause many a time to study and familiarize himself with all the peculiarities and singularities of such a method. He knew all about the style before he ever became able to understand the words. For years he listened to slow, deliberate, heavy, droning preaching, and watched the gradual elevation of the preacher's voice with an occasional sudden shout; to sink again into the regular tone. This unexpected swell seemed to be perfectly in order, being a kind of a "feeler" thrown out for purposes of anticipation. When I was a mere boy I could just tell where the preacher was from the way his voice acted. He had a starting out voice, a midway voice, and a concluding voice.

The starting out voice was a vocal performance with considerable variations. He would read his text so low and slow that it took intense silence and supernatural attention to catch it. To know the text was considered a sign of smartness among the young. About one in half a dozen auditors would hear it; the others would get it second hand! I have never been able to guess for what purpose the old preachers read their texts so inaudibly low. There must have been a purpose in it, because it was invariably so read, and by the same preacher in the same identical way. It was read extremely slow, low and deliberate. Unless there was perfect stillness it could not be heard at all. Very often, the preacher would cough dryly as a suggestive way of commanding silence. This coughs would often suggest thoughts of doomsday. These efficacious warnings would generally be followed by improved attentiveness and increased stillness, which would help to make inaudibility audible. When a small boy I used to have a little diary, in which I had to write the book and chapter and verse the text was in the space assigned for each Sunday, morn and eve. If the text was successfully and correctly chronicled, I felt happy; if missed I was worried the rest of the week. When mere boys, the only thing we were asked to answer was the place of the text and its recital. A short text was always preferable. We had no love for long-texted preachers.

After the text had been read (generally twice) the preacher would expatiate in the same inaudible voice for fully five minutes, he then with a sigh or a cough would raise his voice perceptibly, which the audience would appreciate. With the lifting of his voice, he would lift his face, which during the reading of the text, etcetera, had been fastened to the Bible. This was the first step. He would rise with every new leading thought, higher and higher, interpreting, expounding and exhorting as he kept ascending the scale intellectual as well as vocal. If he seemed at first talking to himself, he appeared now as if preparing to converse with people a mile away. Occasionally he would make an exceptional effort to catch the ears of people in the adjoining

township! But then he would drop back and down again to the key proper to the elevation he had attained. Very often, he would enunciate a whole dozen prolonged and entangled periods in the same unvarying tone, and suddenly he would shout out a certain word or phrase as if they were big caps. This was done to stir up the dormant "hwyl." These occasional shouts would bring out "Amens" from certain quarters, which were sure to act with rebounding effect. The Amens would re-echo the shouts; and in those times an Amen was much more precious than a fact or a truth. These Amens were concentrated glories or spiritual submarine mines, which were let off by electric shocks from the pulpit.

Of late, frequent inquiries have been made as to what has become of these Amens. In modern meetings they are seldom heard. Years ago in Welsh religious cymanvas or "big meetings," as they were called, these Amens could be heard by the hundreds like a volley of musketry. That was the age of "hwyl" and emotion though; and this being an "age of reason," an age of deliberation, the crop of Amens seems to have failed. Sermons now-a-days are rational productions, and they are rationally digested. So the Amens which used to be wasted enthusiasm are now turned to practical use in religious work.

From this time on the preacher would show more fervor and spirit, would speak more distinctly, would warm up to his work, and would appear to be under the control of his text. It must have been under a spell of this kind that old Williams of Pantycelyn, the author of "Guide me, O, thou great Jehovah," conceived that popular hymn,

Salvation flows and rises high,
Just like the swelling sea—

Higher and higher he would ascend his precatorial stair, gaining in strength, in hwyl, in efficacy, in power, until the meeting fairly bristled with Amens and symptoms of "arddeliad" would flash like lightning. The preacher would soon seem to have reached the top step, by the height of his voice and thoughts, but he would, after appearing to conclude his peroration, recover himself and repeat this final effort with such a tantalizing expression as "another word" or "a short remark before closing." Very often he would prolong his concluding remarks for fully fifteen minutes, after showing usual and unmistakable signs of ending. When a small boy, long before I could understand a sermon, I was familiar with the several gradations of an old style sermon, and I always congratulated those oratorical peculiarities which were symptoms of the end. But often I was annoyed, and even provoked by repetitions or re-perorations, which were disappointments to a little soul almost dead for want of sleep. The long and devoutly wished for consummation, and the short concluding prayer were always a great relief.

I have oft meditated over the query how this graded preaching

originated, and to what purpose developed, for it seems to be everything but natural. There was, evidently, art and deliberate method in it. Such a style of talking or speaking could never become popular outside the pulpit; but, strange to say, it was for generations the only regular way of discussing religious questions and inculcating solemn truths. This time-honored style is no longer appreciated; and preachers are adopting the unaffected and natural way of conversing with their audiences.

A CONFESSION.

By a Foolish Man.

Since I am on this little earth,
Ay, since the morning of my birth,
I've wronged myself, I tell you, more
Than have my enemies, a score.

I've felt quite sick and often sore,
I've to myself been quite a bore;
I never was so sick, I guess,
As once through my own cursedness!

And certainly I've been a slave
To men and things, on land and wave;
But yet I've lost more liberty,
Ay, through my own perversity.

I've hunted after many a fake,
A fad, a folly, a mistake;
So far astray I never went
As when I followed my own bent.

No man nor woman, lass nor lad
Have ever injured me so bad-
Ly yet as I myself have done—
I've fairly killed myself with fun!

Nor hell nor heav'n will help me more
Nor God to help dare I implore;
What help can any fool expect
Who does each chance that comes neglect?

I have no friend to comfort me—
How can I look for sympathy?
My heart's best feelings me now blame,
My conscience in me whispers "shame!"

O'er all my miseries I find
My greatest foe is my own mind!
I am my own shame hurt and loss,
My own thief, Judas, Pilate, cross!

FIELD OF LETTERS

Woman's influence is paramount in the world, and hitherto the women of Cymru (Wales) have not cared to use that influence for their country's weal. They have not learnt even the A. B. C. of patriotism. That is a virtue they have not cultivated—hardly recognized. Facts speak for themselves. They have banished an ancient tongue—their mother tongue—the tongue of saints and heroes and princes, from the drawing-room, the school-room and the nursery. They have allowed the picturesque national dress to die out, though ladies at foreign courts take pride in wearing their national dress on gala days.—"Young Wales."

It is a matter of no small interest as to what will be the effect of our Intermediate Schools upon Young Wales—how far will they modify the future of our country, not only what will be their material effect, i. e., their ability to prepare the young the better to keep pace with the march of civilization, but what will be their social effect; will they tend to weld the population more into one homogeneous social whole than is the cause at present; and thirdly, what will be their national effect, their influence on the consciousness which all call Welsh nationality, a consciousness which tends to develop itself in thought and action on unique lines?—J. E. Southall in "Young Wales."

D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., opens the June number of the "Cerddor" with an article on the "Personal Traits of English Music," wherein he shows the English musicians are not following their own instincts, but copying foreign follies. Then follows papers on "Musicians I knew," by Isalaw; reports of musical conventions; musical notes; Remenyi, the violinist; editorial notes, &c.

The "Drysorfa" for June contains matter of interest for religious readers. "The Manliness of Moses," by the Rev. D. C. Davies, M. A.; "Reminiscences of Morgan Howell," by the Rev. Thomas Levi; "The Doctrine of the Kenosis," by the Rev. D. D. Jones, Upper Bangor. Such subjects are so abstruse and so far beyond the ken of common readers that it is hard to recognize their utility. "The Late Rev. Thomas Job, D. D.," by the Rev. James Morris, Penygraig, followed by the usual reports and miscellaneous information. The monthly notes are also interesting and instructive.

There is a perceptible improvement in the appearance of the "Cenhadwr," the American organ of the Welsh Congregationalists, published at Waterville, N. Y., by the Rev. E. Davies. The June number has an excellent picture of the Rev. Sem Phillips of Dodgeville, Wis., who lately departed this life. There are several articles of interest, viz., Christ as a Preacher, The Character of Paul, Theological Notes, &c. The preponderance of theology in our periodicals seems to commend them to a limited number of readers. A little more secularity would improve them.

"Trysorfa y Plant" has a characteristic picture of the Rev. William John,

Penybont, S. W., with a great variety of reading matter for children of all ages. This number is of unusual merit, and shows the care and good taste of the editor.

The "Cronicl" under its triple editorship contains a miscellany of interesting matter. This little monthly is conducted with considerable freedom, and is not afraid of shadows. It is also progressive, and has no love for conversatism of the stagnated type.

"Cwrs y Byd" is absolutely unsectarian, and has for its object the discussion of public subjects without regard to fashionable weaknesses. Its outspokenness and straighforwardness is truly valuable. It is an extreme hater of social humbugs, and is almost offensively practical. This is certainly acceptable to people who love to have truth stated in as unsophisticated a way as possible. The Penrhiwgaled chapel drama reminds us of Heinric Ibsen's plays. Considerable mustard and pepper are used in the preparation of some of the articles.

The Liberal party needs a leader, and it is rumored that Rosebery will be recalled to fill the position, but "Cwrs y Byd" thinks it will be a blunder. It will be a mistake to select a leader from the House of Lords, as this will make a Lord a necessity, and to have a Lord for a leader of Liberalism will make its policy lordly. If Rosebery be selected, "Cwrs y Byd" will advise the people to stay at home, for what have we in common with Lords.

In an interesting article in the July "Harper's," George W. Smalley gives his opinion of newspaper life, and offers counsel to educated men who intend to become journalists. Mr. Smalley discusses the preparation for journalism considered as the door to other careers, and the relation of newspapers to modern life.

Mr. William Black's delightful romance called "Wild Eelin" is concluded in the current issue of "Harper's Bazar." The famous English novelist has added to his reputation, if that is possible, by this fascinating tale of Highland life. Its place, as a serial in the "Bazar," will be filled by Mr. Howell's new story, entitled "Ragged Lady," which will run during the remainder of the year, beginning in July. The present volume of this periodical, thus enriched by the works of the two masters of American and English fiction, is sure to be especially valuable to all interested in good reading.

There is a curious historical parallel in the fact that the popular rallying-cry of the Texas volunteers, when fighting a Spanish race in the other half of this century, was "Remember the Alamo!" A stirring reminder of those days on our Western frontier is contributed by Martha McCullock-Williams to the July number of "Harper's Magazine." It is entitled "A Man and His Knife," and consists of passages from the life of James Bowie, whose exciting career is still remembered in Kentucky and on the Rio Grande, and who died a hero's death at the Alamo, where Texas has erected a monument to him and his comrades with the famous inscription:

"Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none."

The Welsh monthly, "Cenad Hedd," for January found its way to the library of the King of Siam. His Majesty had heard that the magazine had reached his country and he requested a learned Welshman to send it to him and translate an "editorial comment" it contained reflections on the life and character of the Far Eastern potentate.

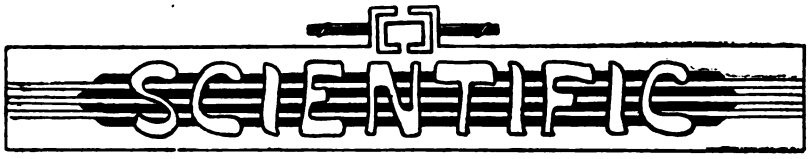
In his new novel, "The Secret of a Hollow Tree," published by Messrs Digby, Long & Co., Dr. Naunton Davies, of Cowbridge, tells in a spirited fashion a story brimful of incident, in which the characters, it is said, are drawn from life, and the scenes set in a fox-hunting district of South Wales. "The whole," declares the "Standard," "is a mixture of melodramatic incident—not badly put together, it must be owned, and the book will possibly please those readers who like their fiction highly colored, crowded with detail, and are satisfied with old-fashioned methods and painstaking workmanship."

The sixth and concluding part of volume I. of "Y Tadau Annibynol," which has now been published, is devoted to a biography of Owen Thomas, of Carrog, prepared by the Rev. O. L. Roberts, of Liverpool. Owen Thomas flourished in the early years of the century, and with the records of his life are skillfully interwoven by the author a remarkably interesting description of the rise of Congregationalism in the island of Anglesey. It is satisfactory to note from the introduction contributed by Mr. L. D. Jones, the energetic editor of the series, that the publication of the history of the "Tadau" has proved a very successful venture, so much so that the preparation and publication of the second volume are being entered upon with a very light heart. A preface to Volume I. has been contributed by Professor J. M. Davies of Bangor.

It is surprising to contemplate the amount of time wasted in arguments over inexplicable points of religion, while no one seems to notice and practice the plain commandments of the moral law. No one observes the propriety of "doing unto others,' &c. The human part of Christianity is neglected, while every one is interested in the supernatural, the super-human. The miracles of Jesus is everything, while His kindness and grace are ignored. If we would study more the humanity of the Savior, we would more thoroughly understand the divine.—"Cwrs y Byd."

In spite of the attempts of the "British Weekly" to deprive the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists of their due honor, the "Drysorfa" claims that the denomination has taken the leading part in the reformation (religious and social) which has taken place in Wales. The Calvinists have been prominent in the most enlightened movements, not excepting the establishments of the Bible Society and the Sunday School. They have led in a good many of the most beneficial institutions; and have not only seen the need of a spiritual awakening, but have worked energetically to procure it.

No fewer than four theological colleges in Wales have migrated to the University College town to obtain the full advantage of assistance. Those that remain at Bala, Trevecca and Brecon are, I feel sure, only prevented from doing so by the traditions of the place, and the sacrifice that have been made to raise the present buildings. It is noticeable that in Scotland there is no single instance, I believe, of a theological college outside of a University town. We all know of the migration of Mansfield College to Oxford, and I learn that a Presbyterian theological college is in course of erection at Cambridge.—"Young Wales."



Literary purists may find profit in the following happy distinction between style and grammar, drawn by a writer in "Literature:" "An artist in style may make grammatical mistakes, and yet remain an artist. A sentence may be grammatically correct, and yet be infamously written. A comfortable modern house, weather-tight and warm, may be an aesthetic blasphemy, while a beautiful old timbered mansion may let in the wind and rain of every quarter. Grammar is building, style is architecture."

To Remove Mold in Cellars.—"Unslaked lime," says "The Scientific American," "is best suited for this purpose. It is blown, in the shape of a fine powder, on the walls of the cellar and into the joints and crevices by means of the bellows, or else thrown on with the hand. The walls must be damp; dry walls have to be well moistened previously. The lime slakes with the adhering water, and kills all organisms. On the day following the walls are washed off, and, as experience has proved, the cellar will remain free from mold for at least two years."

It now appears that Hamlet was only a victim of neurasthenia. Dr. T. W. Hime, of Bradford, England, has made a thorough diagnosis of Hamlet's case, and has communicated the result to the Sheffield Literary and Philosophical Society. Hamlet he says, "was a marvelously true representation of a person suffering from a state of instability of the nervous system, and of all the neurotic states dependent on it. * * Hence he became a characteristic victim of neurasthenia, ready to burst out into vehement declarations of his irresistible determinations, but incapable of converting them into action."

The great 60-inch search light which was used at the World's Fair now guards the approaches to the harbor at Norfolk, Va., the latter being protected by means of submarine mines. A modern battery of rapid-fire guns for use against torpedo boats and light-draught gun-boats have greatly increased the efficiency of the fort.

The present is not a religious war, and no religious question enters into it. In Cuba, Spanish and Cubans are all devout followers of Rome, and yet for three years they have been trying to exterminate each other. A citizen's Americanism doesn't depend upon his religious convictions, and no one religion is more American than another. There is as much difference between an American Catholic and the Catholics of Spain as between light and darkness. The Catholics of this country have the same political ideas that all other Americans have. A man can not be raised under free institutions, and have any sympathy with anything Spanish.—Salt Lake Herald.

PEACE IS DULL.

"The most dead, dull, and dejected time in the whole history of English literature was that of the early thirties—a period of profound peace. At one time, I believe in the autumn of 1832, there were hardly any books published at all. It was at that time, I believe, that the world finally rebelled against the rubbish that was forced upon the book clubs as fiction and poetry. The society novel fell never to be revived,

the tales in verse fell, and the book clubs fell, to be revived, perhaps. They broke up, and their place has never since been filled up. I remark, again, that this was, after many years, a time of profound peace."

Writing of the thirteen-inch gun used in our navy, a writer in "The Engineering Magazine" says: "It is difficult to appreciate the power, and at the same time the delicacy, of these great fighting-machines. At the muzzle the immense projectile has been forced through twenty-seven inches of Harvevyized steel. At two thousand yards the penetration is twenty-two and one-half inches. The extreme range is thirteen miles. The projectile leaves the gun with a velocity of 2,100 feet per second, or 1,400 miles per hour. A shot can be fired every one and one-half minutes for a period of several hours. The force imparted to the projectile, if properly applied, would lift a battle-ship bodily three feet, and yet this great machine, weighing 145,000 pounds, is as accurate as a high-grade watch."

IMPORTANT HYGIENIC FACTOR

A writer in the "Revue Scientifique" points out that the chemical adulteration of milk is at present one of the most important hygienic factors to be dealt with. It seems that M. Dengies, of Bordeaux, having obtained possession of three samples of yellow powder used by certain milkmen of that city to preserve their milk, made a chemical analysis of it; this showed that two of the powders were composed wholly of neutral chromate of potash; that the third was a mixture of one part bichromate of potash, and two parts neutral chromate, and that the suspected milk had been adulterated with the last substance in the proportion of 0.30 gram to the litre, say, five grains to the quart. The alkaline chromates are, in fact, powerful antiseptics, capable, even in small quantities, of retarding lactic fermentation very noticeably, if not of stopping it entirely. But, for the deleterious action of these salts on the organism, the "Revue" calls emphatically for their exclusion from food substances.

SLEEP AS AN AID TO DIGESTION.

There is a time-honored notion that a nap after meals promotes digestion, and, filled with this belief, a large number of persons habitually take a nap after dinner, and think they are doing precisely the best thing for their health. There are other good authorities, too, who claim that sleep during digestion clouds the minds and predisposes those who indulge in it to apoplexy and stupidity. A French scientist has made this subject a study, and by exhaustive experiments has discovered that sleep does not aid digestion, but rest and a horizontal position are of great advantage in promoting the proper conditions for perfect digestion and assimilation of food.—New York Ledger.

THE BACTERIAL ERA.

An Italian physician who has devoted years of study to the disease that prevail in tropical countries is of the opinion that every one of them peculiar to those regions is of parasitic origin, or, in other words, the result of bacterial attacks, and that, with the progress of sanitation and hygiene, there will soon be no reason why white men cannot live as safely and as long in hot lands as in those where the temperature is varied by seasons of cold. An interesting and surprising conclusion which he has reached is that sunstroke, like malarial fevers, cholera, and the plague, is produced not by the sun's action, but by living germs; that it is an infectious disease, and not an accident.

THE RUSSIAN AND THE JEW.

No one really believes that the Jews are a bad lot. On the contrary, they are very able people. In school the Jewish pupil is diligent; the Russian, on the other hand, is lazy, inattentive, and irregular. In general life we find the same state of affairs as in the school. In service, in business, everywhere the Jew is capable, energetic, and industrious, while the Russian is somewhat frivolous. The Russian loves drink, whereas the Jew is always sober. It is for these reasons that we fear them. If we were to let them progress without putting obstacles in the way, they would push us out of everything, and become our masters. You must admit that from our Russian standpoint we can not permit anything of the kind. Hence have originated all our measures against the Jews. We persecute no one; we only defend ourselves, and we must be careful to protect our interests while there is still time.—A Russian Paper.

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Instinct in a Sitting Bird.—It is the belief of M. Xavier Raspail, a French naturalist, that birds know by instinct the exact time that is necessary to hatch out their eggs, so that if the eggs are bad they do not go on indefinitely sitting on them, but abandon them when they have been given a reasonable length of time to hatch. In support of his theory he gives the following observation of a sitting turtle-dove. After noting that the bird left her nest for a short time each day, he says: "The 29th of May the mother did not leave the nest at her usual hour; at 4 p. m. she was absent for a short time, which enabled the observer to see that the two eggs were yet intact; at 6 p. m. she reappeared, but on the morrow, after several visits, finding the nest unoccupied, I decided to examine the eggs. They were quite cold, and both were without signs of life. The mother had left them exactly on the eighteenth day.

LIZARDS WHICH WALK ERECT.

When drawing attention about a year ago to the biped movements of certain Australian lizards, notably the comical little chlamydosaurus, or "frilled lizard," whose photograph is now familiar, Mr. Saville-Kent referred to an unconfirmed rumor that the Mexican iguanoid lizard also possesses the power of running on its hind legs, being led to this by the correspondence in general structure of the creatures, especially the abnormal length of the hind limbs. He publishes a letter from a man living in the West Indies, which shows that there also all the lizards, from the large tree iguana, five feet long, down to the tiniest mites which scamper about among the stones, are accustomed to run erect on their hind legs when hurried. The correspondent adds the interesting information that on the rocks about the watershed of the Guiana are old drawings of lizards running erect. Mr. Saville-Kent points out that this peculiarity, which a year ago was doubted by many naturalists, but which has now been shown to be common to so many different species of lizards, deserves attention as pointing to bipedal locomotion in some remote ancestor.—Nature.

Three towns in North Wales will apply in opposition to Liverpool for the National Eisteddfod of 1900—Rhyl, Pwllheli, and Wrexham. The claims of Pwllheli are supported by Mr. Solomon Andrews, who offers to erect a pavillion at his own cost.

Talking of a Gladstone monument, it must be admitted that the Welsh are slow monument-builders. It is now forty-two years since the first subscriptions were received towards a monument to Llewelyn ein Llyw Olaf. We would rather enshrine our heroes in memory than in marble.

Eisteddfod conductors have broad views when prize money is concerned. A well-known firm of whisky manufacturers wrote to the Cardiff executive committee offering 100p. as the chief prize in an essay competition, and by none was the offer accepted more enthusiastically than by the teetotalers and Nonconformists.

This is how a recent incident is related in the "Evening News:"—"The steamer Restormel, with Cardiff coal, tried to run into Santiago to the help of Cervera. A cry of 'welsher' was raised,and Police-superintendent Schley overtook the offender."

"Where is the Amen?" is the usual query at a Methodist "seiet." Its absence from the services is frequently deplored. The editors of the new Calvinistic Methodist tune-book have restored the Amen at the end of every tune, but many of the faithful are now greatly exercised over such a "heap of ritualism."

Four shillings a day was the wages of a member of Parliament in the time of Henry VIII., which the Welsh people were specially commanded to pay to their representatives. But, true to their proverb, "He who works for everybody must wait long for his wages," the Welsh people have by this time forgotten all about their obligations.

Two Rhondda men were discussing the incidents of Mr. T. Ellis's marriage. "Beth yw Neithior, bachan?" asked one. "Ond nithwr yw a," replied the other, "yn gwmws felsa ti'n gweid echdo ne drenydd"—which was as good as the reply of the man who, being asked how often he shaved, said, "Twice a week every day but Sunday, and then every day."

"The first question," said a speaker the other day before a representative audience, "they ask you in Glamorgan is, 'What is the price of coal now?'; in Carmarthenshire, 'How does butter sell at Carmarthen?;' in Pembrokeshire, 'How are the pigs at Haverfordwest?'; in Cardiganshire, 'Who was preaching with you last Sunday?' and in Breconshire, 'Who was hanged last at Brecon?' "

Evidently, there is going to be trouble between Wales and America. We have our Dewi Sant and Dewi Day, and

now that America intends establishing a Dewey Day, also complications are inevitable. For one thing, there are eight weeks and an ocean between the two, so there may be some safety in distance and time.

The North Wales "Chronicle" has the following about Gen. James' article in the June number of the "Cambrian:"

"General Thomas L. James, of New York, a Welshman by descent, has several times travelled through Wales when on a visit to this country, and in the current number of the 'Cambrian,' monthly magazine, there appears from his pen an article entitled 'A Summer Tour in North Wales.' In the opening sentences of this he says—'The majority of American tourists who make a summer trip to Great Britain start for London the moment the steamer touches Liverpool. They overlook the fact that they are within 20 miles of Wales, the Switzerland of the British Isles, a country unequalled for its wild romantic scenery, and full of interest on account of its historic associations."

In some parts of Nonconformist Wales Ascension Day is still observed. At Lord Penrhyn's quarries at Bethesda work was entirely suspended Ascension Day. This was not from any religious regard, but in deference to a superstition which has long lingered in the district that work on Holy Thursday, as it is locally termed, inevitably brings with it an accident. No workman will venture within the workings on that day.

Cyclists who reach Abergavenny are surprised to find that the grand old castle is now a hostel, where visitors can rest and dream volumes of Welsh history. The hall where Seisyllt ab Dyfnwal and the Princes of Powys were murdered by order of William de Braose is still used for the entertainment of visiting parties, and guests can sleep in rooms once occupied by Princes. The landlord is an enthusiastic Welshman.

Threatening letters are an old institution in Wales whenever a critical time has appeared in the people's history. They were strewn about at the time of the Rebecca Riots as thick as leaves in Vallombrosa. In a house in the parish of Penbryn there is preserved a document which "Rebecca" sent to a local man, threatening to cut him up "small enough for ducks to swallow him." The man lived thirty years after that threat.

The Liverpool "Courier," the "Daily Post" and "Journal of Commerce" have made very favorable notices of Gen. T. L. James' article in the "Cambrian." The Liverpool "Journal of Commerce," June 15, 1898, had the following remarks:

General James' account of his visit is of a somewhat discursive character, but it is none the less readable, and certainly more entertaining than the usual style of description. As a Welshman, by descent at least, the author speaks in favor of the wonderful natural characteristics which have made Wales one of the most popular touring grounds throughout the country, and his description is accompanied by a large number of photographic views, which should certainly appeal to those who have an eye for the beautiful. One of the illustrations is that of our old friend the St. Tudno, which is pleasantly associated in the minds of thousands of visitors to North Wales with one or probably more trips from Liverpool to Llandudno, Beaumaris, and the Straits. The trip in the St. Tudno or the newer St. Elvies has in numberless instances been but the precurser to a more extended tour into the interior of that happy land of beautiful hills and pleasant dales. A perusal of General James's little work

will help one to enjoy and appreciate at its true value much that might otherwise be passed over, or if seen at all viewed with comparative indifference. An excellent portrait of Captain Lewis, of the St. Tudno, accompanied the brochure.

Aberystwyth University College has long had its annual Students' Eisteddfod, and now Bangor has followed suit. There is as yet no talk of a similar institution at Cardiff, but possibly the students, not wishing to mar the success of the great "National" of 1899, are postponing their Eisteddfod until that event is over.

The population of the Rhondda at working times appears homogeneous and Welsh to a remarkable degree, but during the present strike the foreign element seems to be much in evidence. Out of 105 persons applying recently for parish relief six only were Welsh. A like proportion has been observed at the temporary relief stations.

There is in a Pembrokeshire churchyard a unique "englyn,' composed by a blacksmith to his wife. It contains but a simple consonant, "L," and Ioan Tegid was much impressed by it. It runs as follows:—

Leah, ail lili oleuliw,—wele
All a i welw liw;
A lai—lai o loeyw liw,
Y wiw ael a i wael liw.

A wonderful instance of presence of mind comes from Carmarthenshire. An aged couple, with a servant girl, dwelt together. Dafydd, the old man, was dying upstairs, while Shan was down in the kitchen, refreshing herself. The servant girl rushed downstairs, crying, "Dyfydd is dead!" "Well, well!" replied Shan, "let me drink this broth, and I'll have a good cry after him."

The state of the British mercantile marine as regards the employment of foreign sailors is well illustrated by the composition of the crew of the Restormel, the Cardiff vessel just captured and taken into Key West. The crew number twenty-three all told—seven officers and sixteen men. Of the seven officers five are British, of the sixteen men only seven, and two of these are stewards. The nationalities represented are Swiss, Norwegian, Sicilian, Swedish, French, Egyptian, Arabian, and Algerian. The crew was shipped at Barry.

Several of the London publishers complain that the inhabitants of the Principality are not book-buyers, and volumes on Wales and the Welsh, whether historical or entertaining, do not receive the recognition they deserve. It is a singular fact that in the North of England and the borders of Scotland books on Wales have larger sales than in the land they mostly concern. "Truly," said a Welsh author, "a prophet is not honored in his own country." But who is to blame? And when will the Welsh people give substantial encouragement to authors born in their midst, who write in the vernacular or in English on subjects dear to the hearts of all who dwell in "Wild Wales."

The June number of "The Cambrian," published in English in Utica by Thos. J. Griffiths, opened with an illustrated article entitled "A Summer Tour in North Wales," from the pen of the Hon.. Thomas L. James, LL. D., of New York. The article has drawn wide attention to the magazine, and Publisher Griffiths has already gathered complimentary correspondence, and a large number of approving allusions to it from prominent journals in England and Wales. Gen. James knows the country of which he writes as well as he knows Oneida or Madison Counties. When hay fever drives him from the Lincoln Bank in August of each year, he finds relief in the ocean voyage, and

the highest enjoyment when he reaches the mountains of North Wales. He is never happier than when he crosses the bridge at Chester and sees before him the land of his ancestors. He knows the pretty and sparkling stream —much like our Trenton Falls, with brighter leaping waters—that runs past Bettwsycoed as well as he remembers the natatorium of his boyhood under the slippery banks of Cooper's Woods in the days when the Mohawk ran by Utica as clear and unpolluted as the waters of the St. Lawrence.. The vale of Llangollen is as familiar to him as the campus of Colgate University, or the lovely slopes of St. John's at Fordham. He could not fail to write interestingly upon his theme; nor could the journals of Wales fail to be pleased that their country's charm are so well depicted on the hither side of the Atlantic. The article evidently made a hit for the magazine.—Utica "Observer."

There was a fortress at Rhayader in the middle ages, of which Giraldus tells the following curious tale. The wife of a confined prisoner in the fortress, anxious for his liberation, found means to convey to him a bell, which the monks informed her possessed the power of liberating prisoners from their confinement. The governor of the castle, however, in defiance of the bell's alleged virtue, refused to liberate the prisoner or restore the bell, upon which both the town and castle of Rhayader, excepting only the fortunate wall on which the bell was suspended, was by divine vengeance consumed by lightning in one night.

Labouchere writes warmly about what he calls the high-handed proceeding on the part of a Welsh colliery company. He says that a number of colliers occupy houses belonging to the company. and that when these men stopped work, in accordance with the notices they had given, a month's rent in advance was deducted from the wages due to them. "It is hardly necessary to point out," he adds, "that such a confiscation of the wages the men had earned was a gross and impudent illegality. The company had no right whatever to deduct rent in advance, and the men should at once take action for the recovery of the money."

A Welsh Methodist minister in Monmouthshire was booked to preach in a Glamorgan chapel recently. Early in the week he received a note from the chief deacon, saying that, in consequence of the great poverty produced by the strike, they were compelled to hold a prayer meeting, as they couldn't pay for a supply. The preacher replied expressing his sympathy, and put it in practical shape by saying:—"I will be there, money or not. Thousands live and get their bread on trust (hen gount). Why not supply spiritual bread on the same terms? Things can't always continue like this, and I will be with you, as usual."

Who will be the new principal of Lampeter? The "Gloch"—the new Welsh Church weekly—enlarges upon the responsibility which is cast upon the Council of the College in the filling of the vacancy, and adds—'It is on the shoulders of the four Welsh Bishops the greater responsibility lies, for it is to them that the other members of the Council look for a lead. It would be highly desirable, and in accord with Welsh feeling, for the Council for a worthy and qualified Welshman to fill the vacancy. Surely there is no need to go outside Wales to find a man in every way qualified for the post. It is to some extent a violation of the patriotism and the feelings of the Churchmen of Wales to find strangers, whatever their qualifications may be, possessing the chief chairs. May Wales be saved from being denationalised by her own shepherds."

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

RICHARD E. ROBERTS.

Richard E. Roberts died at 7:50 p. m. June 21, at his residence, 58 Howard Avenue, Utica, N. Y., in his 49th year. Last August he was taken sick with heart disease, and was obliged to give up work. Of late he had improved greatly, and was gaining in flesh, but Friday, June 17, he took cold, and pneumonia set in. His constitution was not strong enough to stand the strain of the disease.

Richard E. Roberts.

Mr. Roberts was born in Llysfaen, North Wales, February 1, 1850. When he was quite young his father, Robert Roberts, removed to Denbigh, where he was educated, and for part of the time served as a pupil teacher in one of the government schools. Later he learned the trade of carpenter, and lived in Liverpool for a short time. In 1871 he came to America, and after remaining in New York City a few months, came to Utica, where he has since resided. For over 20 years he was employed in the office of Y Drych, the Welsh newspaper, as bookkeeper, and having charge of the circulation department. He was not only competent, but most industrious, faithful and conscientious in service. He was modest, quiet and unassuming, but could be depended on to discharge to the best of his ability any responsibility placed on him. He was of a literary turn of mind, a great reader, and occasionally wrote for the paper, but the department of which he had charge kept him busy and enlisted all his energies. He had no desire to shine as a writer, although he had considerable

:y in this direction, and used only ːct Welsh. He was a member of Welsh Benevolent Society, and also e Cymreigyddion, of which he was ıe time secretary. He was a mem- ɔf Moriah Church, a regular at- ınt at its services, and a devout ıtian, giving to the church of his s and his best services. A lover of books, he did considerable in the of importing Welsh books and h music for those of his country- who desired them. In this way through his connection with the on which he was employed, he ned quite an extensive acquaint- throughout the State. His life a busy and an eminently useful ınd his death will be learned with ːe sorrow by all who knew him. 5, 1880, Mr. Roberts married Mary ins of Utica, who died in Septem- 1896. He leaves three children, ah J., aged 17, Howell, aged 14, ırthur M., aged 6. He leaves also ther, John C. Roberts, managing of Y Drych, and two sisters, Mrs. Roberts and Mrs. Hugh J. Thomas ica.

In Memoriam.

r and brother he passed away,
e our grief as he breathless lay;
vhen recovering from darkness, he
back to sleep so unexpectedly!

nly gone! now we backward gaze,
ıemories in us such sorrows raise!
leath divides our hearts between
ears to be and those that have
en?

s the way of death in life—
is the path, thick with sorrowed
ife;
with our fancies are also fears,
ɛd with pleasures too are our
ırs.

like an echo thy life shall be,
y treasured in our memory;
ce remembered shall always raise
ɔminiscences of happier days.

Rest, rest in peace, from all troubles fled;
Rest in the land wherein slumber the dead;
Rest, weary soul, freed from earthly strife,
Rest from the labors that wore thy life!

———o:o———

Mrs. F. M. Dolbeer of 186 Penn St, Brooklyn, N. Y., sends us the following obituary: Mother Jones died February 2nd, 1898, and Father Jones followed her March 15, 1898. Mother's maiden name was Elizabeth Frances Richards, aged 76 years; father's name was William Morris Jones, aged 78 years. They lived together 55 years, and left 5 children, Mrs. Jennie E. Sherer, Mr. Cadwalader M. Jones, Mr. William H. Jones, Mrs. Elizabeth F. Dare and Mrs. Hannah L. Dolbeer. Both were closely connected with Welsh interests, and had a wide circle of Welsh acquaintances. They were born in the same location in Wales, knew each other as children, met and married in this country, lived to see all their children members of Baptist churches, of which they had been members for years. Pap Jones was connected with the old Novelty Iron Works, New York, and the Continental Iron Works, Brooklyn, for about fifty years in official positions, retiring a few years previous to his death. Their lives were remarkable for industry, thrift, strict religious principles, and the rearing of children acknowledged to be an honor to them and to the community.

The Rev. Dr. John Rumsey Davies, who has just accepted a call to the Bethlehem Presbyterian Church, Philadelphia, was born on August 9, 1855, at Abergavenny, England. He came to this country during his childhood, and at the age of twenty-two years entered Lafayette College. He was graduated from that institution in 1881, and then entered the Princeton Theological

Seminary. On December 10, 1883, he was ordained by the Lackawanna Presbytery, and was installed as pastor of the Langcliff Presbyterian Church at Avoca, Luzerne County. He remained there four year, but in 1887 accepted a call to fill a pulpit at Tyrone, Penn., where he succeeded in increasing the church membership about 50 per cent. In 1892 Dr. Davies was called to the Fourth Avenue Presbyterian Church, New York City. Dr. Davies is a trustee of Lafayette College, and a director of the Princeton Theological Seminary. He has been prominent at the meetings of the General Assembly, and is also an active member of the American Tract Society, American Bible Society, and the Board of Foreign Missions.

Naval Cadet Joseph W. Powell, who commanded the steam launch which followed the collier Merrimac to the mouth of Santiago harbor, and waited until after daylight amid a storm of shot and shell from the Spanish batteries, is a New York boy, and of an ancient Welsh family, the Ap Hywels. Have you heard of a Powell who was not Welsh?

Troops G and K of the Rough Riders, at the battle of La Quasina, were led by Llewelyn and Jenkins. We are glad that the little Welsh sparrow is fighting with the American Eagle.

The Rev. J. Arma Thomas, formerly of Friendship, Wis., has accepted a call from the church at Pine River, Waukesha Co., Wis., and is already removed to that place.

"One would think from the way some men talk," said the Rev. William James, Aberdare, when telling the Methodist Association about poor attendance in chapel, "that the Almighty intended rewarding people for their average attendance at the means of grace."

Mr. Gladstone had a Welsh girl for his nurse, a Welsh woman for a wife, became a Welsh squire, was made a free burgess of several Welsh boroughs, held a Welsh University degree, and was a member of the Welsh Gorsedd.

The Festiniog Eisteddfod Committee have chosen the Revs. Dr. J. Gomer Lewis, of Swansea (chairman of the Welsh Baptist Union), and Dr. T. C. Edwards (Cynonfardd), of Kingston, Pa., U. S. America, to be the conductors of the meeetings of this year's National Eisteddfod.

Wales once harbored a real, live Pope. The annals have it that in the year 1145 Pope Nicholas Brekspere confirmed the rights of the Normans in Glamorgan for the support he received from them when a wanderer there. He was a long while at Sandunwyd (St. Donat's) with Sir Gilbert Stradling.

Some Welsh Methodist preachers are so popular, and their services so much in requisition, that the connexion has been compelled to issue a special "diary" giving the Sunday dates for twelve years in advance, to enable them to enter their future engagements! It is a historical fact that the celebrated Edward Matthews when he died had booked pulpit engagements ten years in advance.

The poetical works of Mr. William Jones (Ehedydd Ial), the author of the well-known Welsh hymn, "Er nad yw'm cnawd ond gwellt," &c., have just been published. The proceeds derived from the sale of the book will go to help the author, who is suffering from the infirmities of advancing years.

The editor of the "Genedl Gymraeg" has been asking his readers to send him the name of the greatest benefactor of Wales. The plebiscite has resulted in the following list:—Bishop

William Morgan, D. D., who translated the Bible to the Welsh language; the Rev. Thomas Charles, B. A., of Bala; the Rev. Dr. Lewis Edwards, of Bala; the Rev. Evan Jones (Ieuan Gwynedd), and Sir Hugh Owen.

Can parrots speak Welsh? The death is announced at the age of fifteen years of "Polly Parrot," owned by John O. Morris, Milwaukee, from heart disease. This particular Polly was adopted by the family when only six months old, and was able to speak, so it is said, fluently in Welsh and English. It would be interesting to know how many parrots in Wales could repeat the Lord's Prayer in the two languages as the Milwaukee Poll used to do.

Mr. Owen M. Edwards, M. A., has begun at last his series of Welsh classics "for the use of the family and the school." The first volume, "Y Bardd Cwsc," by Ellis Wyn, of Lasynys, is in the press.

Mr. David Williamson's interesting non-political biography, entitled "Gladstone the Man" contains the following paragraph:—"He (Mr. Gladstone) enjoyed especially his visit to the beautiful seat in Wales of the late Sir Hussey Vivian, who was raised to the Peerage as Lord Swansea. On that occasion he was serenaded in the evening by a choir, who sang delightfully some favorite airs and hymns."

Welsh-Americans have at last inaugurated a movement to establish a Welsh professorship in Marietta College. In this matter they have allowed their fellow Celts, the Irish-Americans, to go ahead of them. A Celtic chair has been already endowed with 10,000p. at the Roman Catholic University of Washington of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, though to very few Irish-Americans their native Gaelic is of much use. But surely the Welsh, who were so much to the fore through their Eisteddfod at the last World's Fair, should not rest until their language and history find a conspicuous place in the curriculum of a reputable American university.

Shortly before he died the late Dean Vaughan sent a check for 300p. towards the extension of Canton Church. The dean was very ill at the time, and a gentleman who was in the sick room suggested that he should write the letter for him. "No," said the dying dean, "I'll send this; it may be my last." The writing was shaky, and the lines were crooked, but the letter was one of the most touchingly beautiful of all Dean Vaughan's touching and beautiful letters.

The gross value of the personal estate of the late Mr. Griffith Rhys Jones (Caradoc), Pontypridd, the famous Welsh choir conductor, has been proved at 38,079p., and the net value 35,357p. The executors are Messrs. Joseph David, Preswylfa, and Mr. John Griffith Jones, son of the deceased. The deceased has left 1,500p. and an annuity of 350p. a year to his widow, and smaller sums to nephews and nieces, the residue of the property all going to his son, Mr. John Griffith Jones.

A North Wales man writes to tell the "Liverpool Mercury" that Mr. A. C. Humphreys-Owen, M. P., enjoys the proud distinction of being the only man in Wales who has retained his seat as chairman of a county council since the office was first created. Hold hard. Mr. Edwin Grove has done the very same thing in the County of Monmouth. His position as chairman seems as secure as if it were a seat in the House of Lords, and, by the way, his vice-chairman is a peer—Lord Tredegar.

FRIED MUSIC.

A certain musician disgusted with the chattering during a musical performance, arranged with his violin, his violoncello, and the rest that the music should suddenly cease in the midst of the loudest passage in the piece. It was done, and (says the London "Sun") clear and distinct above all the loud talkers' voices these words were heard —"We always fry ours in lard!"

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GALLANTRY.

A sudden gust of wind took the parasol from the hand of its owner, and a lively Emeralder, dropping his hod of bricks, caught the parachute, and presented it to the loser, saying: "If you were as strong as you are handsome, it wouldn't have got away from you." "Which shall I thank you for first—the service or the compliment!" asked the lady, smilingly. "Troth, madam," again touching the place where once stood the brim of what was once a beaver, "that look of your beautiful eye thanked me for both."

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WHAT HE THOUGHT.

"I know," said the candidate for the small office to the veteran, "that you wouldn't sell your vote." "No, suh, I wouldnt!" "That you can't be bribed?" "Now yo' talkin, suh!" "But suppose I should make you a present of $10? What would you think?" The voter looked thoughtful, then said, "Well, Marse Jim, jedgin by yo' pas' record, I d either think yo'd done los' yo' min', or else yo's in de counterfeitin business!"—Atlanta Constitution.

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Maximo Gomez, the Cuban leader, is now seventy-four years old, and has spent his life in intrigues and fighting against the Government of Spain. He was born in San Domingo, and was a Spanish soldier against San Domingo before he took up arms for free Cuba. He served under General Weyler, and when Cuba rose in 1868 he tendered his services to Spain, and, upon their being refused, joined the revolutionists. He fought continuously in the wars of the various Central American Republics till Maceo raised the standard of the present revolution, when Gomez was given the command of the army. "Independence or death" is his battle-cry, and he hates autonomy.

IT IS SWEAT.

Some capital Edison anecdotes are given in a recent number of the "Ladies' Home Journal," one of the most popular of American periodicals. All of them are contributed by intimate friends of the great inventor, and may, therefore, be taken as authentic. One writer reminds us that Edison is a great believer in hard work. His own definition of genius is: "Two per cent. is genius, and ninety-eight per cent. is hard work.' On one occasion, when the argument that genius was inspiration was brought before him, he replied: "Bah! Genius is not inspired. Inspiration is perspiration."

THE COLONEL'S OPINION.

"War," said the old colonel, as he stirred his toddy, "is too terrible to contemplate. It should not be lightly spoken of, sir; it is a serious, sad affair. I have two graves in Virginia, one in Tennessee, and three in Kentucky, and but for war the men who fill them would be living yet!"

"Your sons, colonel?" asked the listener, in an awed voice.

The colonel tossed off his toddy neat, and stroking his gray beard, said:

"No, sir—my substitutes; the brave men who fought, bled and died for me!"

Then the listener coughed, and observed that whisky was not as good as it was before the war."

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AN IMPROVEMENT.

Froude and Kingsley were special favorites of Prof. Max Muller, according to his recently published memoirs. Kingsley's refusal to pray for rain—or, as his friend expresses it, to degrade his sacred office to that of a rainmaker or a medicine man—reminds the professor of a story told to Kingsley by an American.

In America we manage these things better. A clergyman in a village on the frontier between two of our states prayed for rain. The rain came, and it soaked the ground to such an extent that the young lambs in the neighboring state caught cold and died. An action was brought against the clergyman for the mischief he had done, and he and his parishioners were condemned to pay damages to the sheep-farmers. They never prayed for rain after that.

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IT IS NOT THAT.

"Many things are commonly spoken of as wealth which we all know, in the true and fundamental meaning of the word, are not wealth at all. If you take an ordinary intelligent man whose powers of analysis have not been muddled by what the colleges call the teaching of political economy, and ask him what he understands at bottom by wealth, it will be found at last, though it may require repeated questioning to eliminate metaphor and representation, that the kernel of his idea of wealth is that of natural substances or products so changed in place, form, and combination by the exertion of human labor as to fit them, or fit them better, for the satisfaction of human desire.—Henry George.

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STILL VISIBLE.

Physical traces of Mr. Gladstone's presence in the house of commons remain. On the table of the house of commons are two boxes, one on the government, and the other on the opposite side. Mr. Gladstone in all his great parliamentary speeches, spoke with one or the other of these boxes before him, on which he was accustomed to strike his hand with considerable force. The indentations made on these boxes by the rings on his fingers, when bringing down his hand in the excitement of speaking, are plainly visible, and are often looked at with interest.

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WAR GETTING OUT OF DATE.

"It won't be long," said the thoughtful man, "before all possibility of war among civilized nations will vanish forever."

"I quite agree with you," returned the member of the peace commission, grasping his hand and shaking it warmly. "We have unquestionably done noble work."

"You!" exclaimed the thoughtful man. "What have you done?"

"Not very much personally perhaps, but as a member of the peace commission"—

"Peace commission nothing," interrupted the thoughtful man. "The thing

that is going to end all war is the fact that they have reached that point in the construction of mammoth cannons where a new national debt is created every time one is discharged.'—Chicago Post.

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A COMPARISON.

It is rather singular, in the light of what Sir Edwin Arnold has written in praise of Japan and of the Japanese women, to find Dr. Morrison preferring the Chinese. He is one of those who regard the "smile of a Chinese woman as inexpressibly charming." He boldly declares, speaking as an impartial observer who has been both in Japan and China, that in every feature the Chinese woman is superior to her Japanese sister—she is more capable of intellectual development, she is incomparably more chaste and modest, she is prettier, sweeter, and more trustworthy than the misshapen cackling little dot with black teeth that we are asked to admire as a Japanese beauty.

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THEY WERE WRONG.

"Nor was Christianity free from the reproach of degrading women. St. Paul's repugnance to the female sex stands on record to this day. The Fathers of the church vied with one another in dilating on the enormities of women, and denounced them with inconceivable malignity. Tertullian describes woman 'as the devil's gateway, the unsealer of the forbidden tree, the deserter of the divine law, the destroyer of God's image—man.' Chrysostom 'interpreted the general opinion of the Fathers,' says Lecky, 'when he pronounced woman to be a necessary evil, a natural temptation, a desirable calamity, a domestic peril, a deadly fascination, a painted ill.' 'Jesus,' says Ameer Ali, 'had treated women with humanity; his followers excluded her from justice.' "—The Humanitarian.

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ALL OUT OF ORDER.

An Irish woman went out to Camp Ramsay, in Minnesota, to see her boy, who had enlisted for the war. Denny was a raw recruit, and he was being given a good deal of exercise by way of getting him in line with what was to be expected of him. He was out with the awkward squad, and the sergeant was drilling them up and down as though his life depended on the result. He formed them into a double column, and the old woman watched with her heart in her eyes as they started off. "Aw, wisha, look at thim," said she; "iviry mother's son of thim out of step but me boy, Dinny."

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ANOTHER STORY ABOUT THE VIZCAYA.

It is reported that when the Spanish cruiser Vizcaya was in New York harbor last winter, her chief engineer, who, by the way, is a Scotchman, told a party of Americans that her heavy guns never had been tried, and her officers and crew did not know what they would do or how they would act under fire. They never had been tried, for the reason that the Madrid government looked upon target practice as a little too expensive. "Our men," said the chief engineer, "don't know what will happen when we once fire those guns, and for that reason they concluded not to run any chances by practice." Perhaps they feared the Vizcaya's guns might be more dangerous to the ship's officers and crew than to the enemy.

THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XVIII. AUGUST, 1898. No. 8.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

"That anxious look ill becomes thee, Idwal, on a gala day like this, What ails thee man? Cheer up."

"Then thou carest not for the bad omen," was the sullen reply. "Seest thou not that one of the twelve is lacking?"

"Ah! I had forgotten," said the steward, lifting his hand nervously to his forehead. "I have so much to think about that it almost makes me distracted. I received word a moment ago that Cadwallon was suddenly taken ill this morning, and therefore cannot come. That, however, need give thee no trouble. Thou seest that aged man sitting next to Einion ap Howel?"

"Ay," said the bard indifferently.

"Einion says that he is a celebrated bard from the North, and brings the greetings of his chief to the court of Gryffydd. Wilt thou have him occupy the vacant place?"

"It should be filled by a Welshman and not by a Scott."

"But he is not a Scott. He is a son of Cambria, and of noble birth, forced into exile by the jealousy of Howel ap Edwin. The death of his enemy makes it safe for him to visit his native land."

"If he bear proper credentials he may complete our number. Yet I would that Cadwallon had chosen some other time in which to be sick, that we might avoid the necessity of giving his place to a stranger."

This short conference presently resulted in the elevation of the aged bard, whose acquaintance the reader has already formed, to the vacant seat, greatly to his own satisfaction and to the family bard's relief.

"If I mistake not," said Einion ap Howel in a whisper to the steward as that functionary was passing on his way to the kitchen, "Idwal will find a formidable rival in the bard from the North. But that is his business, and mine at present is to remind thee that I did not leave my appetite at home this morning."

"I should have known that without being reminded, for who ever heard of Einion Ap Howel attending a feast without his appetite?" was the laughing reply.

Finding all the preparations now complete the steward ordered the feast to be spread, and to the delight of the hungry guests large silver dishes containing beef, mutton, venison, and goat's flesh were placed on mats laid on the floor in different parts of the room by the cook and his assistants, professional waiters being then unknown among the Welsh. Other dishes followed containing bread and sweet herbs. Then after a blessing was pronounced by the chaplain in Latin, the majority of the guests helped themselves with a will, while the steward waited on the king, Meredith and Ithel, the chief falconer, the foot-bearer, and the most distinguished among the guests. When the last course was served the king himself, in conformity to an ancient custom of his people, handed the cook his allowance of food, and taking a comprehensive view of the hall a satisfied look rested on his face as he remarked to his chaplain with a twinkle in his eye.

"Were ecclesiastical dishes as inviting as these, dost thou think, Morgan, that the clergy would find it difficult to keep their hearers awake?"

"The trouble lies not in the dishes, my liege, nor in those that prepare them, but in a lack of spiritual appetite. The lust of the flesh is more agreeable to man than the words of the spirit. The stomach and not the brain is nearest the heart. As the mouth is larger than the ear things find readier access into it."

As the chaplain spoke he held a large slice of beef in his hand, and the king noticing this said laughing,

"Let it not be said that all preachers fail to support their teachings with practice. If the flesh be our royal chaplain's enemy he certainly loves his enemy."

"And if the example be good may not Gryffydd Ap Llewelyn make it royal by always loving his enemies?" was the significant reply.

"A good suggestion and one I shall act upon at once," said the king still speaking in a light vein. "Saidst thou not the other day that the great Alexander was killed by drink? Alexander was a king, and if drink killed him it must have been his enemy, and if it was his enemy, it must be mine, for I am also king. Yet I love this enemy as a Norman knight does his lady fair."

To corroborate his words the king took his hirlas, or drinking-horn from the steward's hand, and raised it to his lips. And all the guests followed his example. As the mead, ale, morat, and wine circled round

the chief falconer alone was compelled to drink with moderation. The regulations of the court assigned him only a small allowance lest he neglect his birds. The others present exercised their privilege to the farthest limit, and soon became so noisy and hilarious that the gostegwr, an officer whose duty it was to preserve order in the court, had to interfere. Nor did he succeed in restoring order until the sound produced by his official staff as it struck the wooden column near the chaplain, compelled them to obey or pay a heavy fine. Finding at least an opportunity for which he had longed for some time, the master musician now sang, according to an established custom, one song to God and one to the king, accompanying himself with the harp. Being adjudged the best among many competitors in a literary and musical contest, his position in the court was a high one, and his songs were received with enthusiastic applause. He was followed by the family bard who, stimulated by a desire to excel the master musician, sang and played three songs on different subjects, greatly to the delight of the king and his courtiers. As the applause died away Einion Ap Howel cast a significant glance at the aged bard in Cadwallon's seat, as much as to say, "Now is your opportunity; improve it to the utmost." His eyes met with an assuring look, and when a moment later the king requested a song from "the venerable bard from the North" a smile of satisfaction lighted the imposter's face; but it was only for a second, for the task before him required his whole thought and energy. After tuning his harp to his satisfaction he sang and played as follows:

"O Thou, who in space flashing orbs has suspended
The angels to guide till their missions are ended;
Whose voice rends the heavens; whose breath into madness
The deep stirs and fills the brave sailor with sadness;
Whose wisdom bids secret come forth from their hiding,
And wonders oe'rwhelm the conceit of the worldling;
My spirit bid fly to the loftiest conceptions,
My accents attune to praise glorious exceptions.

"Of all the bright gems now adorning the night,
The earth is the brightest, most full of delight;
Of all the fair lands fanned by breezes and gales,
The fairest, the dearest, most glorius is Wales;
Of all the brave warriors, O Fame, in thy halls,
The bravest has Cambria to answer her calls;
Of all the great monarchs whose praises we sing,
The greatest, the noblest is Gruffydd the king.

"The wealth of the nations comes to him in ships,
He speaks, and the multitude hang on his lips;
His army advance like a strong rushing sea,
Their strength is his word and their glory is he;

His going like the sun's is in splendor
and might,
His tread is the lion's when entering
the fight;
His sword when he strikes like his eyes
flashes fire,
The foe like an aspen leaf quakes at his
ire.

False princes he conquered when treason was rife,
His arm has delivered fair Cambria
from strife;
Deheubarth and Gwynedd and Powys
are one,
The crown that unites them is Gryffydd's alone;
A terror to Saxon and Dane is his name,
A rock of defense are his valor and fame;
Defeat never clouded his heart nor his
brow,
Victorious his weapons, successful his
plow.

"The sky of his prospects is cloudless
and bright,
No blast shall the flower of his hopes
ever blight;
To ages unborn his brave deeds shall be
known,
And like Cadair Idrys firm shall be his
throne;
The child on the hearth shall with joy
lisp his name,
The warrior shall make it as guide unto
fame;
And princes shall emulate Gryffydd the
king,
And bards shall forever his praise love
to sing."

The thunder of applause which followed this song showed a degree of enthusiasm which neither the master musician nor the family bard had been able to arouse. Various causes combined to produce this result. The song, both in composition and execution, would have been highly pleasing to Gryffydd's court at any time, and especially was it so now that the banquet had reached a stage where everything which in the least tickled the fancy of the guests was greeted with applause. Yet we must not think that genuine appreciation of the song or the singer was the only reason for applause on this occasion. There were some whose secret hostility to the king made any degree of sympathy with the sentiments embodied in the song impossible. Foremost among these was Einion Ap Howel. True, he applauded as enthusiastically as any; he did so however, simply because of the successful manner in which the pseudo-bard, who was now known to the court as Idrys, had acted his part. Einion had watched the king's countenance during the execution of the song, and what he read there assured him of success. Although reserved at first, the king had gradually yielded to his vanity, and the gold bracelet with which he now rewarded Idrys, showed that he was not proof against flattery.

Idrys received this token of royal favor with no little inward exultation; but Idwal, the family bard, regarded the whole transaction with a jealous heart and angry frowns, and bubbling over with displeasure he whispered in the sympathetic ear of Prince Trahaiarn,

"It is a pity that that base flatterer and his harp are not in the bottom of the sea!"

"Who is he?" was the reply.

"An audacious vagabond whose only employment is to tickle the ear

of royalty with empty compliments, and pat hospitality on the back that he might not share the fate of the prodigal of old."

"Then why is he in Cadwallon's place?" contined the prince, whose ignorance on this point was due to his absence from the hall at the time Idrys was installed in the sick man's place.

"He claims to be a Welshman, and the chief bard of some Highland chief, and the king, at the recommendation of Einion Ap Howel--may the dogs of perdition overtake the malicious wretch—invited him to occupy the vacant seat," said Idwal, failing to state that his own anxiety had been the occasion of the king's action.

"He may be what he claims to be," said Trahaiarn, glancing in the direction of Idrys, "but I would be willing to swear by St. David that I have heard him sing before, yet where I cannot tell."

"Thou mayst have heard him in a hundred places, and be none the wiser," continued Idwal sullenly. "The conceited ass! What does he know about the poetic flow which immortalized Taliesin and Llywarch Hen? Like others of his kind he has brayed so often that he can do it to perfection."

Although in no mood to sing, the disaffected bard was summoned at this juncture to the queen's apartment to entertain Princess Nest with one of his medleys, and as he left the room Idrys looked after him with an exultant air while tuning his harp for another song. Then glancing at the king he favored the court with another selection. The song was entitled "The Exile's Return," and in it he described his longing for his Cambrian home, the hardships and dangers of his journey homeward, his rapturous joy at seeing the land of his fathers once more, and the kind providence that led him to the festal hall of Cambria's greatest king. So well did he perform his part that he again received most hearty applause. His triumph now was complete so far as gaining the favor of the court was concerned; but the most difficult part of his undertaking still remained to be executed. He was wondering whether he could not expedite the accomplishment of his cherished purpose by endeavoring to supplant the family bard, when the king more from a desire to please his own vanity than to honor his bardic guest sent the steward to him with the request that he prolong his stay at the court at least until the festivities were over, and greatly elated at his good fortune he remarked,

"The son of Llewelyn is as gracious as he is brave and wise. His humble servant will not despise his request."

He could afford to be generous now; therefore giving the other bards an opportunity to entertain the guests, he indulged more freely in the tempting drinks, whose effects had already overcome not a few of the banqueters.

CHAPTER IV.

Whims and Prejudices.

While the festal hall was thus made the scene of revelry and bardic display, the queen's apartment was comparatively quiet. It was not so large as the hall, and its walls were not so bare, womanly ingenuity having decorated them with silk hangings richly embroidered and with wreaths and festoons of holly, ivy, and ferns, its scant furniture also, which betrayed Saxon and Norman rather than Cambrian tastes, was rendered more attractive by finely wrought decorations of needlework. The floor was carpeted with a layer of rushes, with here and there an oriental rug, the gift of some ardent crusader. Not far from the window, through whose gray glass the rays of the setting sun strayed with difficulty into the room, a small circular table with curiously carved legs stood, and between this and the window, facing Idwal, the family bard, sat Princess Nest on a sort of divan. Her girlish looks told of no more than fifteen years of life; and yet even at that age she possessed no small degree of the womanly charms that distinguished her later. Her finely cut features, like her hair which fell in deep red waves over her shoulders, showed a marked paternal resemblance. Her clearness of complexion together with dark blue eyes that seemed in moments of emotional play to reveal unfathomable depths, vied with a mouth that could smile a stubborn heart into submission, or pronounce a death sentence upon an enemy. Her figure, though somewhat diminutive, was well formed; but it had the misfortune of being somewhat concealed by her dress. After the style of the period, she wore a long tunic or gown of pure white linen, loose and high, with close fitting sleeves, and gathered in at the waist with a girdle. Over this she wore a short tunic, much enriched with embroidery, with sleeves of great width at the wrist. Her ornaments were a necklace and armlets of gold, set with rubies, representing the red dragon of Wales.

Not wholly unconscious of her own attractiveness, yet having no desire to exercise her charms on the aged bard who had entertained her at intervals ever since she was a child, the princess had sent for Idwal to sing and play for her a few of her favorite songs, and now as she listened impatiently to one or two spiritless efforts on his part she tried to read the meaning of the sullen look which marred his usually benevolent-looking face. It could not be that he was displeased because she had sent for him, for he always considered it both an honor and a pleasure to entertain her with his bardic art. What then had forced him into this ungracious mood? Something had surely gone wrong with him, and Nest decided to find out what it was.

"I fear you are in no mood to entertain me to-day, Idwal," she said in a half-injured tone. "Why, man,

I who have neither skill nor experience could have put you to shame just now. I have a mind to tell my royal father to dismiss you, and install in your place that bard from the North, of whom I have heard so much."

This was enough. She had unwittingly touched the mainspring of Idwal's trouble, and the tongue which had halted and stammered in song now displayed perfect freedom in speech.

"So thou, also, who hast so often been held captive by the muse of the aged bard, desirest to cast him off for a smooth-tongued vagabond," said he in a voice that brought tears into the princess' eyes. "He, who has so often fired the heart of Cymru, and roused the lion in thy father's soul, is a broken staff, good only to be thrown aside! The voice that has so often tickled childish fancies, and awakened youthful ambition, with tales of valor, is now a cracked bell, which to be heard is to be despised. Why then am I still in the house of the son of Llewelyn? Why should not my voice and my harp share the silence of the grave? My child, allow me to pass forever from thy presence and from thy memory."

For a moment Nest knew not how to answer this impetuous speech. She had never heard Idwal speak in this manner before. Then her sympathetic heart loosened her tongue, and brushing a tear from her cheek she said,

"Forgive me, O venerable bard, if my words have caused you pain, for I meant no harm. Nor would I have asked you to entertain me, had I known your feelings. As to your not being appreciated, you are certainly mistaken. As long as your life lasts, you shall be spared the humiliation of seeing another in your place."

"Thou hast not seen as much of life, sweet daughter of Gryffydd, as I have seen, and may our holy St. David keep thee from its bitterness. As yet thou knowest but little of the caprices of the heart and the intrigues which breed mischief in the courts of the great. Thou hast never seen a mother abandon her child, or a nation its prince; I have seen both. Thou art not acquainted with the ungrateful spirit that casts off the tried servant of yesterday in order to make room for the flattering stranger of to-day."

"Surely my father can never be guilty of this. Is he not the soul of honor? Do not tell me then that he has discarded you for this stranger from the North!"

As the princess spoke there was a tinge of haughtiness in her voice, and two bright spots burned on her cheeks. Fearing that he had gone too far the bard hastened to reply:—

"I charge not my royal master with ingratitude, or affirm that another has supplanted me. Yet having a human heart and some knowledge of the ways of men, I not unnaturally thought that some who so enthusiastically applauded that contemptible minstrel would gladly see him in my place."

"You certainly have a vivid imagination," said Nest, discovering the real cause of Idwal's trouble, "but that is a privilege of bards, I suppose. I myself heard the thunder of applause which greeted the bard from the North, but to me it meant nothing more than a recognition of his skill."

"Hadst thou seen the expression on the faces of some when his majesty rewarded him with that bracelet, thou wouldst have arrived at a different conclusion," said Idwal, still nursing his jealousy.

"Was Prince Trahaiarn pleased with the song?"

"As pleased as the majority of those who heard it. He has heard the minstrel before during some of his many wanderings."

"Did the prince say that he is a minstrel? I thought he was a bard; indeed the steward told me so."

"He was presented to the court as a bard from the North," said Idwal, with a secret grudge against the steward and Einion Ap Howel for introducing Idrys to public favor; "but how can he be from the North while the prince has heard him in Wales? And how can he be a bard if he wanders from place to place."

"It may be that the prince is mistaken. None of us have an infallible memory. Besides he certainly is not a stranger to the muse. Yet whatever he is, you need not fear."

With this assurance the bard now left the room, and the next moment the queen entered from another apartment. She was a little tailer than the princess, but similarly dressed, and as she swept into the room her beautiful face and proud carriage plainly showed that she fully realized the dignity of her position. Her beauty, unlike that of the princess,' was of the proverbial Saxon type, she being the daughter of Algar, Earl of Chester. Her Saxon origin and training also account for the foreign aspect of the room, as well as certain prejudices which the reader will in due time discover. The princess was her stepdaughter, she being king Gryffydd's second wife. Consequently there was not that perfect confidence and sympathy between the two that should exist between mother and daughter.

As the princess' mind was lost in reflection on what had just transpired between herself and Idwal, the queen attracted not her attention, until, having seated herself at a short distance from the window, she startled her by saying with a faint attempt at a smile,

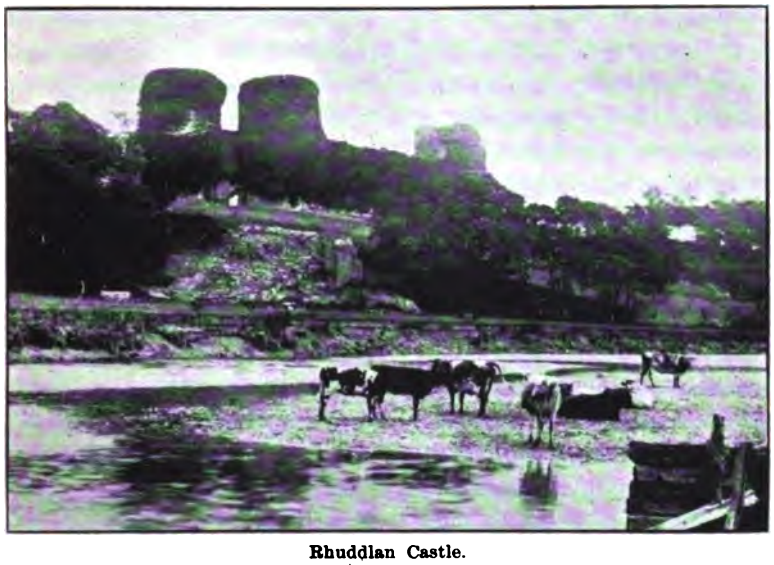
"I hope, daughter, you have been duly entertained by your favorite bard. The few strains that reached my ears were certainly enchanting, and it is no wonder you discoursed so long about the superior merits of his music!"

An ominous flush on the princess' cheeks showed how deeply she felt this sarcastic remark, and obeying the impulse of her Celtic heart she hotly replied,

"If Idwal's music were distasteful to me, I also would deny him my

presence, and I would hug the outside of the door so closely that none of his 'enchanting strains' would reach my ears! But being the daughter of Gryffydd the Bold, I am not so enslaved to his Saxon wife that I need to dismiss my bard to please her whims."

"Indeed!" was the haughty reply. "My lord the king is surely to be congratulated on having such a daughter, and his 'Saxon wife' is to



Rhuddlan Castle.

be pitied as a weakling whose foreign ways and accomplishments are as shadows in comparison with the strong character and exquisite tastes of such a noble princess!"

"Wales wastes no pity on such weaklings," was the parting fling of the princess as she abruptly left the room. Her sudden move was less a surprise to the queen than of consternation to the maids of honor, several of whom narrowly escaped being caught listening in the next room. Upon reaching an apartment devoted exclusively to her own use, therefore, the princess found her favorite maid as flushed as herself; but that wily maiden was quick-witted enough to cover her trepidation by remarking with feigned resentment,

"You will not deny, my lady Nest, that, though less fortunate than yourself, I am a true daughter of Wales."

"That is certainly a strange conceit," said the princess, fixing a searching look on the maid's face. "What ever put it into thy head, Enid? If I had any doubt on that subject, dost thou think I would for a moment allow thee to remain here?"

"Having a Welsh heart, then, is

it a sin to resent the insults of those who love neither our country nor our customs?"

"Not a sin surely," replied the princess, thinking of the sharp words she had just exchanged with Queen Aldyth. "But thou mayest be certain that those who utter such insults are no saints."

"So I thought but a moment ago when her majesty's maid Rowena was making all manner of fun of Idwal, and said that the best bard of Wales is not fit to hold a taper to the poorest minstrel of England."

"And did the impious hoiden dare to say that? Had I heard her it would have gone iil with her. Who but a base Saxon who knows not the difference between a crow and a nightingale, would have the audacity to mention a Saxon minstrel in the same breath with a Welsh bard? Did I love the night better than the day I might laugh at those who praise the brightness of the sun, or had I not a king for a father I might give homage to a beggar! Minstrels indeed! worthless and dissolute strollers were a more fitting name; for, do they not debauch and murder a beautiful art to maintain an idle and dissipated course of life?"

Enid, satisfied with the success of her ruse, listened with marked attention to the remarks of the princess; but when the latter paused she showed no anxiety to continue the subject. She rather sought to put her young mistress in a better humor, a task which to her was not a very difficult one. Hence a few minutes later she had the princess laughing heartily and chatting good-naturedly about matters of but little importance to any but themselves.

Meanwhile Rowena was trying to pacify the queen, but found it not an easy undertaking. Aldyth hated the thought that any one dared to differ with her, or to refuse her the homage which her pride exacted. Princess Nest was an eye-sore to her, because her Welsh whims would not yield to her English prejudices. Yet there were occasions when the two seemed to be on the best of terms, but they were occasions when national differences were kept in the background.

CHAPTER V.

Treason.

The arrival of twelfth-night put an end to the Christmas festivities, greatly to the relief of the head-steward and the cook, to say nothing of the hosts of servants at their command. The guests, however, did not depart till the next day. Einion Ap Howel was among the last to leave, and also among the most effusive in his commendation of the king's hospitality, and of Idrys' musical skill. He had exchanged but few words with the latter during the period of feasting, owing to prudential reasons. Though he was in full sympathy with the plot of which Idrys' bardic performance constituted only a subordinate part, he also wished to avoid giving the king least ground of suspicion that he had the remotest

tion with it. Neither he nor however, would be comed by a secret interview, now that the feast was at an as a possibility uppermost in inds of each as they shook amidst the general leave-takNor did Einion betray the least e when Idrys with a view to ate meeting left a crumbled n his hand, and walked away t taking farther notice of him. time fixed for the interview at arrived, and Idrys, excusing f from the king's hall, took a easterly course, and merged he woods not far from the

As yet all was still as the but after walking some disinto the forest he heard a which he might justly mistake vild boar's, did he not know it ceed from Einion's throat. A nt more and he was face to vith the object of his search. they would be at liberty to se with a reasonable degree of without any danger of arousspicion.

vould not say that you are in with the devil," said Einion ome preliminary words; "but say that you have played your onderfully well. It is safe to at of the hundreds that wityour skill not one even susyou to be the popular lord

where," said Idrys, interrupts companion. "To Einion Ap , Lord of Colsul, and all , I must at present be simply a poor bard from the North."

"Ha, ha, be it so then; but be not surprised if some think you to belong to a warmer place," was the reply.

"The place where man belongs is not always the place of his choice. As for me, my liking for a golden harp inclines my heart to a place more blissful than warm."

"If your benign purpose be not changed. I am not the one to grudge you your desire. You have made a good beginning, and one that augurs well for the ending. But the crouching lion must not leap too soon upon his prey. Do you understand? I mean not that you should curb your impatience beyond all reason, but that you should not carelessly throw your life away in ridding the world of a tyrant."

"It is a poor soldier that forgets his shield while hurling his javelin at the enemy. Yet the best soldier may lose his life in the hour of victory. If Gryffydd fall I shall not deem myself to have lived in vain were his last breath accompanied by my own. Revenge is sweet, though it be mixed with the bitterness of death. I have sworn that Gryffydd must die, ay, and it shall be this very night."

"Not to-night, surely! But go on; you have, no doubt, a sufficient reason for your haste, judging from your past success."

"You have heard the old proverb 'strike while the iron is hot!' The guests as you know, have already left the castle, and to-night the of-

ficer of the court will not be over-anxious to stay out of bed."

"Nor will the king, by St. Winifred; for next to his drinking-horn he loves a long and peaceful sleep," said Einion with a smile.

"And he shall have it, I assure you," said Idrys significantly; "but not until most of his cursed sycophants and too willing slaves have left the hall."

"You count, then, on singing the court to sleep, and the king to wakefulness! You are even a greater master of your art than I took you to be."

Here Einion was startled by a voice seemingly shouting at no great distance, and immediately answered by a voice which seemed on the other side of the tree against which they were leaning. Thinking that they were being surrounded by a detachment of the king's guard, Einion was about to take to his heels, when a chuckle at his side caused him to change his mind. Then he energetically remarked,

"By St. Winifred, you took me completely by surprise. I did not suspect that any one in these parts, except the hermit, had any skill in that art."

"Ha, ha, the man who deceives Einion Ap Howel surely can hope for success at Gryffydd's court," said Idrys triumphantly. "If the bard fail, may not the ventriloquist succeed?"

"Ah, surely, if Gryffydd's court be not freer from fools than it was when I left this morning. But even a ventriloquist may find those same fools too close to his heels for comfort."

"True, and I most devoutly wish I had my favorite palfrey here. I assure you I could defy even the ghost of Gryffydd's father to overtake me then."

"If the successful issue of your plot depend on horseflesh you shall have it. But if in sparing your heels you should break your neck you must not blame me."

The arrangements which followed this conversation was entirely satisfactory to Idrys. A horse would be placed at his disposal not far from the entrance to the castle, and he was to spur at the proper time in the direction of the hermit's cave, where he would be safe from all pursuers until such time as he might deem it prudent to seek his own hall.

When the interview was at an end the two conspirators left the woods by different paths, each bent on the performance of his part in the plot. Idrys was much pleased with Einion's hearty support, and therefore returned to the castle in the best humor. He found the king sitting on a large cushion near the fire, surrounded by his officers and one or two other favorites. Idwal's place was vacant, a circumstance which Idrys regarded as an auspicious sign, and it was with no little inward pleasure that he seated himself on the unoccupied cushion at Gryffydd's request. His position afforded him a full view of the king's face, but his well-feigned bashfulness seldom allowed his eyes to meet the

; gaze which the king fixed
Nor did he slight so favor-
ı opportunity to ingratiate
still further into royal favor.
ıd was we'l stored with tne
songs of the period, and he
ve new proofs of his skill in
ice of his selections no less
their successful rendering.
was all excitement describ-
chase; anon he passionately
beauty and love. Nor did
t the warrior and the priest;
en (bardic genius) being
at home in the strife of arms
he scenes of peace.

g a master of thine art," said
g at length, "perhaps thou
vor us with one of Llywarch
ınrivaled songs. Dost thou
Maenwyn's Song?" "

ɔrmer days ere I was forced
: my native land, I had no
favorite, but many a year of
and joy has come and gone
sang it last. Nevertheless if
nory deal not treacherously
', I will sing it to the court."
ng said this, Idrys' fingers
ıtly for a moment over the
ings, while his head was bent
ı deep meditation; then he
d played as follows:

E SONG OF MAENWYN.

wyn! when a youth of might,
o me or mine did slight,
me ready for the fight.

yn! when opposing thee,
ny youth to succor me,
› him who was too free.

Maenwyn! when I thee pursued,
With the zeal of youth imbued,
Foes in fear my favor sued.

Maenwyn! when so full of life,
And so fond of arms and strife,
Valiant deeds with me were rife.

Maenwyn wise! come, aim thee still,
Fools of wisdom need their fill,
Maelwn needs thee, do his will.

Sheathed my sword shall now be borne
Sharp its tempered point like thorn,
Whetting ne'er deserves one's scorn.

From the vale of Meirion came
Blade of steel—ne'er was the same,
In my hand it seemed a flame.

Blest the hag who in the past
At thy feet her warning cast,
Maenwyn! hold thy dagger fast."

Never had even Llywarch Hen a more appreciative audience than Idrys had on this occasion. The song was just the kind to touch the Celtic heart, and the king's eyes were more than once observed to glare as they always did in battle. Prince Trahaiarn also, who sat next to Gryffydd's younger son beheld a look in Idrys' eyes as he stole a glance at the king that bespoke the tiger rather than the lamb, and he resolved to keep a close watch on his movements for the remainder of the evening. By putting certain facts together he became more and more impressed that Idrys' presence in Rhuddlan castle boded no good. Idrys, however, ignorant of all this, took the proffered cup from the steward's hand with a bow, and appeared to be much delighted with the attention paid him. In his soul, however, he was longing to see some

at least of the officers in the hall depart that he might have freer access to the door. His heart was burning with hate, and he yearned to avenge his father's death. As if in compliance with his will the chaplain and the judge, who sat in the order named next to the king, obtained a short leave of absence at this juncture on the plea of pressing business, while the steward was summoned to the kitchen where the cook desired to see him concerning certain culinary supplies, the recent feasting having taxed the royal stores rather more heavily than had been expected. But there were still too many in the hall to suit Idrys' purpose, and he decided to put his ventriloquism to immediate use. The next moment the hall was filled with a strange mixture of sounds—falcons quarreling, horses neighing and dogs barking. Amazement was seen in every face, and the grand falconer, the chief groom, and the head huntsman looked with staring eyes and open mouths towards the doors, as if wondering what would happen next. The king, however, soon reminded them of their duty. "Are ye riveted to your cushions, ye fools?" said he, red with rage, "wilt thou sit there with thy mouth open like an idiot, thou stupid son of Edwyn until my birds tear themselves to pieces? And you worthless varlets."

The king did not finish the sentence, for the offenders were already out of hearing; his look, however, which had watched them out of the room still showed his displeasure, when Idrys suddenly sprang upon him like a lion upon his prey, and his uplifted hand grasping a gleaming dagger was about to inflict a deadly wound when Prince Trahaiarn siezed his arm from behind. A desperate struggle ensued between the two, while several rushed to the prince's assistance, shouting "treason" at the top of their voices. Nor was Gryffydd a mere spectator, but springing to his feet with the agility of a tiger he seized Idrys' beard with one hand and unsheathed his sword with the other, while his eyes gleamed with rage. But the would-be regicide slipped like an eel from their grasp, leaving his false beard in the king's hand, and his wig in the hand of the prince, and bounded toward the door through which he rushed, knocking down the astonished doorkeeper with his fist. Then stimulated by the sound of pursuing footsteps he ran blindly toward the drawbridge, stumbling over a prostrate form as he went. Where was the palfrey? Could he ever find it? Ah! What a relief! That whinny guided him to the means of escape! To mount was but the work of a moment, to gallop away towards Cefn was mere play. Rhuddlan castle was soon left behind, and the fear of capture soon ceased to be harassing. Yet the rider allowed not his horse to slacken his speed. Nor did his success in fleeing from the grasp of his enemies occupy his mind so much as his failure to carry out his murderous intent. As we might expect, Trahaiarn came in for

his full share of the blame, and as he sped along the disappointed Idrys ground his teeth with rage, and mentally added the prince to those already on the black list. Reaching a point in the road opposite to St. Asaph he suddenly reined in his horse, and after a moment's pause he heard the hoot of an owl close by, to which he responded immediately. The next instant a man emerged from a bush by the roadside, and Idrys dismounting held a hasty consultation with him. Then the confederate mounted the palfrey and spurred in the direction of St. Asaph, where the main road now led, while Idrys cautiously followed a less frequented road in the direction of Cefn. As a thaw had set in the day before the snow had everywhere disappeared, except along the hedges and at the base of the precipice in the neighborhood of the hermit's cave. The sky also had assumed a threatening aspect, and the dark clouds which hovered above the fleeing Idrys made it extremely difficult for him to see the road. He had no fear of being captured now, but as he stumbled on in the extreme darkness that enveloped him and his surroundings, he was very anxious to reach the cave that had previously sheltered him. Had he been mounted his progress would have been somewhat easier; but as it was his feet seemed to find every stone in the road, and his face every stray briar or twig that hung over the roadside. Owing to these aggravations and the miscarriage of his iniquitous plan he was in no gracious mood when he heard the murmuring sound of the river Elwy, and began to grope for the path that he expected would conduct him safely to the hermit's cave. At length he found what he imagined was the object of his search, and leaving the road he began to follow the path with some degree of confidence. He had gone but a short distance, however, when there was a sharp cry immediately followed by a heavy thud. The path had led him to the edge of a precipice, and he had fallen over it. (To be continued.)

"FAITHFUL."

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Love languished and died, hope fled in dismay;
Bereft, my heart cries out in pain and fear,
"Have all now forsaken me? Have all turned away?"
Yet memory whispers, "I am always here!"

DENBIGH CASTLE AND TOWN.

Denbigh is the capital of Denbighshire, North Wales, and is in some sense the capital of all Wales. It is situated 128 miles to the north west of London, and contains a population of 8,000. It holds a prominent position among Welsh cities, and in government papers it is rated as the capital city or town of Wales.

Denbigh Castle.

There is considerable disagreement regarding the meaning of the name "Dinbych." Din is derived from a word signifying a hill or a fortified place, while "Bych" means some mythical beast which in ancient days used to prevail in this locality exciting terror among the people. This beast was killed by Sir John Salisbury, Lleweni. This Sir John was considerable of a myth himself, because he had two thumbs on either hand, and was therefore called or nicknamed "Sir John with the Thumbs." After this feat Sir John was also named, Sir John of the Bych, and the town was eventually called "Dinbych." Sir John was a kind of Welsh Hercules; for he accomplished a good many wonderful feats during his lifetime. He fought a white lioness in the Tower of London, killing her with his bare fist. The place was called at first "Dim bych," i. e. "No bych," because the celebrated "bych" had been destroyed.

Other scholars derive the word from roots signifying merely a high place, which is more probable. Others get extremely scholastic, and in order to show their ingenuity inform us that Sir John with the Thumbs was a German, and that Dinbych is Dutch, and add that Sir John was a direct descendant of the Emperor Charlemagne. These are mere random attempts at explaining the inexplicable. The place bore also the name "Caledfryn-yn-Rhos."

Denbigh seemed to be then the centre of operations. June 21, 1283, David was captured near Aber, in sight of the family seat, and was taken in chains to Rhuddlan, where the English King resided at that time. He was tried and found guilty of many crimes, which was the English way of judging the conduct of a patriot. After the execution, the English King gave the castle and the lordship of Denbigh to Henry Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, who built an-

Town of Denbigh.

It is the opinion of some that Prince Llewelyn resided here for a time, but it appears that this is a mere conjecture. There is better evidence to show that David his brother, lived here, and it is supposed that he built or rather repaired and enlarged the castle. After the death of Llywelyn, David continued the struggle against Edward I., and

other castle on the site of the old, in 1284, and fortified the town with a wall a mile and a half around. This Lacy died in London. There is a figure of his over the entrance to the castle. He left this lordship of Denbigh to his daughter and heiress Alice, who was married to Thomas Plantagenet, Earl Lancaster. This earl rebelled against the king, but

fell into the hands of his royal master, and although a cousin, was put to death and decapitated.

After this, the lordship of Denbigh was given to Hugh de Spencer, Earl Winchester, a more terrible enemy of the inhabitants than the ancient "Bych," for he was a cruel tyrant. So Dinbych passed from one favorite of royalty to another for ages, faring rather hard at the hands of tyrants of all grades. The last service this castle did was to champion the cause of the last representative of irresponsible royalty in England.

In the time of the civil war between the king and his parliament, Denbigh stood for the king, and held out successfully against the parliamentary forces for a long while. Subsequent to the battle of Rowton Moor, which proved disastrous to the royal cause, the king retired to the neighborhood and slept two nights in the castle, and the room was afterwards called the "King's Chamber." This was in 1645. In October of the same year the parliamentary army defeated the royalists within sight of the castle, and directly invested the stronghold, but it held out until September 1846, when word was received from the king to surrender.

Denbigh stands on an elevation of great beauty in the Vale of Clwyd, the hill being crowned with the ruins of the castle. The town is healthy, and a proportion of the inhabitants live to old age. The surrounding country is noted for its fine sceneries, dotted with the palaces and residences of the rich. There are also many excellent houses within the town, and some fine stores. The old-fashioned habitations of Cymru gynt are fast disappearing, and the Castle alone remains to remind the country of the good old times when war was the delightful avocation of rich and poor.

Denbigh was the centre of old-time Welsh culture; and in the present century some Eisteddfodau of note were held within its walls; viz., the Eisteddfod of the Gordofigion, when the Rev. Hughes, Bodfari, took the prize for the best ode on "Charity." This decision and awarding of the prize excited a great disturbance among the bards, who believed that Dewi Wyn o Eifion, an unsuccessful competitor's awdl was the best. An Eisteddfod under the patronage of royalty was held here also in 1822, when the chair prize was won by the Rev. Evan Evans (Ieuan Glan Geirionydd), the subject being "Belshassar's Feast." It is here the "Baner ac Amserau," one of the best papers in Wales, is published; and from the printing establishment of Mr. Gee the Welsh "Encyclopedia" was issued.

Near the town are the remains of an old abbey supposed to have been built by Sir John Salisbury, Lleweni, who dedicated it to the Virgin. It appears also that the old knight was buried here, and it is supposed that it was the burial ground of the family till the time of the Reformation. The old parochial church called "Yr Eglwys Wen" is situated a mile from the town, and used to be the burial ground in old times, and it was here Thomas Edwards (Twm o'r Nant) was laid to rest. He died April 3, 1810.

HOW THINGS WERE CREATED.

By Theologus.

V.

Although Lucretius was considerable of an evolutionist he was a believer in special creation in the case of man and other animals, but as the reader must have noticed he held that Mother Nature interfered to produce them in the same manner as they have since been reproduced from similar seeds and by similar means, viz.: some from wombs, some from ova, &c. In order to illustrate the natural idea which controlled Lucretius' mind we should draw attention to the word "crescebant," which was rendered "sprung up" by us in our last chapter. This "crescebant" should have been translated "grew" or "developed" rather than "sprung up," which proves that his idea was consistent with nature's way of reproducing life.

But here Lucretius introduces a strange thought which to him was very natural, viz.: that nature in her first efforts to create or introduce new species of living beings into this world showed a tendency to overdo or fall short of perfection, as man is liable to blunder more or less in his first or initiate attempts at performing new work. Although her work was good in the main, and successful in originating these higher forms of animal life, providing them so wonderfully with maternal means of subsistence, tempering the elements to favor their tenderness and weakness, even furnishing improvised means to supply these young with milk, yet in the multiplicity of cares nature produced various monsters "that sprung up with wonderful faces and limbs, some lame from want of legs, some blind from lack of eyes, others dumb from a deficiency of mouths; others with limbs welded into one, and all manner of deformities and enormities." All these "prodigies and portents" were generated to no purpose, and nature very soon abhorring such mistakes and malformations prevented their increase, or corrected them in their reproduction, by proper checks and other ingenious provisions approximating Darwin's law of selection and survival of the fittest. These monsters and prodigies were handicapped in the matter of food and other disabilities which checked their increase, and in other cases led to extinction. As he states it himself almost in Darwinian words: "Many kinds of animal life, too, must have perished, not having been able to continue their species by propagation, for want of food and other causes." Nature alive to the good points in each animal would see to their development as well as to the

obliteration of defects and imperfections, by which means good species would continually improve and survive, and bad ones would deteriorate and disappear. However much we may smile at some of Lucretius' mistakes it must be admitted that he had wonderful good sense far beyond his age, because he often talks like a Spencer or a Huxley, and has some excellent general thoughts, although he blunders in the particulars. He denied the existence of such monsters as Centaurs, Chimaerae, Scyllae, made up admixtures of part of different species, and he supports his theory with arguments that are partly scientific and partly fantastic. The man that credits such superstitions, he says, may say as well, that rivers of gold or trees with pearls for fruit are possible.

These primitive people, nature's own children led lives after the roving manner of wild beasts. No one drove a crooked plough, nor knew he how to turn up fields with a spade, to plant seeds in the soil, or trim fruit trees with pruning hooks. They were dependent on nature's uncultivated gifts, acorns, whortleberries, and other rude kinds of nourishment, ample for hapless mortals. They had no knowledge of fire, had no clothing (not even skins); they dwelt in groves, hollow mountains and woods; and often sheltered their rude bodies amid the thickets. They had no regard to any common interest, observed no customs or laws higher than mere animal instincts; each one living by his own impulse and for himself. They pursued or hunted savage beasts or game with simple missiles or clubs. Afterwards, they lived in huts, wore skins, used fire; and man and woman began to keep house, and gradually to become civilized. Around this first fire was kindled the love of home; around this fireplace the family was developed and the institution of society was begun. The discovery of fire was more important to the savage than the modern inventions of steam or electricity to the civilized man, for its benign influence was to him a veritable blessing and a salvation.

According to our author, also, man was primitively languageless, and he controverts the traditional notion that man was furnished with a ready-made language, which seemed to have been the views of Pythagoras and Plato. "To suppose, therefore," he says, "that any one man assigned names to things, and that men thus learned their first words, is to think absurdly. Comparing the human race with the individual, he came to the conclusion that human language was learned gradually, evolving from the simplest sounds and attempts at utterance; and previous to utterance, only using gestures accompanied with certain modulations of the voice, as "before horns are produced on the forehead of a calf, it butts and pushes fiercely with it." So language was not an endowment but a gradual development. Thus he accounts for civilization by gradual growth.

With the coming of Christianity and the consequent supremacy of

supernaturalism, the scientific spirit was swept away, and a long period of forgetfulness of the study of nature followed. Secular science was almost utterly neglected and even despised; men raised their eyes and minds heavenward, and were absorbed in celestial contemplation, until they were aroused by Copernicus, Galileo, Bruno and the revivers of natural science in the 17th century, who said to the Christians of their times, "Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?" So scientists and naturalists recommenced where the old Greeks left off; they returned to the study of nature; and almost 200 years have been spent in overcoming the prejudices and jealousies of religion. The Roman Church did its utmost to crush scientific thought and research, and other churches have regarded the discoveries of modern science with disfavor and distrust.

There was one idea the Bible introduced which had a wonderful influence over the Christian mind, and which was diametrically opposed to scientific inquiry, viz.: anthropology. This anthropological conception of God and creation supplanted the Greek scientific idea of natural growth. The mechanical or manufacturing superseded the natural. This idea bred the strongest and bitterest prejudices against the scientific conception of creation. Creation became to the universal mind a making, a building, a modeling, and not a growth, and this led to all manner of erroneous, unscientific and unnatural views of creation. Creation was interpreted in the light of the idea of God's absolute power, not in the light of nature's record. This led to the universal belief that the world was created in six days and out of nothing; that the earth was stationary and the center of the universe, and that the sun, moon and stars revolved around it as satellites or servient luminaries. Man was made and modeled from clay, inspired with life, and in his sleep he was cut open and one of his ribs extracted, out of which woman was made. This woman was tempted by a talkative serpent which resulted in the expulsion of both from Eden; and such was the prevailing ignorance of astronomy, geology, biology, &c., that the greatest Christian scholars and profoundest authorities in theology accepted these errors as complete facts and undeniable truths. The geocentric system of Ptolemy accepted as absolute truth by the church clashed with the astronomy of Copernicus, Galileo and others, and every effort was made to crush the new science as a dangerous heresy. Discoveries in geology came into conflict with the ecclesiastical system of creation, and the church did all in its power to discountenance and discount its teachings; and the study of life (biology) changed and modified the old ideas regarding the creation of man.

As soon as natural science began to be studied scholars discovered that the ecclesiastical views were er-

roneous, and although the teachings of astronomy, geology, &c., were clear and positive, leading theologians were loth to adopt the new light. Within the last 30 years a wonderful change has come over the minds of men. The mechanical or manufacturing manner of creation is no longer credited; the geocentric idea, the six-day creation, the talking serpent, and other notions have been changed and modified, so that they are no longer accepted in the old literal sense. All this has been accomplished by science. During the reign of ecclesiasticism science was trampled and crushed by ignorant prejudice, and even until the days of Milton natural science was utterly ignored. Milton's mind, even, was full of the old theories, and to him creation was direct and mechanical; and we look in vain in him for the scientific conceptions of the Greeks. According to him the world was created in six days, and everything came into existence in direct obedience to divine fiats, and all his descriptions are crude and abrupt.

Let there be light, said God; and forth
with light
Sprung from the deep.—

Be gathered now, ye waters under
heaven
Into one place—
Immediately the mountains huge ap-
pear—

Again the Almighty spoke, Let there be
lights
High in the expanse of heaven—
To give light on the earth; and it was
so.

Be fruitful, multiply, and in the seas
And lakes, &c.—
And let the fowl be multiplied on the
earth,
Forthwith the sounds, &c.

Let the earth bring forth soul living in
her kind,
Each in their kind. The earth obeyed
and straight—

Out of the ground up rose
As from his lair, the wild beast—

This said, he formed thee, Adam, thee
O, man!
Dust of the ground, and in thy nostrils
breathed
The breath of life—
So even and morn accomplished the
sixth day.

The natural idea of growth is not there, but the crude conception of making, of forming mechanically. So the scientific and the ecclesiastical views were opposed; the one a natural growth, an evolution, the other a direct and abrupt making or forming; the one begun and completed in the course of six days, the other in millions of years; the one according to natural laws, the other in leaps and bursts contrary to nature. These opposite views could not avoid conflicting with each other, but authority alone cannot stem the flow of scientific light.

PILLS AND POWDERS.

D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

He who writes on the subject of longevity, and especially if he lay down rules and regulations to secure the same, will insure for himself an army of readers out of every walk in life, providing they find out where his productions appear. For, notwithstanding the manifold curses heaped upon this old world daily, yet the young, the middle-aged, and even the feeble, tottering, old folks, desire that their living relationship with it last as long as possible.

Some years since, when the noted French physician Brown-Sequard, discovered his so-called "Elixir of Life," and promulgated the same to an anxious, gaping world, he instantly became renowned simply because his subject was an universally interesting one, and a subject that can arrest the credulity of mankind probably the quickest of all.

Brown-Sequard is dead, and his Elixir simultaneously secured the same quietus, if indeed, it had not for some time previous, mixed itself with a Lethean draft. Much the same may be said of Prof. Koch's Lymph and Dr. Edson's Aseptoline, with the exception that these last two are more in keeping with scientific discoveries, and have realized to some extent what was professed for them.

Time doubtless will come when these will have been perfected, and other new discoveries made, with which as weapons, the world will be enabled to cope with diseases as well as exterminate many of the prevailing ones.

* * * *

The best medicine in the market for the prolongation of life is common sense, pardon me however for saying—in the market, because this rare and exceedingly valuable article is not a commodity of the world's marts; unless we have it with us constitutionally coming into the world, we shall never possess it, which doubtless was the belief of the old preacher when he stated that common sense was vastly more important than grace, for, said he, you can procure grace by going in the right manner about it, but if you haven't common sense, God help you!

The average length of life has been considerably lengthened in the last fifty years, by means of the evolution and improvements made along sanitary lines, as well as the world's better understanding and appreciation of the laws of health, &c., and still there is almost any amount of room for development even among the best of classes.

The potency of common sense in this connection will readily be appreciated when it is stated that we all come into this world with a certain amount of vitality, no more and no less; that being the case, it is obvious that the greater the care not to squander and waste it, the longer it will last barring accidents, and vice versa. For instance, you buy a barrel of vinegar and place it in the cellar; if by carelessness and neglect the spigot is left insecured and as a consequence a constant dropping therefrom occurs, the inevitable result is that the contents will disappear much sooner than if rigid care and economy had been practiced. So it is with life, there is nothing more potent to secure longevity than common sense in the constant use, care and protection of it in strict accordance with the laws of nature and health.

* * * *

In this enlightened age and country, where everybody has the opportunity of at least to learn to read and write; and where information concerning almost every conceivable thing is so cheaply dispensed by the newspapers, magazines, &c., all of its citizens should understand themselves sufficiently as to put themselves in the right relationship with the mandates of both their own constitution and those of nature. But, paradoxically as it may appear, it does seem, that the higher the civilization the greater the tax imposed upon life is, and the use and waste of it is characterized by intenser prodigality.

The great wonder is, by the manner of living now prevalent among many in our midst, that people live as long as they do, it serves to show how tenacious nature's hold is upon life, and how she will fight for its maintenance and repair.

The writer well remembers when once he declared to an audience—that it never occurred to the Creator's mind for a child to die, that God's idea was for mankind to die of old age—a complete wearing out of the machinery; there was hardly anyone of the so-called orthodox members of it who believed him; and yet, such seems most decidedly the case, for methinks that any death short of old age is the reuslt of the violation of laws by some means, at some time or another.

* * * *

For the benefit of those who look upon the matter in hand from a philosophical and a practical point of view, here are a series of rules for longevity, set forth by Sir James Sawyer, a noted English physician, who says that by their practice one should reach 100 years:—

1. Eight hours' sleep.
2. Sleep on your right side.
3. Keep your bedroom window open all night.
4. Have a mat to your bed-room door.
5. Do not have your bedstead against the wind.
6. No cold tub in the morning.

ath at the temperature of the

xercise before breakfast.
at little meat, and see that it cooked.
'or adults). Drink no milk.
Eat plenty of fat, to feed the
nich destroy diseased germs.
void intoxicants, which de-
ose cells.
aily exercise in the open air.
llow no pet animals in your
ooms. They are apt to carry
lisease germs.
ve in the country if you can.
'atch the three D's—drink-
er, damp and drains.

16. Have change of occupation.
17. Take frequent and short holidays.
18. Limit your ambition.
19. Train your temper.

The general sound, tone and sense of the above will readily appeal to every mind interested in the case, and while some of the rules might be somewhat modified and others equally potent added to them, yet each one can soon find out the extent of their adaptability to himself. Allow me to add three more D's to the above, which are applicable under all circumstances and they are Dirt, Debt and the Devil.

BATTLE OF MANILA.

By George Coronway (Shenkin Shadrach).

oem was sent to the Dewey family, and was gladly received. It will be used in the Dewey istory to be published this fall.]

Prelude:

on the first of May,
Dewey led the way
lanila bay,
faced the foe;
ero was aware
the perils there—
hat did Dewey care,
n told to go?

Entering the Bay.

ow the dead of night,
s not a star in sight,
ips bear not a light
ither side;
aves roll gently by,
The breezes gently sigh
A peaceful lullaby
Unto the tide.

Each seaman holds his breath,
And all is calm as death—
Save that now travalleth
The laboring screw;
'Tis God alone doth know
What fancies strange do grow,
What visions come and go
Now 'mong the crew.

But hark! that loud report—
It comes toward our port—
They're firing from the fort—
They've seen our sparks!

Their challenge we defied,
And quickly we replied—
A volley from our side
Soon stopped their barks.

With boldness nigh divine,
On steamed our gallant line—
Defying fort and mine
Heroically;
At last they reached the bay,
Our colors flying gay,
All ready for the fray—
To win or die!

The Battle Morn.

The Spaniards' blood ran cold,
Their wrath they could not hold,
To see the Yankee bold
So early there;
Ere rose the morning sun,
The battle had begun,
When loud the foeman's gun
Rang through the air.

Then Dewey, ever brave—
Our champion of the wave—
The well known signal gave,
"Avenge the Maine:"
Loud from many a lung,
The fiery signal rung—
While proud Olympia flung
Death into Spain!

Again our vessels cheered—
Majestic they appeared,
As to the front they steered,
With warlike sway!
And, heedless of the mine
That lay beneath the brine,
Swept by the Spanish line,
And Cavite!

Terrific was the fight,
Appalling was the sight—
Each side, with main and might,
Fought brave and well;
Our squadron's mighty guns,
Manned by our gallant sons,
Belched forth their ready tons
Of shot and shell!

The flagship of the foe,
Was shattered 'neath the blow,
Her captain was laid low,
Her fatal deck,
Alas! was covered o'er
With dead men by the score—
She sank, to rise no more,
A fatal wreck!

From larboard and from port,
We sent, with loud report,
A death note to each fort
And ship of Spain;
The enemy was crushed,
His every gun was hushed—
Our tars, with victory flushed,
Loud cheered again!

We never lost a son,
A vessel or a gun—
The fight was nobly won—
Long live the brave!
Our Stars and Stripes to-day
Are flying proud and gay,
Above Manila bay—
Long may it wave!

Hail Dewey, bold and true,
Hail all his captains too—
And don't forget the crew—
Loud hail them all!
Have pity for the brave,
Who sleep beneath the wave,
Within their ocean grave—
God rest their souls!

Do Thou! O, Lord of hosts,
Guard us from idle boasts,
And fancies vain;
Soon may this tempest cease,
And may the day of peace
Return again!

THE ASCENSION.

By the Rev. John Hugh Morgan, England.

Acts 1: 1-11.

The event that forms the connecting link between the Gospels and the Acts of the Apostles is the ascension. In the former we see how the earthly life of Jesus, ending with the ascension, secures its consummation and continued efficacy; in the latter, how his heavenly life, commencing with the ascension, has its outcome and proof in the words and works of the Apostles and early churches. Glory falls from the throne to which he was exalted, not only backward upon his own personal ministry, but also forward upon the ministry of his apostles, or rather his own ministry acting through theirs; for his work did not end with the ending of his earthly life. He is still working. A more correct title for this book than "The Acts of the Apostles," would have been "The Acts of Christ Through his Apostles." The ascension divides his work as our Saviour into two stages; in one it is the goal, and in the other the starting-point. It is plain, therefore, that the exaltation of our Lord was a necessary sequence of his humiliation, and equally essential to our salvation. It was necessary in order to prove that he had finished the work which the Father had given him to do, to resume the reins of government over his church, to dispense the gift of the Spirit, to perform in person the office of intercession. "Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them" (Heb. 7: 25). The transcendent importance of the event invests with solemn interest the circumstances in which it took place, described more minutely in this paragraph than in either of the Gospels. The scene is Olivet, which had also been the scene of Christ's agony. It was the last gathering of Christ and his disciples, who had been scattered after his death, and appears to be distinguished from all other meetings which followed his resurrection by the design to secure the presence of the whole company. It was needful and fit that his disciples should be actors in this last scene, in order to witness to it, but also to receive in a formal manner those charges and commands which were his last will, and their teaching and work were really apostolical only in the degree they fulfilled that will. In equipping them for the ministry he was but exercising his rightful functions as priest, prophet and king, upon the com-

plete possession and exercise of which he was about to enter. What would become of his "estate" in the church and the world without these divinely authorized executors of his testament?

The instruction to tarry in Jerusalem must have been disappointing and trying to their faith; it was there the beloved Master had been so ill-treated, it was there they had betrayed such shameful cowardice; that place of all others had associations which they would wish to shun; but "the Spirit was to glorify the existing economy by descending on the disciples at its metropolitan seat, and at the next of its great festivals after the ascension of the church's head; in order that out of Zion might go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem" (Isa. 2: 3) (Cr. and Ex. Com). This trying command was sweetened by a promise which carried in its embrace a wealth of comfort. For the enlarged and more difficult service required by the new circumstances in which they were about to be left, an enlarged measure of the Spirit would be necessary. Christ had already bestowed the gift upon his disciples, "When he breathed on them and said, receive ye the Holy Ghost" (S. John 20: 22); but he now promises it in an abundant measure. After the Son of God had come, the outpouring of the Spirit was the greatest promise to be fulfilled, and it was natural that he should conclude his teachings upon earth with the formal and emphatic announcement of it. He is about to withdraw his own physical presence, which indicated a wonderful nearness of God to us; but he promises a closer fellowship of God with man in the ministry of the Holy Ghost. The incarnation unites God to the race, the agency of the Spirit unites God to the individual soul.

The question which followed was strongly tinctured with the popular notion of the Messiah as deliverer and king of the Jewish nation. His return to life had rekindled their hopes; although, on the other hand, their carnal views had by this time been greatly modified, and the kingdom they expected was the Theocratic kingdom, to be realised in the Messiah. The question as to the time of its establishment was legitimate in the degree it expressed strong faith in the sureness of that result, and intense longing to see it; but illegitimate, as it expressed a pious sort of indolence that anticipates future blessings, but refuses to cope with present difficulties, and a meddling curiosity that pries into the mysteries of God. It is fit that the king of kings should have his arcana. He conceals many of his designs and movements, in order to excite watchfulness, check curiosity, give free scope for human agency, and prevent such an absorption of thought in the future as the full view of its scenes would produce. After this word of admonition, however, he cheers them with a promise, which embraces in its scope the whole course of church history, and

opens a missionary prospect through the ages, leading up to the glory of the Millenium.

His ascension took place in the presence of many witnesses. It is not affirmed that anyone saw him rise from the grave; the evidence of that fact would be better established by seeing him after he had risen. But it was important that the ascension should take place in the presence of witnesses, as there could be no means afterwards of verifying it. If he had vanished secretly, leaving no trace of the direction he had gone, the disciples would not have credited the fact so firmly, nor witnessed to it so boldly. But he ascended in open day, surrounded by many spectators, who were engaged at the time in lively conversation, and who followed his ascending form with a steady rapt gaze. "Since his resurrection," Lange remarks, "Jesus during the forty days had appeared frequently to his disciples; but every time he vanished suddenly, and as unobserved to their senses, as he appeared. 'And their eyes were opened, and they knew him, and he vanished out of their sight' (Luke 24: 31). But at this time he granted to his assembled Apostles a clear and calm view as he went towards heaven, to give them, as his eye-witnesses, as far as that was possible, absolute certainty that he belongs no more to earth, and dwells no more upon it." Their thoughts would have a more heavenward tendency after they had seen him ascend to heaven.

The cloud which at length enclosed his form, and concealed it from view, increased the mysterious grandeur of the scene, and also precluded the idea that he had vanished only for a while, and would speedily re-appear. He made the cloud his chariot (Ps. 104: 3). Stars signalized his advent, clouds his departure. God had often descended in a cloud, now he ascends in a cloud. Whether the angels in human forms who came so seasonably to deliver a message of blended reproof and encouragement were, as some surmise, the angels who were commissioned to witness to the resurrection, and who came again to shed further light upon it, in conjunction with the grand event that had just transpired, we are not informed. "There was a world of angels," says Matthew Henry, "ready to receive our Redeemer. Now he made his public entry into the Jerusalem above. We may suppose these two loth to be absent then; yet, to show how much Christ had at heart the concerns of his church on earth, he sent two of those that came to meet him, back to his disciples, who appear as two men in white apparel, bright and glistening; for they knew, according to the duty of their place, that they are really serving Christ when they are ministering to his servants on earth."

Angels were the first preachers of Christ's birth and resurrection; here they are also the first preachers of his ascension. Their words unite the ascension and second advent, and certify that not only will our glorified Lord come in the day of judg-

ment, but he will come as the same, and in like manner. They rebuke immoderate grief at his departure, destroy the hope of his speedy return, open out a glorious source of consolation, and point to zealous action as the best cure for idle speculation. When we stand gazing and trifling, the thought of the second coming should admonish us; when we stand gazing and trembling, the thought should encourage and comfort us.—"Echoes of the Word."

RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

By Lewis Leyshon.

There is something extremely pathetic and appealing to the universal heart in Cervera's daring but unfortunate attempt to escape from Santiago harbor on Sunday, July 3, and although Schley's success in frustrating the attempt and annihilating the fleet is what every American admires, yet as an afterthought the civilized mind re-acts in the grey-haired admiral's favor, and we quickly and ungrudgingly present him with our cordial sympathies and wish he was something better than a Spaniard. But although in Cervera's case running the blockade was signally unsuccessful, and the result disastrous to Spain, there are other instances where attempts have been fortunate, and the escaping parties received with universal plaudits. The story I am about to relate is one case in point.

In love matters and their entanglements, many blockades have been laid with the avowed purpose of protecting tender hearts from the contraband advances of undesirable young wooers—that is undesirable to the eccentric parents. How oft have homes been surrounded with barbed wire fences to keep the enemy out? How oft the entrances to homes have been skirted with Morro Castles, and undermined with terrible threats and menaces, in order to scare the young Romeos away? How many heroic Hobsons have taken their lives in their hands, and dared the artillery of parental indignation? It may interest the reader to know for the first time that the word "hero" is derived from the Greek "love,' and heroism was first shown in love's enterprises, and love in some sense or another always inspires deeds of daring. We always dare to get or gain something we love and admire.

Manoah Jones was a well-to-do farmer, who by dint of untiring industry and economy had accumulated considerable means, but he had one serious failing which greatly in-

terfered with the even tenor of his happiness. He was a religious eccentric; he had a certain mania for religion; and some of his friends and neighbors had all the trouble in the world to keep him from sacrificing all his property and savings on the altar of religious contribution. He was crazy on foreign missions; and an adroit address depicting the darkness of foreign lands, and their need of spiritual light would make him ill at ease until he had contributed a good sum towards helping the cause. If it had not been for his more considerate neighbors, he would have given all his means away to societies in New York and London, and left his wife and only daughter penniless and helpless. His wife and a sister of hers largely partook of his religiosity, but his daughter seemed to have been fed on something more secular and worldly, for she always opposed the old man's craze, and had often dared him to his face, even accuse and upbraid him of madness.

Another characteristic of his mania was to have his daughter Tabitha marry a minister. He thereby thought his money and property would be devoted more directly and appropriately to religious purposes, and so Tabitha was besieged by Manoah, Mrs. Jones and her sister in a most annoying manner, and was never allowed to see a young man of a secular avocation. The advances of young ministers who visited the church on Sundays on probation were supported by flank movements on the part of parents and the aunt; and any favorable signs or symptons of success in their wooings were interpreted with gladness. But in some mysterious manner Tabitha had been seen and conquered, and had been conquered before the besieging army had known it. During the proceedings of a Union Pioneer Meeting, Tabitha had seen a young man from town of the name of Jeff. Davis, who fairly hypnotized her. The first letter he wrote her was seized by the old aunt and censored, and thenceforth the avenues leading to the presence of Tabitha were closely watched. She could not go to town unchaperoned by the aunt, and young men were signaled away—in fact, every means was adopted to make the blockade effective. All the time this was carried on, the board of love's strategy was sitting and devising some way of running this cruel blockade.

One superb morning in August an old man apparently about 60 years walked in the yard and accosted the old farmer in a most polite and gentlemanly manner, and in a few minutes had him interested in all kinds of mission work at home and abroad, and the gentleman was soon cordially invited inside, where he had a very warm reception. He was introduced to Miss Tabitha, and had an interesting conversation with them all around, during which he talked exclusively on religious questions, in which Old Manoah seemed wholly absorbed. Before his departure the good old gentleman begged leave to present the young

lady with a beautiful hymn book as a memento of his visit, hoping she would find within it great comfort and consolation.

"Page 265 you will see what has been marked out as something very comforting, and what will guide you, as it will certainly guide and lead me," said he.

Tabitha turned to page 265, and a slight blush lighted up her beautiful face, for it was then suddenly the message and the personality of the stranger were revealed.

For days subsequent to this interview, Old Manoah, Mrs. Jones and Aunt Beck were continually reminded of this pious stranger who showed such unmistakeable signs of piety and heavenliness, and a couple more visits would have succeeded in turning the old man's head to any project to assist any religious undertaking. Old Manoah had not the slightest suspicion of religious counterfeiters; and a mere reference to godly affairs and a happy use of time-honored Biblical quotations from the prophets, especially those bearing on missions, or on the coming of the Millenium, would have paralyzed the strings of his purse. In fact, the family never felt so touched at the departure of any friend, and they were really sorry they had not asked his name and address, so that they could have further sought his acquaintance. When thinking over the unexpectedness of the stranger's visit, and the sweetness of his company and conversation, the old man often loved to suspect that the stranger was really not an ordinary mortal, but an angel, like those who visited Abraham under the oak tree which shaded his tent of yore. The old man had half believed for years that he was an especial favorite of the Most High, and that he was in fact leading a kind of Enochian life.

In about two weeks after the incident we have just described, early in the morning, Aunt Beck startled Old Manoah and Mrs. Jones with the excited intelligence that Tabitha was lost, and had not been seen for the long space of an hour. Tabitha was hardly allowed to leave Beck's anxious presence; but this morning early she feigned sickness and went down stairs ostensibly for the purpose of fetching some medicine which was kept by the family as a panacea. Not returning within a reasonable limit of time, Aunt Beck became nervous and followed Tabitha, but after exploring every nook, corner and cupboard on the ground floor, and after strolling in the garden and reconnoitring over the hedge, she became alarmed, and when re-entering the house she fairly screamed, which startled Mrs. Jones just then emerging from her bedroom!

No time was lost in forming an exploring party to search every suspected locality convenient for suicide or for seclusion during spells of peevishness or morbidness; for Tabitha had been noticed of late to manifest a humor for retiring to pout, meditate, or nurse some unknown whim under the spreading apple tree in the extreme west cor-

ner of the garden, or in the hazle patch beyond the barn. With pale faces and accelerating heartbeats, they hastened to these favorite places and around hedges and bushes, but Tabitha's skirt was not visible.

After a vain search the party returned into the house to sigh and groan and gaze into hopelessness, interspersed with words such as "Poor Girl!" "Dear me! what shall we do?" and the old man would occasionally interject "Great God (Duw mawr) so notable for thy mercy, thou knowest where Tabitha is, bring her back! All three of us old ones are no good without the girl (yr eneth fach)." Never was such a miserable morning spent. Never such touching sense of bereavement! Never such despair as bowed those grey heads!

Early in the afternoon a carriage drove up to the gate, and Jeff and his bride (Tabitha) stepped out as light and smiling as two sunbeams, and before they had half crossed the yard, the heart-broken triad had espied the girl, and were hurrying out to welcome "yr eneth" back from death. The three embraced her at once, and her return was such delight that the groom's presence was quite ignored. As soon as she was released from the triple embrace, she lost no time in introducing her young husband with the felicitous enphemism, "Dad, I've changed my name!" "You are welcome," said the old man, "as long as you don't change your home." And they made their home with the old people!

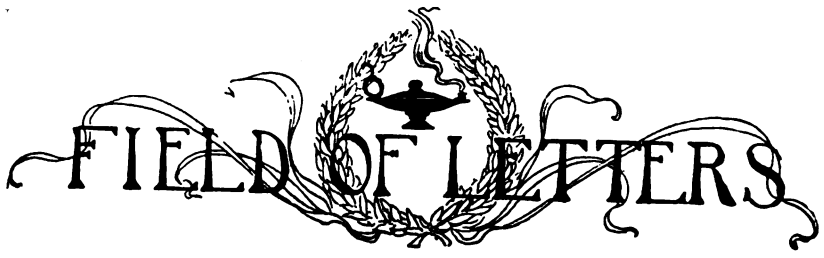
INVINCIBLE!

Spain, in a fit of chivalry,
Thought she was Queen of land and sea;
She stepped quite high and boasted loud,
And menaced till she scared the crowd!

She thought that with her armaday
She well could beat her foes away;
And just as prelude to the game
She sunk a ship—the Maine by name.

That was the signal of defeat,
For Dewey sunk her eastern fleet;
And Schley in brilliant style sunk more
Of them along the Cuban shore!

But Spain so proud a la Quixote,
Thinks all her ships are still afloat;
She may seek peace and lick the dust—
Possess her "honor" yet she must.



HANES Y CYMRY yn Swyddau Winnebago a Fond du Lac, Wis., dan nawdd Pump o'r Ysgolion Sabbothol, a than olygiaeth y Parch. D. Davies, M. A., D. D. Argraffwyd gan Gwmni y Globe, Oshkosh, Wis. Pris 75c.

In 1896, fifty years after the settlement of the Welsh in Winnebago and Fon-du-lac counties, some broached the question of celebrating the jubilee of the first advent of the Welsh into that part of the country, and a committee was appointed to arrange a Jubilee celebration under the auspices of the Welsh churches. This committee met in Salem, Oshkosh, October 27, 1896. Rowland Davies was elected chairman; John Edno Roberts, secretary; and Josiah Roberts treasurer. Several meetings were held to discuss matters and make arrangements. It was resolved to hold Jubilee meetings during the summer of 1897, and a number of settlers were appointed to prepare papers relating to the history of the settlement. This entertaining book is the result. Those several histories have been compiled and edited by the Rev. D. Davies in a thoroughly satisfactory manner, and a large number of views and portraits have been added which make the pages more interesting to the inhabitants of said counties. The book gives reports of the Jubilee and the contents of the papers read and addresses delivered. We cannot commend such undertaking too highly; and it is an idea which may be utilized by other Welsh settlements in this wide land.

TELYN TUDNO: The Poetical Works of the Rev. Thomas Tudno Jones (better known as Tudno), edited by D. Rowlands, B. A. (Dewi Mon). Price 75c. Utica, N. Y.

This volume was published in response to the request of the numerous friends and admirers of the author, and there is no doubt of its being a precious addition to our lyric literature. It is a selection of his smaller pieces, with extracts from his odes. It is preceded by an enjoyable sketch of his life, with portraits of the author, and views of the home he was born in, and his resting place. As a competitive poet Tudno had a successful career, having been victorious in many contests. In Chicago, in 1893, he was second on the subject "Jesus of Nazareth," which honor was won by Dyfed of Cardiff. His defeat in Chicago was a misfortune which embittered his feelings. The Eisteddfodic or the competitive is not a sound and infallible test of merit, as adjudicators are not always worthy judges, or above suspicion of partiality. The abolition of this manner of producing literature would be a blessing to us as a nation. The classics have been of spontaneous and voluntary origin, not excited by the spirit of competing rivalry. This "Telyn Tudno" is really a beautiful book in appearance, typography and contents, which is a continuous song, the music of a poetical soul.

"The Geninen" is as entertaining as ever with a good number of articles on subjects of interest. Among the articles are the following: "The Law of Moses and the Prophets," by the Rev. Emrys ap Iwan ;"Monwyson, by the Rev. Richard Morgan; "The Welsh Celt and the Pulpit," by the Rev. R. Gwylfa Roberts; "Welsh Literature During the Last 60 Years," by the Rev Griffith Ellis, M. A.; "Welsh Schools," by Prof. John Rhys; "Self Culture in Relation to the Renascence in Wales," by Sir Lewis Morris; "Welsh Surnames" by Mr. T. E. Morris, B. A.; "A New Danger to Wales," by Gildas, &c.

Another characteristic of the Celt is his strong desire to penetrate the Beyond—the invisible. Perhaps the profoundest instinct of the Celtic people is their desire to associate with the unseen. The Celt wants to know what is beyond the sea, beyond the stars, beyond the grave. He always has dreamed of a promised land, and in his mythology he talks of a happy land and happy isles and other places of charming nature. The Celt always lived in the spiritual rather than among the facts and material things of this world. No people can enjoy religion without this conception of the spiritual.—Geninen.

The July number of the "Drysorfa" has a fine portrait of the Rev. Evan Jones, Carnarvon, with a sketch of his life, by the Rev. R. Humphreys, Bontnewydd; "Wales and Her Children" is a good article by Cranogwen; and following come papers by Anthropos and the Rev. D. Evans, Tregolwyn, and a paper by the Rev. William James, Aberdare, on the church, its ordinances and ministry.

"Y Traethodydd." This number opens with an article on Isaac Roberts' book, entitled "A Selection of Photographs of Stars, &c.," with information concerning the instruments and the methods employed in the pursuit of celestial photography, and is followed by an article on Christianity and the Inductive Method, wherein is shown the defects of the method when applied to the truths of Christianity. The other papers are "Frances Willard" by T. R. Marsden, and "Pulpit Eloquence," by Dr. Karl Lentzner.

It is evident that the invasion of the Church of England by the Romish Church is causing considerable anxiety among leading Churchmen. A number of bishops met recently to discuss this question, and it was apparent that they were displeased and worried over the Popish practices which prevail in the church. There is not the slightest doubt but these Popish clergy in the Church of England are transgressing the laws of their church, but prosecution is out of the question since it entails such expense. The only remedy is disestablishment and disendowment.—Trysorfa.

"Cwrs y Byd" has several sharp, straightforward and practical articles on social failings which are generally overlooked. "Nelle Gwynne and Her Offspring" is worthy of perusal; "Y Cwrs, y Drefn," has some strong and timely remarks; it seems to be a little hard on the Grand Old Man; "Byron and His Dog" is really good. This monthly is really necessary to keep some things going among the Welsh.

"Cymru'r Plant" for July is as full of instructive matter for children as usual. The illustrations are beautiful, and the selections are choice and a few extremely pathetic, viz.: "Those who Helped Jesus" (with accompanying verses) are strikingly pleasing. "Short Memoirs" also are beautifully pathetic. Nothing better could be placed in the hands of children.

There is considerable room for improvement among our Welsh hymn writers, and those who edit hymn books might call in the assistance of those that know a little of rhyme and rhythm. "Cwrs y Byd" gives the following lines as an instance of poor rhymes:

Myrdd o fy mrodyr anwyl sy'
Yn gorphwys yn y nefoedd fry,
'Nghyfeillion gore sydd mewn hedd
Yn canu'r ochor draw i'r bedd.

No such doggerel should have been allowed to encumber a respectable hymn book, but very often a little sentiment will get the best of our good sense.

The July "Dysgedydd" opens with a sketch of the life of W. E. Gladstone, by the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A., Bootle. The other articles are "The Welsh Congregational Union," and the "Union Meetings" in London. "The Duties of the Sunday School in Relation to the Increased Educational Advantages;" "Congregationalism and the Principles of Christianity," by John Jones, Albert Lodge; 'An Address," by the Rev. W. Gwenffrwd Thomas; followed by obituaries, reports and intelligence pertaining to Congregational matters.

Beautiful was the French description of Mr. Gladstone's death:—He died with head erect. His death was a coronation of his life, for he was more than a conqueror; and a natural consequence of his honorable life was his funeral, which will be long remembered in the annals of Britain. Our country has not seen for a while a more beautiful scene than the consummation of his life in death.

In the August "Harper's" George W. Smalley presents the first of a series of "Reminiscences and Anecdotes" of Mr. Gladstone, whom he met frequently in private life during the years of Mr. Gladstone's most important public work. Mr. Smalley's appreciations concern the intimate matters of daily life and intercourse, which show a man's character more clearly perhaps than his measured utterances in public. The impression one receives is of a real man with qualities of great strength and ability, and at the same time with the defects of those qualities.

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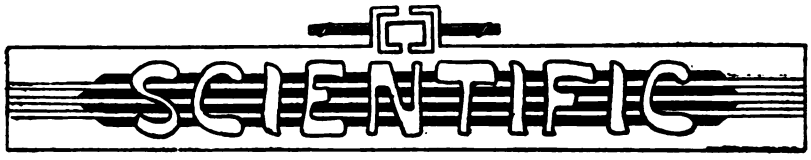
GLADSTONE'S SELF-CONFIDENCE.

When he had once made up his mind it was no longer accessible to argument or fact. A judge will grant you a new trial on the ground of newly discovered evidence—never Mr. Gladstone. He once explained why at some length, and with a frankness he could display when he chose. The talk had turned on the length and vigor of his life. He said.

"Of course it has been an anxious life. I have had to take many decisions, often decisions of the highest importance in public affairs. I have given each one of them the best attention I could. I have weighed arguments and facts, and made up my mind as best I could, and then dismissed the subject. I have had to make a great many speeches, and have made them as well as I knew how, and there an end.

"But if, after I had taken a decision or made a speech, I had begun to worry over it and say to myself, 'Perhaps I ought to have given greater weight to this or that fact, or did not fully consider this or that argument, or might have put this consideration more fully in my speech, or turned this sentence better, or made a stronger appeal to my audience—if I had done this instead of doing my best while I could and then totally dismissing the matter from my mind, I should have been in my grave twenty years ago."

What answer can be made to that?—From "Mr. Gladstone," by George W. Smalley in "Harper's Magazine" for August.



HIS RECREATIONS.

What habits and recreations contributed to William Ewart Gladstone's surprising longevity? All his life he practised temperance, favored out-door exercise, and cultivated cheerful social relations. When at Oxford he worked at study four hours in the early day, then went for exercise—walking or boating, or other athleticism; in the afternoon he attended classes and lectures, and in the evening gave hours to solitary reading. And the same methodical division of work and recreation distinguished him all through life. He played cricket and foot-ball during his studentship, but his favorite recreation then was sculling and riding. Has he not laid to the root of many a tree, and are not his achievements as a woodman celebrated in many cartoons? In Hawarden Castle there is a larger collection of axes, as well as of walking sticks, which were presented from time to time by political admirers.

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A PHILIPPINE INDUSTRY.

The shell industry is one of the most interesting pursued by the Philippine islanders. They take the great marine shells known as sea conchas, which are very plentiful in the China sea, boil them so as to kill the mollusk which lives inside, remove the meat, and then saw and carve the shell into all sorts of useful shapes. The shell is a very handsome white, with a light pearly luster on the outside and an iridescent gold within. According to the size of the shell and the way it is cut they turn out bowls, plates, cups, saucers, vases, large and small spoons, ladles, button boxes, card cases and receivers, pin-holders, match boxes and other household objects. Labor is very cheap, the natives getting from five to ten cents a day. A handsome table-spoon can be bought for one cent, and a dozen for a dime. The wife of a former merchant at Manila has a collection of over a thousand pieces, which she says did not cost over $30. The shells are very durable, and much stronger than china or porcelain.

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ANIMALS THAT DO NOT DRINK.

There are in the world several kinds of animals, says "Cosmos" (June 18), that have never swallowed a drop of water in all their lives; these include the lamas of Patagonia and certain gazelles of the far East. A paroquet lived fifty-two years in the London Zoological Gardens without drinking a drop, and some naturalists think that hares take no liquid except the dew that sometimes forms on the grass that they eat. A considerable number of reptiles—serpents, lizards, and certain batrachians—live and prosper in places where there is not water at all. We are also told of a kind of mouse that lives in the arid plains of Western America, notwithstanding the complete absence of moisture. Finally, there are even in France, in the neighborhood of Lozere, herds of cows and goats that almost never drink, and which nevertheless produce the milk of which the famous Roquefort cheese is made.

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BAD SMELLS.

A single sniff of highly concentrated prussic acid will kill a man as quickly as a shot through the heart, says the Boston "Transcript." The odor of a bad egg is due to the presence of sulfuretted hydrogen, and the objection-

able perfumes of sewers and bone factories are attributable chiefly to the same gas. Chemical laboratories are famous for bad smells. Berzelius, who discovered the element called 'selenium,' once tried the experiment of permitting a bubble of pure hydrogen selenide gas to enter his nostrils. For days afterward he was not able to smell strong ammonia, the olfactory nerves being temporarily paralyzed. Selenium gas has the odor of putrid horseradish. Tellurium is even worse. There is a story of a physician whose patient, a lady, refused to take an absolutely necessary rest because she was so fond of being always on the go in society. He gave her a pill containing a small quantity of tellurium, and her breath was affected by it to such an extent that she was not able to appear in public for a month. She never guessed what the trouble was.

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A SHEER WASTE.

Millions of dollars are wasted on bells, that would build churches, schools, hospitals, and asylums, all to create a noise and to distress those who are so unfortunate as to be located near them. They are an aggravating nuisance, and pay a tribute to heathenism, the customs of which they perpetuate. Among Catholic churches there is the absurd custom of blessing the bells when they are first suspended. It is quite a ceremony in some countries; but we know of bells the priest blessed that some people in the community curse ever afterward, and we could hardly wonder that those given to this bad habit did expend a little of their surplus temper in this way. We know a church in which a bell strikes every fifteen minutes, and each striking is preceded by a monotonous little tune. When it strikes, it shakes the beds of people who live adjacent. All this is done in the name of religion. Some idiot composed a tune about ringing "the bells of heaven." We trust there are no bells in that "divine abode," and if there are we can hardly wonder that some people are not making better preparations to get there.

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PAPER BULLETS.

There used to be a saying in the old dueling days of a generation past, says "The National Druggist," that "every bullet has its billet." Now, if we may believe a statement in "Der Militararzt" (a German journal devoted to army medical matters), the time has arrived when a billet, even a billet doux, may be converted into a bullet. The journal named states that a French army surgeon has invented a bullet made of compressed paper, covered by a thin sheet of highly polished aluminum. The new bullet, it is claimed, is less expensive than those in use; it makes equally as good targets at any range, and the wound made by it is, surgically, clean, healing with far greater ease than wounds made by any of the missiles now in use. Thus, while the number of wounded may be no less, the labor of the surgeons will be lightened by the absence of septic conditions.

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FOOD FOR TYPHOID PATIENTS.

The experiment of a St. Louis physician with typhoid patients is cited in favor of the banana as the best food in that ailment. The explanation given for such preference is that in that disease the lining of the membrane of the small intestines becomes intensely inflamed and engorged, eventually beginning to slough away in spots, leaving well-defined ulcers, at which places the intestinal walls become dangerously thin. It is well known that a solid food, if taken into the stomach, is likely to produce perforation of the intestines, bad results naturally following. This

being the case, solid foods, or those containing a considerable amount of innutritious substances, are to be avoided as dangerous; the banana, however, though it may be classed as a solid food, containing, as it does, some 95 per cent. nutrition, does not possess sufficient waste to irritate the sore spots, and nearly the whole amount taken into the stomach is absorbed.

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CHARLES DARWIN.

"This philosopher, who changed the aspect of science, and who proposed to man one of the finest and most probable conceptions of uniformity in the universe, had a slow mind, a confused memory; so much so, that it was always impossible for him to retain a verse or a proper name more than a day or two. Devoid of imagination, he avowed, in his incomparable and sincere modesty, that he had not had sufficient critical powers to venture to judge the work of another. Suffering without ceasing, always weary, he lived, winter as well as summer, in the country, and fatigue so quickly knocked him up that he was forbidden by his medical advisers to receive his friends. He only worked with vigor one hour daily, from 8 to 9 a. m.; then he joined his family, and had the papers or a few pages of a novel read to him; at half past ten he returned to his study, and remained there till noon, when he was at the extreme limits of his strength.

Few men so delicate as he was have been able to accomplish such a large amount of work. The indolent complain, and justly, of becoming very quickly tired, and of not being able to fix their attention for any length of time on the same subject. Darwin suffered more than most people from this exhaustion of will, this paralysis of attention. But he had realized, by instinct, how much happiness one may draw out of one's misfortunes. He realized that such as he—weakly, domestic people, full of manias, slaves to their habits—may change these defects into virtues, change their moroseness into salutary meditation substitute involuntary attention, the pursuing of a single idea—a hobby, in fact, for willing attention, of which they are incapable."

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THE VITALITY OF SEEDS

Every farmer and gardener knows that seeds are not injured by frost. Experiments have shown that their vitality is not affected even by long exposure to the most intense cold obtainable in the laboratory. In a paper read recently before the Royal Society, Messrs. H. T. Brown and F. Escombe give the results of experiments made by them to determine "how far the germinative power of a considerable variety of seeds is affected by long exposure to the very low temperature produced by the evaporation of liquid air." The seeds were inclosed in thin glass tubes, and, having been gradualy cooled, were kept for 110 hours at a temperature of from 183 to 192 degrees centrigrade, or from 297 to 315 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. The seeds experimented on included representatives of the grains, of beans, geraniums, convolvuli and lilies, in some of which seeds the reserve material consists of starch, in others of mucilage. After they had been slowly and carefully thawed, a process which occupied about 50 hours, their germinative powers was compared with that of other portions of the seed which had not been subjected to the treatment, and no difference was perceptible. The seeds which had been frozen germinated, and the resulting plants, which in most cases were grown to maturity, were equally healthy in the two cases.

It was stated at the Quarterly Association of the Calvinistic Methodists of North Wales that 167 Protestant children attended the Roman Catholic school at Holywell and in the district.

The old Welsh people regarded hospitality as one of the cardinal virtues, as it was essential that a good cook should be retained in a responsible and respected position in the household, it was laid down in the ancient laws "that the life of the cock was estimated by the laws of hospitality, at the worth of a hundred and twenty other men!"

The Cambrian Society at Johannesburg has completed a most successful year, and the accounts presented at the recent annual meeting showed a handsome surplus. Steps will be immediately taken to arrange for an Eisteddfod next year on a somewhat larger scale than the very successful one held on Good Friday.

It looks as if the world is coming to a standstill over the Welsh coal strike. Here is the latest symptoms of universal paralysis: The naval manouvres this year will not be on a large scale, and reasons for this are obvious. The South Wales coal strike has seriously affected supplies, and the number of officers available is not as large as some suppose.

Quaint Thomas Fuller describes Dolgelly as follows: "The walls thereof are three miles high. Men go into it over the water, but go out of it under the water, and the steeple thereof doth grow therein." The walls are the surrounding mountains. You enter the town by a bridge and come out under an aqueduct, and the only bell was formerly hung in a tree which grew in the churchyard.

The proposed light railway from Portmadoc to Beddgelert and Rhyd-ddu is now in a fair way of being accomplished as far as preliminary arrangements are concerned. All the public Councils interested have granted the loans asked for, and probably the next step will be the inquiry by the Light Railway Commissioners, which it is expected will be some time in August.

Cuba is nearer to Wales than most of us think. One of the inlets of Ramsey Island, opposite St. David's Head, in Pembrckeshire, bears the name of Cuba Bay. It is to be hoped that America won't mistake it for the real thing. With this fear in their hearts, the local Cubans are thinking of changing the name to "Uncle Sam's Slit," or "Yankee Doodlemouth," or something like that.

"Y Gloch" (The Bell), the new Church of England weekly started a few weeks ago at Carmarthen, will toll no more, at any rate not as a weekly. Its sonorous tones may be heard again, it is stated, about once every three months. The committee of the "Gloch" have discovered that among Welsh Churchmen there is no demand for a free organ in

which laymen, as well as clergymen, may air their views and ventilate their grievances.

The fine elm tree which stood at the entrance to the village of Trefriw, in the Vale of Conway, has been cut down and sold for less than £5. The tree, which was traditionally believed to be some hundreds of years old, had a girth of fifteen or sixteen feet, and was when cut down found to be quite sound.

Shoni Jones was live in Dowlais,
And he work in Pwll Nantwen;
But he went on strike so foolish—
Followed other foolish men.

Shoni, he was big believer
In the goodness of "home-brewed,"
And he always had his sleever,
Tho' you never see him "slewed."

When the works and pits was idle—
'Cause that blooming strike was here,
Shoni's thirst he could not bridle,
For he still would have his beer.

The apprehension which the Compensation Act has created among aged and infirm workmen recalls a story of "Dai Stwdge," of Dowlais. Dai, in spite of the name given him, was one of the salt of the earth. Circumstances compelled Sir Ivor Guest to reduce the number of his workmen, and he ordered the discharge of several old men. An official served Dai with a notice. "Tell your master," said Dai, indignantly, "that he is worse than the devil" (waeth na'r jawl). "Mind what you say, Dai," replied the official, "I am sure to tell him." And he did, and so struck was Sir Ivor with the awful characterization given of him by a man whom all the neighborhood respected and even feared, that he paid Dai a personal visit. "Dai," said he, "why did you tell the gaffer that I am worse than the devil?" "Did you, sir," replied Dai, "ever hear of the devil giving the sack to his old workmen?" The notices to the old men were cancelled.

Realising the dreary monotony of the life the London Welsh poor lead, Lady Rendel, who ever proved herself an ardent friend of Wales and the Welsh has kindly undertaken to open a home of rest for their benefit. "Welcome" is the very appropriate name Lady Rendel has given to the small red brick house, prettily situated in its own garden (with a playground for the juveniles) on the breezy Surrey uplands, within sight of the rolling downs, whose pure winds bring back health and vigor to enfeebled frames. Here Lady Rendel will receive those whom she calls "her poor Welsh friends," and relays of half a dozen children and one or two couples at a time, taken from the grimy London surroundings, will be enabled to lead a happy country life in this holiday home.

It is a curious fact, worthy of note, that the Calvinistic Methodists in London, so strong otherwise, have no "Inglis Cos." An experiment made some years ago failed. The same is true of the "Corph" in the United States, where it has not a single English Church. Perhaps the simplest explanation is the truest. The Welsh abroad, whether in England or in any other country, once they lose grip of their native language have practically no other bond of union. Welsh sentiment may be cultivated for a time after it has ceased to be of any practical value, but only as a fetish to give character to monstrosities like an English Eisteddfod. These remarks are applicable outside Wales.

It is stated in old pedigree books that Cromwell was a descendant of the ancient family of the Williamses of Aberpergwm, Neath Valley, and that some of his relatives used the name of "Williams alias Cromwell" for several

generations; and there was a monument in the time of Iolo Morganwg at Neath Abbey, to the memory of Richard Williams alias Cromwell. When the Protector came to Wales he wrote a letter to Leyshon Williams, of Aberpergwm, reminding him of his consanguinity, and requested a supply of corn and hay for the troopers' horses. This was flatly refused Cromwell; and the next message he sent to Aberpergwm was in the shape of cannon balls, some of which are still preserved in the mansion; and as the country people had fled, the soldiers had it all their own way and made themselves far more free than welcome on the occasion.

Welsh girls are coming to the front. It was only the other day, remarks a London correspondent, that Miss Elizabeth Philipps, the sister of Mr. Wynford Philipps, M. P., was elected the First Fellow of Newnham College, Cambridge. The honor was the more marked because Miss Philipps was an Oxford girl, having taken a first class in Modern History as a student of Somerville Hall Now an even more brilliant success is announced. Miss Myvanwy Rhys, the elder daughter of the Principal of Jesus, has just taken a first-class in the Classical Tripos at Cambridge. Few Welshmen have attained this distinction; Miss Rhys is the first Welshwoman to do so. It is pleasant to be able to congratulate Mr. and Mrs. Rhys on the success of hereditary talent.

A Welsh word which has been falling out of use and now revived is "Neithior," meaning a marriage supper. It is used (writes a corespondent) more than once in the Welsh New Testament. For instance, "The marriage supper of the Lamb," spoken of in the Book of Revelations, is in Welsh, "Swper neithior yr Oen." A prolific writer on Welsh topics, who is truly great at etymology, in speaking of the "neithior" which followed Mr. T. E. Ellis's wedding the other day, derives the word in question from "Neith" and "Ior," the names of two mythical personages who long, long ago were joined together in matrimony. Very mythical indeed must these personages be—so mythical that they probably are nothing more than the fruit of the writer's imagination. If he had turned up his Latin Vulgate he would have found in "The marriage supper of the Lamb," already referred to, to be in Latin "Coena nuptiarum Agni," and "neithior" is nothing else than a corruption of this very word "nuptiarum."

Madame Patti used to keep her "Press notices," but these after a while filled so many volumes that she discontinued collecting them. One cutting from a Chicago newspaper is as follows: "Madame Patti, the eminent vocalist and farewellist, will come to us for positively the last time next year. All who expect to die before the year after next will do well to hear the human nightingale on trip, for Patti never says good-bye twice in the same year, and to die without hearing her high 2,000 dollar note is to seek the hereafter in woful ignorance of the heights to which a woman with good lungs, a castle in Wales, and who uses only one kind of soap, can soar when she tries."

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

PUGH RICHARD PRICE.

Mr. Price was born at Ddolbach, Llanuwchllyn, near Bala, North Wales, September 22, 1862; baptized in infancy by Rev. Rees Thomas (Rhys Mynwy), Congregational pastor of Llanuwchllyn's old church, and in June, 1864, when Pugh was but two years of age, the family emigrated to America, taking up their abode at Locust Grove, Collinsville, N. Y. In 1877 he was received into full membership of the Welsh Church of Collinsville, by Rev. James Jarrett, at that time its pastor, and continuing to the end a worthy and consistent adherent of the church of Christ. When 21 years of age he became clerk to Mr. Richard Owen, merchant, of Turin, N. Y.; and in June, 1886, secured a position at the State Hospital, Utica, N. Y., where he remained to the time of his death, having enjoyed the confidence and good will of all, and occupying a position of trust and responsibility; the highest testimony being borne to his integrity and uprightness in the discharge of his duties. Dr. Blumer, Superintendent of the State Hospital, speaks of him in these terms:

Pugh Richard Price.

"Pugh was upright and true; a splendid character; I shall miss him very much." Hon. S. M. Lindsley writes: "Pugh was a good boy and a good man, a worthy son of an honored father; I respected him, as all did who knew him; he had the confidence of every one."

Although he enjoyed but slender advantages in early life, still, by improving his time and opportunities, he attained to a position of honor, he having the management of the State Hospital, store, and but a short time previous to his death had passed the civil service examination for the position of assistant steward in the same institution.

In 1894 Mr. Price was married to Miss Kate E. Lawson of Augusta, who survives him. Much sympathy is felt for her in her widowhood, as also the parents, Mr. and Mrs. Robert M. Price of Port Leyden, and sisters, Mrs. Frank Squires of Lyons Falls, and Mrs. Thomas Quigley of Utica, and only brother, John E. Price of Utica. The cause of his death was appendicitis, which took place at Faxton Hospital, Utica, June 15.

The funeral took place from the Memorial Presbyterian Church of Utica, of which he was an honored member, on Saturday morning, June 18; services conducted by the pastor, Rev. D. W. Bigelow, D. D., and Rev. Lewis Williams. The large audience present, over 100 employees of the State Hospital being in attendance, testified to the esteem in which the deceased was held. The service was most impressive; and the officiating clergymen, speaking from a long acquaintance, bore a precious testimony to the sterling qualities, the consistent life and Christian character of the young man who was about to be laid in his early grave. So lived and so died Pugh R. Price. While we extend heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved families, we commend this young man to the youths of our day, as one whom they can copy and follow, as he followed the Great Master. The interment took place at Vernon Centre, where our dear friend sleeps in Jesus "until the day dawn and the shadows flee.—G. Lamb.

Mrs. Mary E. Thomas, nee Mary E. Lutz, the wife of Mr. David Thomas, merchant, Emporia, Kas., died after a long sickness, and was buried at Maplewood Cemetery. Mrs. Thomas had undergone an operation which was unsuccessful. She was a kind-hearted, loving Christian woman, well liked and highly respected by all. She was never strong and during all her painful sickness, she evinced the gentlest spirit, and the most remarkable patience. She was born at Circleville, O., Feb. 13, 1851; married to Mr. David Thomas at Emporia, Kas., December 31, 1878, and died at Denver, Col.

About ten years ago, with a view of benefiting Mrs. Thomas' health, they moved to Las Vegas, New Mexico, where they resided in their beautiful home; but all efforts failed to bring about the desired result. The best medical assistance was sought but to no purpose. Recently she was advised to undergo an operation, which ended in death at Denver, July 1.

Mr. Thomas is a native of Wales, having been born at Llwyndy, Llandilo; is descended from a good old family. He came to the States, was in Brooklyn two years, and started in business of his own on Genesee St., Utica, N. Y. In 1875 he came to Emporia, and engaged in business, where he became prosperous. He has the sympathy of his many friends in his sad bereavement. H. J. Whitby.

The late David Jones of Philadelphia, Pa., was born November 21, 1825, at Pontardulais, in the parish of Llandilo. S. W. His father, William Jones, was a blacksmith, and kept a shop at that place for 40 years. David learned his father's trade. His father died in 1840, and his mother followed in 1846. He emigrated from Birmingham, Eng., and settled in Philadelphia in June, 1849. In 1852 he married Margaret Davies, and they lived a happy life until 1895, the year of Mrs. Jones' death. Three

children survive: Annie, who lives at the old home in Wharton St.; Benjamin, in New York, and Mrs. Sailor at Chicago. Mr. Jones died June 10, and was buried in Mount Moriah Cemetery, June 13.

The Christian influence of his godly parents followed him all the days of his life. On arriving at Philadelphia, he with a few others made an effort to organize a Welsh church; but in 1861 it fell through owing to financial difficulties. At that time he united with the South Presbyterian Church, and very soon was elected elder, which position he held until his death. He joined the Welsh society in 1856, acted as stewart for 33 years, and was elected vice president in 1892. Mr. Jones was a typical Welshman, always taking especial interest in Welsh matters, and always prepared and eager to help and champion any movement for the promotion of any Welsh undertaking. In no home in the land would a worthy Welshman receive a more hearty welcome than at the home of David Jones. He was a lover of Welsh literature and history, and he was considered an authority on matters pertaining to the Welsh in the city. D. T. D.

June 2, 1898, Mrs. Elizabeth Reese, the beloved wife of Mr. Isaac Reese, an eminent manufacturer and a large employer of labor in Pittsburg, departed the present life, at the ripe old age of 74 years, 3 months and 11 days. She left a husband and five children—two daughters and three sons, to mourn her loss. She was the sister of Mrs. Hopkins, Lawrenceville, Pittsburg, who is over 80 years of age, and still strong and well. Her parents were Mr. and Mrs. Robert and Mary Bebb Jones, Bellan, Llanbrynmair, North Wales. At the youthful age of 13 years she was received into the full church fellowship by the Rev. John Roberts, father of the two famous Welsh preachers, widely known as J. R. and S. R. In the year 1842 she and her parents came to America, and settled down at Brady's Bend. In the year 1844 she was united in marriage with Mr. Isaac Reese, Pittsburg. Having come to Pittsburg to live with her husband she identified herself with the Congregational Church, Fifth Ave., where she remained a faithful member for the long period of more than 54 years. She retained her membership not by fits and starts, but by one continuous unbroken line of faithfulness, yea, until her heavenly Father took her from the church militant here below to the church triumphant above. She was a niece of the noted Welsh bard, Rev. Josiah Jones, Gomer O, She was also a descendant of the late Governer Bebb, Ohio, who was the first governor to stump against slavery in this country. June 4, 1898, a memorial service was held at her late beautiful home on Shady Side, and the next day (Sunday) her remains were laid to rest in the Allegheny Cemetery. J. I. J.

On another page we publish a poem by Mr. George Coronway, entitled "The Battle of Manila," which he forwarded to the Dewey family. In reply he received the following: "Permit me to extend thanks. Your poem shall find a place in the Dewey Family History, to be published this fall. I shall take great pleasure in reading your effusion to such of the Dewey family and their friends as I may meet on the occasion of my coming visit to Westfield, Mass."

A. M. Dewey.

Dr. Wrenford, of St. Pauls, Newport, whose kindly feelings towards the Calvinistic Methodist Assembly have caused such a flutter among the ecclesiastical devotees, was a personal friend of Frances Ridley Havergal, and it was to him she submitted the MS. of that now world-known hymn, 'Take my life and let be." The esteemed vicar still

has the original manuscript in his possession.

Sir John Jones Jenkins went into the wrong division lobby recently. It was his intention to follow Major Wyndham-Quin, Mr. Tudor Howell, and Colonel Pryce-Jones, and support the amendment for the induction of Welsh-speaking clergy into Welsh livings, but, entering the House in haste, he was shown into the Government lobby by the official Whips, and it was not until after the dinner hour that he discovered his mistake.

Two Welshmen got wrecked on a desert part of the Irish coast. They wandered some miles into the country, wondering whether it was inhabited or not. When they saw a man hanging to a tree one said to the other delightedly, "The country is civilized, anyhow." Then they met three drunken men, and their joy knew no bounds: "Why, this is a Christian country, too!" They had come from the land of Sunday Closing, and knew!

Welsh Eisteddfodwyr and the patrons of Welsh art will be sorry to hear of the continued indifferent health of Professor Hubert Herkomer, R. A. He has, acting upon medical advice, gone to Italy to recruit. His connection with the Gorsedd of the Isle of Britain is well known, having his attention first drawn to this interesting ceremony while on a visit to Ruthin, in North Wales, of which place his wife is a native.

When the Spanish Armada was on its way to invade England, David Gwynn, a Welsh mariner, then prisoner of war and galley-slave in one of the ships, secured the possession of two of the ships, and, with 460 fellow-passengers, escaped to France. Gwynn found his way to England, and was highly commended by Queen Elizabeth. Gwynn was the first to fight the Invincible Armada.

Caradog (Caractacus) is said, by an old Welsh writer, to have caused all the trees of Siluria (Gwent and Morganwg) to be burned, in order to convince the Romans that he could fight in an open field as well as in the wood. "Not a stick was left in the country large enough to hang a flea."

A second edition of the racy "Cofiant" of "Dafi Davis, Rhydcymerau," is out. The first issue of 2,000 copies was sold in a few weeks. To the new edition the author, the Rev. James Morris, of Penygraig, has added several fresh pages and introduced many new features.

A writer in the "Evangelical Magazine," reviewing the Rev. D. Watters' book, "Sermons by Welshmen in English Pulpits," professes to be much struck in reading the volume, "with the homiletic gifts of Welshmen and their power of seeing the inwardness of a text."

It was Shon ap Nathaniel who carved the old oak chair in which Nellie Farren was enthroned at the press bazaar. It is necessary to say this, as some people may not recognize the old Welshman in the name given him in a London paper, namely, the Hon. A. P. Nathaniel.

The guitar given by Shelley to Jane Williams, wife of Captain Edward Ellerker Williams, together with the lines, "Ariel to Miranda," has been presented to the Bodleian Library.

Mr. D. Lleufer Thomas, of Swansea, has been commissioned by the authorities to revise the Welsh names on the new ordnance maps of the Principality.

THE EAGLE AND THE STARS AND STRIPES.

I should like to call attention to one of our London churches, says a writer in the "London Spectator." Little Trinity in the Minories, though very interesting both to English and Americans, is not, I thing, so generally known as it deserves. The church in question has been the burial place of the Dartmouths. Before the Washingtons left England these two families were united by marriage. On the wall of Little Trinity church may be seen the Stars and Stripes as the coat-of-arms or banner of the Dartmouths, and the eagle as the coat-of-arms of the Washingtons afterward to become the flag and the emblem of the great nation across the Atlantic.

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A FINE LEGAL POINT.

At a party at Mr. Roberts' the other evening Major Baldwin rapped the company to order and stated that a party had recently come to his office and asked a question on a legal point which he was unable to answer. As the district attorney was present, and as the question and answer would interest every one present he would repeat the question, which was, "Could a man in North Dakota marry his widow's sister?" The district attorney promptly answered that he could if he wanted to, and the company concurred in his decision. But when the major quietly remarked that this was the first time he had heard that a dead man could marry there were explosions of laughter, which continued for several minutes.—North Dakota Republican.

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A LITTLE JOKE.

In a New Orleans cafe a group of men were discussing the victory of the American fleet at Santiago when a stranger stood within ear shot of the patriotic expressions. Finally, he said, in a rather mournful tone of voice. "Well, boys, you may talk as you please, but I would give my right arm to see the Spanish flag floating over New Orleans." There was a mad rush for the newcomer, and for some seconds the air was full of swinging arms. As the stranger ruefully regained his feet and pulled his battered remains together he attempted a smile that faded into a ghastly grin, and he whined out: "You fellows are too quick. That's my little joke. I am blind."

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HOW HE DIED.

An Irishman is too nimble to be caught when he doesn't wish to be apprehended. Cardinal Manning delighted to tell the following story as an illustration of the national elusiveness:

An Irishman, the son of one who had been hanged, having been asked how his father died, thus eluded the admission of the fact:

"Sure, thin, my father, who was a very reckless man, was jist standin on a platform haranguin a mob when a part of the platform suddenly gave way, and he fell through, and thin it was found that his neck was broken."

SPANISH HUMOR.

But as a humorist, the Spanish captain at Manila who requested a cessation of hostilities while he went ashore for more ammunition is entitled to the cake. The Petrel, of Dewey's fleet, chased a gunboat up the Pasig River. Seeing he was cornered, the captain of the Spanish gunboat went to the Petrel in a small boat, under a flag of truce to make terms. The American captain told him he must surrender or fight. "We are willing to fight," replied the Spaniard. "Please allow us to send for ammunition, because our store is exhausted."

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P. T. Barnum used to tell a good story of Elias Howe, the sewing machine inventor. The 17th Connecticut Regiment was in Virginia, in November, 1862, suffering great discomfort because the men had not been paid off. Private Howe advanced $13,000 due them. Howe sat at a table handing out the money when a clergyman asked him for a subscribtion toward a new church. "Oh," said Howe, "this is war-time." "Yes," the clergyman replied, "but we need churches and hope you will give us something for St. Peter's." "St. Peter," said Howe; he was the fighting apostle, and cut off a man's ear." "Yes," "Oh, well," said Howe, "I'll give you $50 for St. Peter, but just now most of my money is being spent on saltpeter."

In an address at Boston, Will Carleton, the poet, in speaking of women's clubs and societies, said: "I always thought that if my wife joined them that I should not live with her." There was a long pause and vigorous applause on the part of the men. Then Carleton added slyly, "very much." Then the ladies laughed. He explained that since his wife had joined and they had such splendid times when she came back and told about it, he had urged her to belong to everything she wanted to, and that life was twice as rich.

The other day a young woman was rambling along one of the Long Island roads. She was dressed smartly, she thought, and when she met a small bare-legged urchin carrying a bird's nest with eggs in it she did not hesitate to stop him. "You are a wicked boy," she said. "How could you rob that nest? No doubt the poor mother is now grieving for the loss of her eggs." "Oh, she don't care," replied the urchin, edging away; "she's up in your hat."

An Irish priest had labored hard with one of his flock to induce him to give up whiskey. "I tell you, Michael, said the priest, "whiskey is your worst enemy, and you should keep as far away from it as you can." "Me enemy, is it, Father?" responded Michael, "and your Riverence's self that was tellin' us in the pulpit only last Sunday to love our enemies!" "So I was, Michael, rejoined the priest, "but I didn't tell you to swallow them."—Sacred Heart Review.

W. S. Gilbert, the English dramatist, found himself the other day in company with three cycling clergymen lunching at a country hotel. When they discovered who he was, one of the party asked Mr. Gilbert how he felt "in such a grave and reverend company." "I feel," said Mr. Gilbert, "like a lion in a den of Daniels."

Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, is no doubt, one of the best known names in modern Welsh church history, but, in spite of this, the fame of the great Churchman has not spread outside the Principality. Indeed, a professor of Church history and English literature at Lampeter, when the rector's name was once mentioned to him, asked "who Griffith Jones, Llanddowror, was."

THE CAMBRIAN.

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THE CAMBRIAN CHAIR.

By Dr. James Francis Jones, Marietta, O.

A few months ago, Hon. W. D. Davies of Sidney, Ohio, expressed a desire to see a chair established in some American College or University that should devote itself largely to the interests of Welsh history, biography, language and literature, etc., and he also signified his willingness to become personally interested in founding such a chair, should a movement be inaugurated for that purpose.

Largely as a result of his suggestions a meeting of representative Welshmen was called at Cincinnati to formally inaugurate a movement to establish the chair. The meeting and the banquet which followed were well attended. At the business session due deliberation was had as to what should be the general plan of procedure, looking to the most speedy realization of the end in view. A motion was finally offered by Rev. Jenkin Lloyd Jones of Chicago, for the sake of simplicity, and to avoid a cumbersome organization which might trammel rather than expedite the work to be undertaken, "That the enterprise be put in the hands of a committee of seven gentlemen known to be personally interested in the project, and so located geographically that frequent meetings might be held without undue expenditure of time and money, said committee to have power to organize State and local committees as the interest of the project might demand."

The motion prevailed, and a committee was appointed, which is composed at present of Hon. W. D. Davies, Chairman, Sidney, Ohio; Homer Morris, Esq., Secretary, Cincinnati; Dr. J. Francis Jones, Field Secretary, Marietta, Ohio; Hon. Anthony Howells, Treasurer, Massillon, Ohio; Ebenezer Bowen, Cincinnati; Thomas H. Jones, Lima, Ohio; Rev. Daniel I. Jones, Cincinnati. The purpose of the proposed chair is to give instruction in Welsh history, biography, lan-

guage, literature, and other Celtic and cognate subjects. It is further proposed, however, that "attention shall be given, as time and means permit, to original research into the influence of Welsh thought, culture and achievements upon civilization; to the study of the ethnology and archaeology of the race; to the study of the local history of Welsh communities, and to the collection and preservation of the art, music and literature of the nation."

It is hoped to establish the chair with an endowment of $50,000, and it is expected that the incumbent shall be as "efficient and desirable a person as the salary paid will command."

The committee is impressed with the very strong sentiment which obtains throughout the country favorable to this movement. It is much stronger indeed than was at first anticipated. A large number of letters have been received, which express the prevailing attitude towards the project.

The success of this enterprise depends upon the securing of $50,000 as an endowment for the chair. At first blush, it would seem ridiculous to hope that such a sum of money can be raised for this purpose; but upon mature reflection it would seem more ridiculous to even doubt the ultimate result of an initial effort on our part as a nation to secure the required endowment. A few suggestions may be here offered in justification of so optimistic a view.

As good authorities estimate that there are a million persons of Welsh birth or descent in this country who would become interested in this movement, if thoroughly informed regarding its purpose and character, a nickel per capita from this number would endow the chair. There are scores of persons of Welsh blood in the country who could easily endow the chair, single handed and alone, hundreds who could subscribe the major part of the amount. A fraction of the amount of Welsh money that is annually donated to various philanthropic objects in this country, if focused in this one direction, would endow the chair. Within the last five years, 1892 to 1897, over ten million dollars have thus been disposed of by persons of purely Welsh names. Not unfrequently, persons find themselves, at the close of life, so circumstanced that they have no relations to leave their money to. In this event they generally donate it to some object in which they are personally interested, and many a person would make a provision for this chair in his will if solicited to do so.

Ten persons subscribing $5,000 each, or 100 persons subscribing $500 each; or 500 persons subscribing $100 each; or 1,000 persons subscribing $50 each; or 10,000 persons subscribing $5 each; or 50,000 persons subscribing $1 each, would contribute the total amount required. By availing itself of one or more of these suggestions, the committee proposes to secure, as speedily as possible, the required endowment.

ABERYSTWYTH.

By Antiquarian.

The town of Aberystwyth is so called from its being situated at the confluence of the rivers Rheidiol and Ystwyth. Roughly speaking, we may say it is half way between St. David's and Carnarvon, in the Bay of Cardigan. Taking the Bay as representing a big bow, the arrow would rest on the town of Aberystwyth. Although it is now a place of importance as the seat of a Welsh University and a summer resort of considerable attractiveness, in old times, it was a small fishing port, with all the inconveniences of a bad harbor. During half the season, the bar was often choked up so that the smallest vessels could neither enter nor leave, and those entered could not sail out till the rivers Rheidiol and Ystwyth had risen to flood them out. In old times, this town depended on fish and some exports, such as lead, silver, timber, &c. It seems that no attempts had been made through the ages to improve the harbor, from lack of enterprise, or from the consideration that the harbor was good and convenient enough to meet the export and import commerce carried on there. However, in the last century, com-

Aberystwyth.

plaints were made against the difficulties and disappointments connected with the harbor, and attention was drawn to improvements. Although several large fortunes had been made in the mines of Cardiganshire since the time of Queen Elizabeth, Hugh Middleton, in the reign of James I., having cleared as high as £2,000 a month, which he spent in improving London's supply of water, and Bushel having accumulated such wealth that he could afford to furnish Charles I. with a regiment of horse, and loaned him £40,000, yet hardly anything was done to rid this little fishery of its troubles. Charity hardly ever begins at home.

It is fabled that the whole of Cardigan Bay was, in the good old times, as is supposed before the Christian era, a vast lowland extending out flush with Pembroke and Carnarvon, but during the ages the sea continued to so encroach on this beautiful and rich heritage, that the people undertook to keep it out by dykes, as is done in Holland. As is supposed, this dyke had a floodgate which Seithenyn was appointed to guard, but he being addicted to drink, was one night overpowered by intoxication, and suffered the sea to overflow the Lowland Hundred (Cantref y Gwaelod). When this princedom was deluged, extensive lands and cities and towns to the number of sixteen were submerged. In order to flee this flood, the people rushed into the hilly parts up the County of Arvon, and the modern portion called Cardiganshire. This submerged empire was thus converted into fisheries for shoals of herrings innumerable, for which Cardiganshire has attained world-wide renown. This bay now supplies Wales and a great portion of England with "fresh herrings, all alive." The Lowlands Hundred was the kingdom of Gwyddno Garanhir. So Aberystwyth is situated in the presence of a great disaster, and a visitor of a mythological turn of mind would imagine in the winds that he hears the sighs of the disinherited prince. There is an old saying of Gwyddno's Bowl, which if enough for one was put in it, enough for a hundred would be got from it. This probably refers to the Bay itself, which resembles a bowl, and which for one generation of Cardis drowned has furnished the world with a hundred (thousand) generations of fresh herrings.

Connected with Aberystwyth there are many points of interest, namely the Old Castle, Llanbadarn Church, Alltwen Cliffs and the Caves, Pen Dinas Hill, Devil's Bridge and Waterfalls, Borth Sands, where the great Taliesin, the Chief of the Bards, was buried, and last but not least, the University College of Wales.

Llanbadarn village and church stand a mile and a quarter to the east of Aberystwyth, in the vale of Rheidiol. It consists of a straggling line of cottages, with an open space, which in old time served for a public square and market place.

Padarn is the Welsh form of Paternus, an old British saint who settled here after receiving his education at Llantwit Major in Glamorgan. He was the son of a certain Petranus and his wife Guena, natives of Brittany, who after his birth separated. The father immigrated into Ireland, where he lived a life of fasting and prayer. From Llantwit Major, Paternus moved to this village, where he formed a congregation. It is Llanbadarn Fawr in old British history, which means St. Paternus the Great's Church.

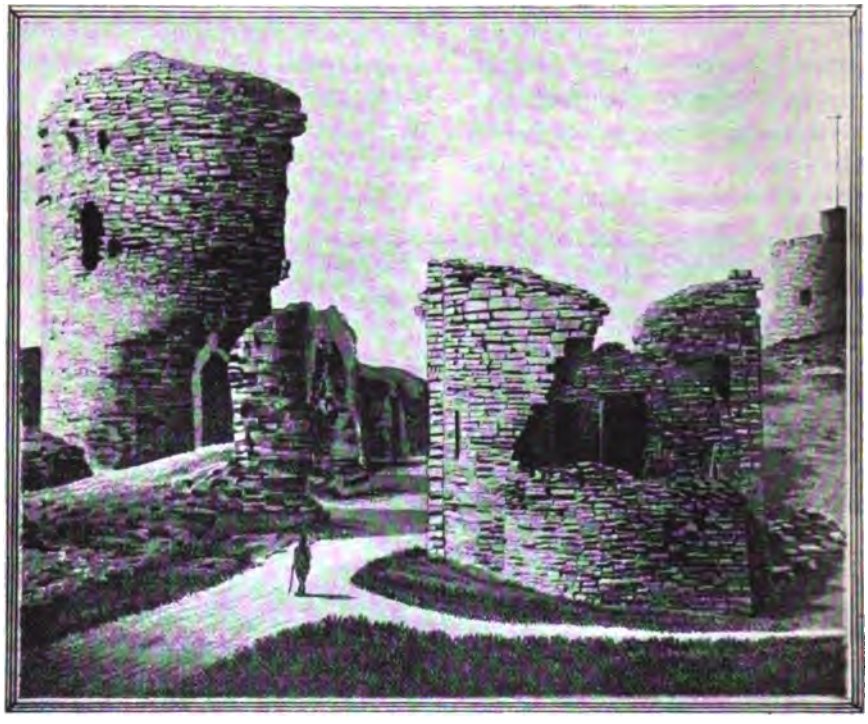
Llanbadarn Church.

Aberystwyth Castle, once formidable, but now in utter ruins, stands west of the present town, upon a rocky head which projects into the sea. Mere fragments remain today of the once powerful stronghold, viz., portions of two towers, north and south, and a part of a tower about 40 feet on the northwest with an archway. In 1845, the ruins were partly explored, but nothing of any historical interest was discovered. The ancient town of Aberystwyth, which stood west of the Castle, called Llanbadarn Gaer-og, and fortified with walls, is now covered by the sea. Gilbert, the son of the Norman Earl of Strigil, who had received Cardiganshire from King Henry of England, mustered all his forces together, and subjugated the county. In order to strengthen his position, he built a fortress near the mouth of Ystwyth, and another on the Teifi at Kilgerran. Up to the time of Cromwell this fortress was a thorn in the side of Wales, and continued one of the strongholds of Mid-Wales in spite of attempts to reduce it. In the time of Glendower, the castle was taken and held for some time with the assistance of the French, but the English king attached such importance to it, considering it the bulwark of the Welsh revolution, that he successfully invested it, and compelled the garrison to capitulate. During the civil wars between

Charles and his Parliament, it remained in the possession of the Parliamentary forces for some time, and was finally destroyed, having been probably ruined and blown up by them.

The Rheidiol and the Ystwyth present the visitor with striking

Pen Dinas Hill situate between the rivers Rheidiol and Ystwyth, above their confluence, is an elevation which played a prominent part in the old times. Investing forces, in Norman times and in the civil wars, used it for a vantage ground to attack the Castle; and it is sup-



Aberystwyth Castle.

scenes and romantic spots, alternately flowing between deep banks, and tumbling over precipices and rocks. The surrounding hills also afford points from which the mountain ranges of Merioneth and Carnarvon, with the white peak of Snowdon towering over all, may be seen. From the Castle may be viewed the magnificent curve of Cardigan Bay.

posed the Parliamentary army bombarded it from this position, and afterward reduced it to its present state of dilapidation and ruin. After a pleasant stroll along the southern beach, is reached the Alltwen Cliff, from which material for the building of the Pier was got. It is the limit of the port of Aberystwyth on the south, as Constitution Hill or Craiglais, is on the north. Another

object of interest on the way to the Cliff is the ancient fortification called Tan-y-Castell, on the north side of the Ystwyth. This is also supposed to have been an old British fortification, used as an auxiliary position of defence in connection with the Castle; this commanding the vale of Ystwyth as the Castle did the Rheidiol. Connected with these points are also others of interest, especially the cave called "Twll Twrw," or Thunder Hole, by reason of the noise caused by the rushing of the tide through it. An excursion along the margin of the cliffs of Alltwen towards Morfa Bychan, and as far as Llanrhystid, is always enjoyable on account of the boldness of scenery.

Devil's Bridge would naturally excite an idea of weirdness in the mind of the ordinary reader, and he would expect to find a spot so named worthy of its builder and owner. The origin of the name is obscure, several tales having been invented to account for it. The scenery surrounding this locality, the dread abyss, the narrow perpendicular and awe-inspiring chasm, the rushing of the stream between rocks as if to Gehenna below, might have suggested to some one that the terrible aspect of the scene was more suggestive of the workmanship of the Evil Spirit, than of a more well-disposed genius. Who but a mischief-loving Spirit would have sojourned amongst these impassable rocks, and amongst these waters, precipitating through mysterious chasms on an headlong career that is bewildering? This bridge is situate up the valley near where the rivers Mynach and Rheidiol commingle, from which place called Cyfarllwyd, a sharp descent leads directly to the Havod Arms Hotel, at Devil's Bridge. It is more appropriately called the Bridge over the Mynach. It consists of a single arch between 20 and 30 feet thrown over another of less space than 20 feet, which spans an awful chasm. The lower arch is supposed by some to have been built by the monks of Strata Florida, although a certain writer thinks that the feat was accomplished by the Knights Hospitalers, since several of the surrounding chapels are known to have been dedicated to St. John, their patron saint. Higher up is a still more tremendous wonder—the Parson's Bridge, a scene that is magnificent and awful.

Borth Sands and Plas Crug are also points of interest, along with others too numerous to mention within the limited space of this article. On the way to the first a fine view is gained on the summit of the hill of Plinlimmon and the mountains of North Wales. Not far from Borth Sands also is the supposed grave of Taliesin, the Chief of the Bards. Plas Crug is situated on the banks of the Rheidiol, upon a rocky mound, from which the name is supposed to have been derived. A fortified mansion stood here in old times, which had an un-

derground communication with the Castle and the sanctuary of Llanbadarn. It is said to have been the residence of Welsh princes, and amongst them Llywelyn the Great. Owen Glendower is also said to have resided here during the investment of the Castle in 1404, then in possession of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V.

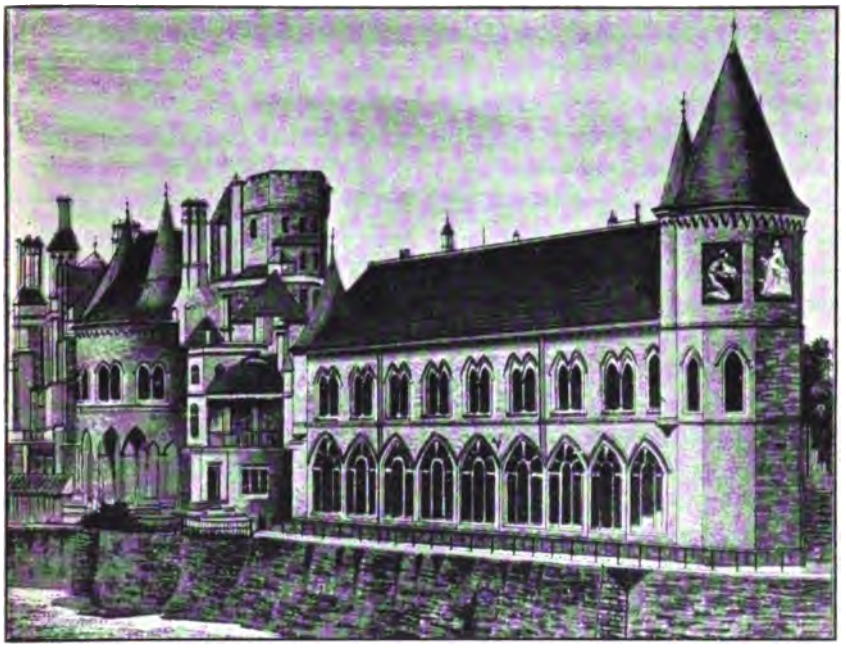
But the two chief attractions of to-day are the University and the Beach—its means of education and

Devil's Bridge.

sea bathing. This University College of Wales, though young as an institution, has attained considerable renown, for the good work and results already accomplished. It is claimed that no other college in the United Kingdom can show a better list of successes in the educational world recently than the Aberystwyth College. Sir Hugh Owen has the principal honor as one of the founders and promoters of the University. The idea of its establishment was first entertained in 1854, but it was not completed before 1872, when it was opened as a purely unsectarian and national institution. The intention of its promoters was to make it "a national institution maintaining the completest freedom from all ecclesiastical preferences;" a secular institution for promoting the mental culture and development of the nation. An appeal was made to the nation for subscriptions, and it is notorious that the great landed proprietors of Wales, with some exceptions, failed to respond. The best contributors were the late David Davies, Llandinam; Mr. Lewis Davies, Ferndale; Mr. Samuel Morley, and some other generous Englishmen. Those who have for ages devoured the rent and resources of Wales had nothing to give towards the educating of the people. In 1872 the promoters bought the Castle Hotel, which had been erected at the cost of £80,000 for the accommodation of visitors, for the low sum of £10,000, and was converted into the present College. It has already done wonderful work. Its motto is excellent—"Nid byd, byd heb wybodaeth;" and it is to be hoped that the torch lit here will be passed around Wales.

As a health resort and its conveniences for sea-bathing, it is also popular and attractive; and during the summer months Aberystwyth is as lively as a bee-hive, and many

find a sojournment for a few weeks refreshing and renovating. Aberystwyth is favorably situated midway between the "wrong end" of Wales (as Mrs. Piozzi said of G'amorgan) and Anglesea, the mother of Wales, which is now a little antiquated. Aberystwyth is the centre of Welsh renaiscence.



University College of Wales.

A RED ROSE.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

Thou heart of flame, a sunset's coal,
  Perhaps thou wert in days gone by,
Like a wan nun with snow-white soul,
  Kneeling beneath the vaulted sky.

Then thou broke thy holy vow,
  And lost thy birthright to above;
A soft wind kissed thee on the brow,
  And thou blushed to show thy love.

SACRIFICE AND SONG.

By Max Norman.

We are taught now-a-days that nature has produced all things from the simplest seeds by the law of evolution, which is the will of God; so there is nothing strange in teaching that sacrifice has developed into song, and suffering into music. Has not the altar evolved into the modern church organ? We believe it; and the following discussion may help the reader to appreciate the reasonableness of this hypothesis. Martin Luther once said that the Roman Catholic mass would be superseded by music, which shows in part that this great fact had dawned on his mind; and although the thought must have shocked the ordinary Catholic as something impious and sacrilegious, yet the time will come when the Christian altar of the Middle Ages shall have given way entirely to the church organ and the choir. If the Church had closely followed the teachings of the Master, and comprehended the true spirit and purpose of his life and death, the altar would have been swept away with his resurrection, because the utterance "It is finished" meant that the altar would be no longer a necessity, for the one great Sacrifice had been offered which was sufficient without the necessity of being theatrically repeated in church performances. A sacrifice is a reality which cannot be performed by unreal means. An altar is a monument of spiritual ignorance, and when Christ said that the hour was come when those who worshiped God would worship Him in spirit and in truth, he meant that the service symbolized by the altar was thenceforth the only one acceptable. The church that builds an altar must relapse into the darkness which makes the altar service reasonable and necessary, and also sink back into a pre-Christian state of mind.

It is certainly interesting to observe that where the altar stands in the Roman churches the organ is located in Protestant chapels, and this is not an accident but an inevitable result of the law of evolution. The history of the evolution of sacrifice points to this consummation as the very fruit of the sacrificial tree. Song is the triumphal realization of the long and fearful struggles of the human soul through the wilderness of ignorance and moral darkness into the freedom of light and truth. Song is the outpouring of the joy of victory; and it is only natural that the triumph-song should be sung where the fight was fought; that not only the struggle should emanate in song, but that the altar should be converted into an organ.

Sacrifice means an attempt to

please God, and throughout the long and dark ages of the past, man, ignorant and fearing, has endeavored by all means suggested by his undeveloped mind to conciliate God. This idea of indignant gods, gods easily angered, or rather always in angry moods, unless continually appeased and propitiated by sacrifices and gifts, has been the cause of much shedding of blood among the children of men. This perverse conception of the Power that creates and rules has been the very spirit of sacrifice. In every nation and in every age, this fear of God and the anxiety to placate Him has been the inciting cause of the performances of religion; in some sense it has been the curse as well as the blessing of human life.

The savage man had savage gods; and to please and conciliate them was no easy matter, for the ferocity of the gods was only a reflection of his savage nature. As the man's nature was brutal, his gods would only be propitiated by brutaility. This in the darkest and primeval ages would institute frightful religious sacrifices, such as human offerings and savage rites of the most revolting kind. The workings of the savage mind would be mistaken for the desires or the will of the gods, and so man's ferocity would be used to work out the horrible principles of his salvation. Religion would be greatly modified by the degree of culture, mode of life and the products of the soil of different nations. Fierce and warlike people would have ferocious and blood-thirsty gods, who could only be pleased by continuous human sacrifices. At the head of the patron god of the Aztecs was the frightful Huitzilopochtli, the Mexican Mars (the god of battle). His temples were the most magnificent; and in every city in the empire his altars were drenched with the blood of human sacrifices. It is said that Cortes was once allowed to behold this god, which had a broad face, wide mouth, and terrible eyes, covered with gold, pearls and precious stones, and girt with golden serpents. Close by him were braziers with incense, and on the braziers three real hearts of men who that day had been sacrificed! The emperor made war on all the neighboring states in order to furnish victims for these sacrifices. It is said that 20,000 victims were annually immolated in those temples.

Greeks and Romans sacrificed human victims from the earliest times to the age of their decadence. The practice of slaughtering human beings in honor of the gods, or to placate them, flourished to a frightful degree among the Germans and Celts; and such gods as Baal and Moloch were devourers of human flesh. It was for ages universal among the nations of the earth; but since the advent of Christianity the spirit has declined and disappeared among truly civilized peoples of today.

It is worthy of note however, that this crude idea of pleasing God, the

idea that God is exacting and bigoted in his views, and that he demands perfect doctrinal beliefs from man, and that the church through its clergy or confessions are the standard of infallible truth, has through the ages been the cause of frightful forms of persecution and cruelty. The Inquisition differs in form, but not in spirit, from the bloody performance which honored the Mexican Mars, and the God of Torquemada, or the fanatic persecutor in the church of Rome was a monster of the Baal Moloch or Huitzilopochtli type; and Protestantism appeared in time to save Christianity from relapsing into utter barbarism.

Persecution is inspired by the perverse notion that God is a sectarian, and the only way to please Him is to hunt and persecute those who do not accept and profess the doctrines which God is supposed to favor. The worst forms of sectarianism and bigotry were ascribed to the inscrutable Spirit, and a policy of injury, insult and torture was supposed to be very acceptable to the Father of Mercies! This was the same old spirit which in the darkest ages of human sacrifice had been swayed by the frightful creed that the only way to please God was to offer Him gifts of human blood. The Mexican priest and the Roman Inquisitor were the product of the identical spirit, and their conceptions of God were the same. The persecuting spirit is the ante—and the anti-Christian spirit, and it will disappear with the altar. The altar is the implacable enemy of toleration; and bigotry all through the ages has flourished around it. The Christian spirit declined with the revival of altarism in the dark ages, and Toleration grew outside the church. The cultivation of toleration demands the obliteration of the altar. The revival of ritualism in our times is a temporary relapse into altarism, which will be short-lived, for we are rapidly and inevitably moving out the twilight of the intellectual and spiritual darkness which has made sacerdotalism a power. It is very suggestive that one of the first things Protestantism did was to replace altars with tables of wood and movable, and the mass as a sacrifice was abolished. The altar and its cult was done away with. Luther was right. The altar will disappear, and the seat of suffering through ages untold will be converted into a musical instrument to peal forth a triumphal song! The altar will become an organ, and mass will be turned into music!

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VI.

Alarm and Pursuit.

Gryffydd Ap Llewelyn was not more surprised at the suddenness and boldness of Idrys' murderous intention than he was at the manner in which he made his escape. For an instant he and Prince Trahaiarn looked in blank astonishment at each other, while wonder mingled with alarm marked the faces of those around them. But Idrys had scarcely reached the door when all made a simultaneous rush in the same direction, the king true to his habit and instinct taking the lead. Unfortunately for him as he passed out into the court yard he stumbled and fell over the prostrate and unconscious form of the doorkeeper, and those closely following him failing to check themselves, fell in a heap upon him. The other members of the royal family together with their attendants having caught the general alarm crowded into the hall in time to witness this scene, while the guards closely followed by the three courtiers deceived by Idrys' ruse ran from the out-houses in much terror, and failing to grasp the situation, they all helped to increase the already too great confusion. Giving vent to some very vigorous expressions the king was soon on his feet again, commanding, chiding, and fuming at everybody as his excited nature prompted him; and while Trahaiarn with a few of the court officers and guards continued the pursuit, Gryffydd returned into the hall to restore order there. With an imperious wave of the hand he unceremoniously dismissed all from the hall except the queen and princess, and wiping the sweat from his heated brow, he burst forth in invectives against the treacherous Idrys. Anxious as Aldyth and Nest were to learn what had happened, they knew his mood too well to crave an explanation so long as his resentment lasted. But they did not have to wait long, as the king's temper abated as quickly as it was aroused. While he related to them what had transpired, the queen looked more terrfied, if possible, than before, and said to herself that such a thing could never happen in England. But the princess nestled close to her father, as if to shield him from further danger, and tears of gratitude filled her eyes when she learned how the fatal blow was averted. Trahaiarn had always held a high place in her esteem; now he was a hero in her sight.

There being signs of the pursuers' return, Gryffydd now urged the queen and princess to retire to their rooms, and as they left the hall Prince Trahaiarn and others entered, bearing a corpse.

"Ha, ha, ye have given the treacherous villain his deserts," exclaimed the king, thinking the corpse to be that of Idrys.

"Would that we had," said Trahaiarn, as his followers laid the body on the floor; "but as it is, not only is the base attempt upon the life of the illustrious Gryffydd unavenged, but also the murder of two of the guards and the head-hunstman, whose body we have here."

A cloud of disappointment passed over the king's face, and with a strong effort at self-control he said,

"The loss of half my kingdom were preferable to the escape of that vile traitor, but by St. David,he shall not elude my vengeance long. That faithful servant, whose honest heart is now forever stilled, furnishes another reason for searching every inch of my domain, if need be, in order to find him. But said you not that two of the guards are also slain? By heaven, it seems passing strange that one man in his flight should find time to dispatch so many, while his numerous pursuers were unable to overtake him. Methinks Rhuddlan Castle is not yet rid of all traitors."

Feeling the injustice of this insinuation, Trahaiarn colored a little and hastily explained,

"The son of Llewelyn is as wise as he is brave, as reasonable as he is generous. Let him understand that these murders are committed by others than the detestable Idrys. Nor would we have given up the pursuit so soon had we any hope of success. Of the thick darkness you know too well; of the hopelessness of pursuit when the pursued is mounted, and the pursuers on foot you are also aware. But let my lord the king add to these disadvantages the harrassing arrows of hidden confederates, and consider whether our failure is a sign of treachery or not."

"Thy heart, brave prince, will overlook my rashness in speaking so unadvisedly, for have I not this very night received ample proof of thy loyalty? Thy timely aid shall not be forgotten. You too, my friends, deserve praise rather than censure. Your fidelity shall be rewarded. But in the meantime this treason must be looked into and receive due punishment. The hand that has been uplifted with murderous intent, and the hand that has treacherously shed the blood of these my brave subjects must suffer for these crimes. Let the dead be removed to their quarters, and in due time be honorably buried. Tomorrow, if the saints permit, we will seek to avenge their death."

It will be seen that the king makes no mention of the doorkeeper. The reason for this seeming indifference is that he was more scared than hurt, and was soon back at his post again. And now that he had had

time to recover his breath and equanimity, he announced in as clear a tone as ever, the arrival of Prince Ithel, and Idwal, the family bard.

The prince nad just returned from a flying trip to Conway, where he had been called on pressing business pertaining to the royal household, and stopping for a moment at his own residence in the center of the town of Rhuddlan, he had found Idwal there, still in a resentful mood, and had persuaded him to accompany him to the castle. Neither of them knew what had transpired in the king's hall until they were informed by the porter; nor did they stop to ask many questions before entering the hall. Had Idwal taken the pains to analyze his feelings as he and the prince turned aside to let the servants pass out with the body of the head-huntsman, he would have discovered that he was more pleased than sorry at what had taken place, at least so far as Idrys was concerned, for it meant that he was again without a rival. And perhaps it was this more than anything else that enabled him to sing and play so well a little later for the consolation of his royal master, and to remember so many instances of treachery and remarkable deliverances. He was prudent enough, however, not to utter anything to his disadvantage. He had his vantage ground once more, and he was determined to keep it.

When the time to retire arrived, the chief actors in the exciting scenes of the evening sought their various quarters, and next morning before the first peep of day the vicinity of the castle was the seat of unusual activity. Three searching parties were organized from the king's reserve, with Prince Meredeth, Prince Trahaiarn, and the chief marshal respectively at their head. At daybreak the three parties left the castle; that led by the prince royal going east, that led by the chief marshal going west, and that conducted by Trahaiarn following a southerly direction. As the last named party took the most important course we shall confine our attention to it.

Before making a thorough search of the region in which he now found himself, Trahaiarn decided to proceed first to the hermit's cave, and secondly, in case he should find no clew to the whereabouts of Idrys there, to the Cathedrai of St. Asaph. He was led to make this decision by his knowledge of the fact that no criminal, however culpable, would fail to find refuge in any of the churches or monasteries of the period, providing he had money enough to bribe the officials. Nor was he very hopeful of success in his present enterprise, knowing as he did the character of those with whom he had to deal; yet he thought that a chance word or expression might give him at least a hint of what he desired to know. After two or three vain inquiries he led his followers at a rapid rate in the direction of Cefn, and arriving

in due time in front of the hermit's cave, he sought to attract the attention of the recluse. That individual, however, seemed to be in no hurry to appear, for it was not until the prince had exhausted his voice nearly as completely as his patience that he deigned to respond; nor was he in a very amiable mood when he came to the mouth of the cave, as his words showed.

"Who is it that dares to disturb a servant of God at his devotions? These be precious times indeed that even the seclusion of tne forests fails to insure freedom from interruption. But the servant is no better than his master; for Christ was tempted of the devil for forty days and forty nights in the wilderness."

Somewhat amused at these remarks, Trahaiarn replied,

"You may consider yourself fortunate, holy father, if the devil of interruption be the only one that molests you. There are those who have reason to believe in the existence of worse devils; Gryffydd Ap Llewelyn, for instance, on whose mission I have sought your abode."

"And does his majesty think me one of them, that he sends thee with a band of soldiers to this sacred spot?"

"It is rather his desire, holy father, to have you cast out one that has made himself particularly obnoxious to him of late," said the prince insinuatingly.

"Ah, indeed!" said the recluse, "and where might that devil be? Perhaps thou canst tell me that."

"Be careful, sir priest, else I might shorten your tongue by cutting off your head," exclaimed Trahaiarn, laying his hand on the hilt of his sword. "You know whom we seek, and where he now conceals himself."

"When thou ceasest to speak in riddles, like Samson, I may hope to find a key to thy meaning," was the reply.

"And when you cease to wield, like Samson, the jaw-bone of an ass," said the prince, frowning, "I may hope to listen to some degree of reason. I suppose you have never known a vile rascal by the name of Idrys."

"Idrys is a common name; yet all I have known, who responded to that name, laid no such claim to being rascals as some bearing other names may."

"Ah! I forgot that you deal only with saints! Yet perchance you have in your time heard something to the effect that while some have entertained angels unawares, others have seen angels in a devil's garb. Perhaps also that you have not wholly forgotten a murderous villain who left your abode in the guise of a bard on Christmas morning!"

"A bard! Ay, ay, I do remember now that a bard from —— Ah! from where did he say he came?"

"From the North," said the prince sneeringly.

"From Cornwall," continued the recluse. "A bard from Cornwall sought shelter under my roof, as many a weary traveler does, and I

being a Christian, refused him not such comforts as I had to give. The holy saints forbid that I should turn away any who have claim to my hospitality."

"Then perchance your tender heart has again lavished upon him hospitable attentions, and will further show its goodness by admitting myself and five of my followers to his presence," said the prince, anxious to bring the interview to an end.

"If it be any satisfaction to thee, haughty prince, to see the interior of my abode, I shall make no objection, providing thou does first show me the king's warrant; but if thou find not the object of thy search blame me not for thy disappointment."

As a matter of form the prince handed the hermit a royal warrant, and after he had read it, followed him into the cave attended by a number of his soldiers. As they entered, the recluse said something in denunciation of the crime set forth in the warrant, and expressed his willingness to do all he could to help bring the offender to justice. He chid the prince for not informing him on his arrival of the nature of the offense that had brought him there, as that would have prevented many bitter and unnecessary words. Trahaiarn, however, was not carried away by this change in the attitude of the hermit; on the contrary, when, after a fruitless examination of the cave, he and his followers retraced their steps northward, he was more convinced than ever that that wily individual knew where Idrys was concealed. Yet as he had seen nothing amounting to positive proof, and as the recluse had not committed himself in the least, he could not adduce anything of a criminating character.

Upon reaching the bridge that spanned the river Elwy near St. Asaph, the prince struck upon what seemed to be a real clew to the direction which the traitor had taken in his flight. A countryman whom he accosted at this point said that as he was leaving the "Red Dragon" (meaning the tavern previously mentioned) between nine and ten o'clock the previous evening a horse and rider sped by "like a flash of lightning." He wondered what mad freak could have induced any one to ride so fast on such a dark night, and he kept wondering until he happened to hear that very morning of the treacherous attempt upon king Gryffydd's life. He had no doubt now but that the rider of the previous evening was the murderous knave whom they sought, and that he was secreted by the monks in Basingwerk Abbey.

While Trahaiarn listened attentively to all that the countryman said, the only thing that he considered worthy of attention was the statement that a horse had been driven at full speed through St. Asaph, and this was contrary to his conviction. But he was determined to find out how much truth there was in this statement before fixing on any fur-

ther course of action. He argued that a horse galloping through a town with unusual speed on a dark night was bound to attract the notice of more than one person, and his argument was correct. Upon reaching the town he found that several others had heard what they now supposed to have been the murderous Idrys and his horse fleeing past their homes. This point settled, he now acted on the supposition that the rider instead of continuing on his way to Holywell and seeking an asylum in Basingwerk Abbey, had dismounted a little beyond St. Asaph, and had sought the Cathedral on foot, leaving the horse either in the hands of a confederate, or to find his way home alone. Of course he was mistaken. As the reader already knows, it was not Idrys but a confederate that galloped through the town, and he had no need of ecclesiastical protection.

A short distance to the west of the Cathedral stood the episcopal palace, a rude structure after the style affected by the dignitaries of the period. In one of the rooms, which had the appearance of an office, the Bishop of St. Asaph sat looking over his accounts, and with a pleased expression he read as follows:

"Edwin Ap Iorwerth, with a penitent heart, gave Bishop Rhoderic a church and twenty-seven acres of land in exchange for the kingdom of God, and in behalf of his father's soul.

"Iago Ap Owen, sick unto death, sacrificed his house and one hundred and sixty-two acres of land to God and Bishop Rhoderic, that he might receive respectable burial and a crown of life.

"Howel Ap Morgan and eight of his family, being under the ban of the church for violating her protection by causing Dean Beli to be murdered in the nave, forfeited all their possessions rather than endure the ills of excommunication."

Here the bishop was startled by a timid knock on the door, and impatient at the interruption, he unbolted the door, and in a haughty voice demanded to know what was wanted.

"Prince Trahaiarn from King Gryffydd's court craves an audience with your reverend lordship regarding a most pressing business," said a novice greatly embarrassed.

In this announcement the proud prelate saw a possibility of further financial gain, and the flattering prospect robbed his voice of its harshness as he replied,

"Let the prince be conducted to me at once."

Hastily laying his account book in a drawer, he went to another room and seating himself in a richly carved oaken chair, resting on a low platform under a niche of the same workmanship, he awaited the entrance of the prince. A glance at an oaken table beside him assured him that his mitre was there, and a hurried examination of his richly embroidered episcopal robe satisfied him that it did not conceal his beautiful vestment, or that the fringe which ornamented the neck and

cuffs had lost none of its attractiveness. That he might not appear to the prince to be waiting for him, he commanded a chaplain, who now arose from behind a desk a short distance from the episcopal chair, to continue the reading of the treatise which he had begun the day before. The chaplain obeyed, and as he uttered the first sentence, Trahaiarn was ushered into the room. Pretending to be much absorbed in what he heard, the bishop paid no attention to the prince, and the reader, thoroughly trained to his work, continued to read as if he was oblivious to everything but his duty. Feeling the awkwardness of his position, Trahaiarn involuntarily coughed, and the wily prelate affecting a start, quickly turned his head in his direction, but deigned not to speak until the chaplain had reached the end of a paragraph. Never a great friend of the proud dignitaries who wrongly called themselves the ambassadors of Christ in that corrupt age, the prince found much difficulty in keeping his Cambrian blood from reaching the boiling point. It was with some degree of sarcasm that he therefore said, when the bishop was ready to listen to him,

"Lest I presume too much in thinking that either my face or my name be known in this reverend presence, it may be best to state that my name is Trahaiarn, and that I am here on the king's business."

"Then," mentally remarked the bishop somewhat disappointed, "my wealth will be none the greater for his being here." Aloud he said, "Thy name is better known than thy business; but my memory is not less capable of retaining the one than my ears are of listening to the other. Thou sayest thy business is touching the king?"

"To be exact, reverend father," said the prince making an effort to be pleasant, "I said I was here on the king's business, and most urgent business it is."

The chaplain now leaving the room, the bishop signified his readiness to listen to what the prince had to say. Accordingly Trahaiarn gave a detailed account of Idrys' treachery and escape, and closed his narrative by asking if the traitor had sought protecion of the bishop.

"The offender has neither asked nor received protection of me," said the prelate, "and I am glad he has not; for had I given him refuge in the house of God, duty would compel me to shield him, however much my reason would condemn his crime. The protection afforded by the church is far too sacred to be violated, and woe to him who, like Howel Ap Morgan, is led by his thirst for vengeance to trespass upon holy ground and desecrate the sanctuary by shedding the blood of him whom God would succor."

"I question not the right of the church to grant protection to the weak and distressed," the prince ventured to observe; "yet having neither the training nor the prejudices, I mean the qualifications, of

a priest or bishop, I cannot regard with approval the abuses which, in my humble judgment, are far too prevalent in these times; nor can I persuade myself to believe that an institution intended to promote Christian principles and virtues is justified in offering itself as an asylum for traitors and murderers, and thus foster crime."

The bishop was not a little shocked at this free expression on the part of Trahaiarn, and for a moment he could not decide whether to rebuke his presumption or to pity what he called his ignorance. Then he made a compromise by couching a rebuke in a bit of fatherly advice. The good will of Gryffydd Ap Llewelyn, he thought, was better kept than lost; therefore he would treat his representatives with patronizing consideration.

None the wiser for his interview with the bishop, the prince now left the episcopal palace, and rejoining his followers he extended the search to various localities in the neighborhood, but with no success. About sunset the searching party returned to the castle, tired and hungry, and found that the other parties had met with equally bad success. Even the monks of Basingwerk, it was said, denied any knowledge of the offender or his whereabouts. It was decided, therefore, that no further open search be made; but that the trusted friends of the king keep their ears and eyes open for any clew that might be accidentally given. This was not the course that would have suited the king best; yet under the circumstances he saw no alternative.

CHAPTER VII.

A Strange Hospital.

Being rid of Trahaiarn and his band, the hermit indulged in a suppressed but hearty laugh at their expense, and being well assured in his own mind that they would not return, he left his gloomy abode and entered one of the other caverns in the immediate neigborhood. Unlike his own, this cavern was so small at the mouth that, but for the well worn path leading to it, no one would have thought it to be tenanted. As the hermit well knew, however, it harbored a band of outlaws that had long been a terror to that whole region. At this time also it afforded an asylum to an individual who was in no way identified with the outlaws, and it was to see him rather than the denizens of the woods, with whom by the way he was on the best of terms, that the recluse entered their haunt. No one challenged him as he merged into the cave, but presently upon reaching a group of rough-looking men who were making merry over plundered meats and drinks around a fire of logs, the captain of the band remarked,

"So the hounds have departed no wiser than when they came. I must say that you succeeded admirably in throwing them off the trail. I am still of the opinion, however, that it

a mistake not to have led them this wasp's nest to furnish them le diversion at their expense."

'oo many diversions are more 'erous than wholesome," said hermit. "You see what Idrys come to by his bold adventure. I led the searching party into hands I fear your temporary nph would end in Gryffydd's ng his whole army against us. better as it is."

ıe hermit now proceeded to a of recess a few feet from the and bending over the uncon- ıs form of Idrys, who lay on a of rushes with his head nearly red with bandages, he remarked e robber chief who had followed to the spot,

:ethinks his chances of recovery ;mall, and they will be still less eave him here with you. I must him removed to my quarters ıce. There he shall have all the : and care he needs.

make no pretention of knowing hing about the healing art," the outlaw; "but it appears to hat his removal just now would ıore injurious to him than the ntrollable levity of my men, ld it mend matters, think you, cchange quarters for a few :s?"

at would be too much trouble," :ed the hermit. "Besides, it is necessary. He can be safely e to my cave, and I choose to it done immediately."

e robber chief seeing that fur- argument would be useless, commanded two of his men to bear the injured man to the hermit's abode on a crude stretcher extemporized for the occasion. Rough and cruel as these men were they could at times be as gentle as women, and the recluse had the satisfaction of seeing Idrys presently placed on his own bed by their strong hands. When they were gone he busied himself for a while with the patient, and as he changed the bandages on his head he muttered something about it being a marvel that he was alive, and a fortunate circumstance that he had fallen on the snow that had drifted at the base of the precipice. Though the would-be regicide had received other injuries, none of them were so serious as the ugly gashes cut in his head by fragments of rock loosened by his fall. His life for several days seemed to hang in the balance, but at length the hermit's skill and unceasing care caused a favorable change, and he began rapidly to improve. The return of consciousness was slower than the hermit had hoped, and there were times when he feared that his patient would never recover his mental soundness. There came a day, however, when Idrys awoke to a realization of his surroundings. The hermit was at the time gazing abstractedly into the fire, and his patient had been silently studying his features by the light of the fire for several minutes, when he startled him by quietly remarking with a smile.

"So I am not dead after all."

"Dead!" exclaimed the hermit leaping to his feet and seizing Idrys' hand with unbounded joy; "by St. Winifred, thou hast more life now than thou hast had for some time. Thou hast been very near death's door, however. Indeed, when I found thee shortly after thy fall, and for several days after that, I thought thee a doomed man."

"That I am not dead, then, holy father, is due to your consummate skill and patient care," gratefully replied Idrys.

"Say rather that the saints have graciously spared thy life and have aided thy recovery, for no skill or care of mine could have helped thee had they been indifferent to thy fate."

"It is gratifying to think that they have not abandoned me. For a while I had a different impression. Methought I was a dead man and in a place of torment, and that you were the king of the lower regions."

"I inferred as much from some of thy ravings; but thou hast not been nearer Annwn than that fire, and it was it that gave color to thy delirium. Let it all pass from thy mind now, and try to seek further sleep."

"I will gladly do your bidding, but you must first satisfy my curiosity. Have the hounds been after me?"

"Ay, Prince Trahaiarn at the head of a hundred men or more paid me an early visit on the day after thy fall, with a royal warrant for thy arrest."

"And you threw the accursed whelps off the trail! By my faith, you are a master magician. That hateful upstart, to whose base interference alone I own my failure, will have to rise earlier to be a fit match for you. But how did you succeed in sending him away without his prey?"

"Easy enough. I had thee carried to a neighboring cavern, having a suspicion that almost amounted to conviction that my own quarters would be subject to a close search. Then when the search was over I had thee brought here that I might properly care for thee."

"And well, holy father, have you performed your kindly office; yet if my present feeling be a fit criterion, my bruised frame still needs a few finishing touches. Therefore I will aid your skill by going to sleep."

When Idrys after a long refreshing sleep awoke he found Hoel sitting on the ground beside his bed, and recognizing him as the man whom he had seen with Einion Ap Howel at St. Winifred's well, and who had accompanied him to the Red Dragon on Christmas eve, he said,

"What! you here again Hoel? I am glad to see you. I hope however, that you have not come to invite me to accompany you to St. Winifred's well, for I am sorry to say I am not so nimble as I was when we first met."

"Suspecting that you were not quite equal to a pilgrimage to the shrine of our patron saint," was the reply, "I have come rather to give

you the benefit of the healing waters where you are. You may not recognize this drinking horn, but it is the very one from which you drank that day at the well, and a good draught from it will aid your recovery. There is more in that earthen vessel, and you can take it as occasion demands. Our friend, the hermit, will see that you shall not die of thirst, and our patron saint will accompany each draught with her blessing."

"I perceive that your faith in St. Winifred's well is as strong as ever, and that your enthusiasm has not abated in the least," said Idrys, taking the proffered drink. "Your thoughtfulness, I assure you, is not unappreciated."

"I would have brought you some several days ago had not our friend, the hermit, insisted on trying the efficacy of 'Our Lady's Well,' which is only a short distance from here. He is now convinced that it has no virtue compared with St. Winifred's well."

"Do you keep a supply of this water always on hand?"

"Not always. But I shall try to have some on hand by the next time you fall; and if you will inform me in good season just what precipice you expect to fall over next, I shall make it a point to have a large cushion or a hay-rick to receive you."

"How now! what is all this talking about? Shame on you, Hoel, for speaking of another fall before our friend has had time to rub his shins since he had the last. How are you, old boy? I fear you came nearer breaking your neck after all than shedding the tyrant's blood."

These last words were spoken by Einion Ap Howel, whose entrance at this juncture was as welcome as it was unexpected. It was by no means his first visit to the hermit's cave since Idrys' fall. It was the first time that Idrys had seen him, however, since he had recovered consciousness.

"I warrant you that Hoel has not failed to remind you of our first meeting," said Einion with a smile.

"No, nor of the virtues of St. Winifred's well," replied Idrys.

"Ha, ha, that is a never-failing topic with him. But has he also informed you that he is the king of these forests, and that he and his subjects are a greater terror to these parts than Owen's ravens were to their tormentors?"

Idrys glanced at Hoel and shook his head.

"Then I am glad to be able to impart that bit of gossip to you myself," continued Einion. "Had you ventured to this region on any other errand than that which brought you here you would doubtless have discovered that fact ere this yourself, and to your sorrow. As it is, he is your friend, and as your friend he met your foe, Trahaiarn, at St. Asaph's bridge on the day after your fall, and started that hateful bloodhound on a false scent."

"Good! I hope that the base sycophant followed it to destruc-

tion," vehemently remarked Idrys with a scowl.

"He followed it rather to salvation," said Hoel with a coarse laugh, "for I saw him enter the palace of his righteous lordship the Bishop of St. Asaph."

"You forget, Hoel, that the bishop's palace leads to perdition as well as to salvation," said Einion; "for his reverence has the key to each, and wields the one that suits his humor best. But there is this advantage; his humor is always good, no matter what the weight of one's sin might be, provided the gold placed in his hand be heavier."

"Then pray that your gold may never be lighter than your sins, if you would keep the bishop in good humor, and yourself from your just deserts," remarked Hoel with a chuckle, and a wink at Idrys.

"If my sins were half as heavy as your own," retorted Einion, "I would go and hang myself. But being of saintly habits I have half a mind to go to a monastery."

"Or to a nunnery," suggested Hoel with a mischievous laugh.

"Just now I would much rather have to go to Rhuddlan Castle," said Idrys, "and see if the usurper wields his tongue with more readiness than he did his sword the night of my adventure."

"Fortunately I have already ascertained what you would know," said Einion with mock solemnity; "for being a loyal subject I hastened with sympathy and congratulations as soon as I heard of the attempt upon his life. Nor did I fail to listen most attentively to a detailed account of the crime from his majesty's lips, or to heap invectives on the head of the dastardly fellow who was guilty of such baseness."

Interrupted at this point by an outburst of uproarious laughter, he threw off his mock solemnity and continued in a lighter vein: "By St. Winifred, it would have been highly amusing to you both to watch the face of our illustrious king as he threatened vengeance on the slayer of his head huntsman. Little did the despicable tyrant know that the hand which grasped his own in token of fidelity as I was leaving, was the very hand that had slain both the courtier and the guards."

"By my faith, Einion, you are the most consummate hypocrite that ever trod the earth," ejaculated Hoel.

"And yet he is scarcely a match for the wily son of Llewelyn," said Idrys. "By all the saints, I am half convinced he could on occasion smile the devil into believing him to be a saint."

"And that, I doubt, would be more agreeable to the ambitious Gryffydd than to be sung into perdition by another hypocrite in the guise of a bard," said Einion.

The sound of approaching footsteps was now heard, and the next moment Hoel's lieutenant arrived on the scene. Idrys immediately recognized him as the red-headed, able-bodied individual he had seen at the Red Dragon on Christmas

eve. His appearance now was even more formidable than on that occasion, and declared him the cruel outlaw that he was. Calling his chief aside he said in a deep harsh voice, sufficiently toned down by the desire for secrecy not to be distinctly heard by any except Hoel,

"Well, we have returned without any mishap as usual."

"And as usual loaded down with booty, I hope," was the reply.

"Have you ever known of a hunt in which Iolo Goch did not catch his game?" asked the lieutenant with a frown.

"Ay, by my faith," said Hoel with a tantalizing smile; "that, for instance where Betty Lân gave you a box on the ear instead of the honey of her lips when you attempted to kiss her under the mistletoe."

"Tut, tut, Llewelyn's ghost take you, man! I suppose I shall not hear the last of that for the next twenty years, unless someone present you with a torque of hemp! Do you wish to hear my report?"

"Why, man, have I not been waiting for it till my patience is nearly exhausted? If you dally much longer I will have you strung up to the first tree we come to."

"This torque of gold suits me much better than a torque of hemp just now; though its rightful owner would, no doubt, be only too glad to give me the latter in its stead. Is it not a beauty?"

"Ay, by St. Winifred, and a most royal one! Let me have it. There! how does that look?"

"It now graces the neck of a true chief, though Cadogan of Talacre might not think so. But he ought to be thankful that we did not cut his throat in relieving him of so valuable an ornament."

"He may not fare so well another time. But is that all you have to show for your trouble?"

"No, we left Cadogan poorer by fifty head of cattle, also, and a score of his best horses."

Much pleased with his lieutenant's report Hoel now dismissed the latter, and not long after left the hermit's cave accompanied by Einion Ap Howel. Idrys thus found himself alone, and began to meditate further mischief. His late mishap instead of cooling his ardor made him more anxious than ever to avenge his father's death. But the unsuccesful issue of his first attempt made it necessary for him to adopt a new scheme. He was trying to think what role he should next adopt when the hermit entered the cave.

"What! art thou alone?" said the latter with a look of surprise. "I left Hoel with thee while I paid a short visit to St. Asaph."

"Hoel left a moment ago, doubtless on some pressing matter of business, as Iolo Goch came to consult him about something," was Idrys' prompt reply.

"I cannot blame him for not staying longer," continued the hermit, "for I promised to return much sooner than I did; but I was de-

tained by unforeseen circumstances. Has any one else been here?"

"Ay, Einion Ap Howel came to show me his beaming countenance once more."

"Did he tell you how matters stand at Gryffydd's court? Of course, he is still loyal to the core!"

Idrys answered by repeating what Einion had said, while the hermit listened with due gravity.

"Thou wilt not again return to the king's hall," remarked the recluse when Idrys paused. "Thy narrow escape from the lion's den may be a warning to thee of a worse fate shouldst thou be found there again."

"I was thinking when you entered," rejoined Idrys, "that Gryffydd and I shall meet again; but how and where I have not yet decided. You can aid me in this matter. Before I resume the task I have undertaken, however, I must go home for a few days."

Nothing could have pleased the hermit better than this determination on Idrys' part to make a further attempt on the life of the king. Nor was he less willing to give him the aid of his counsel than of his surgical skill. While Idrys continued to improve in health and strength, therefore, another plot was hatched to the satisfaction of both. And when the would-be regicide at length left the cavern, it was with the conviction that he would soon have an opportunity to execute his plot.

[To be continued.]

A PUZZLING INCIDENT.

By Tom Jeffreys.

In January, 1895, I happened to be in a town in Pennsylvania, one Sunday evening, and having two hours on hand which I did not know how to use, I thought I would visit one of the churches, and not knowing which to go to, I took a stroll down Church St., or at least what should be so denominated, since there were at least half a dozen there all in a bunch. Half way down, I was passing a heavy castellated kind of a building which looked more like an armory or a jail, with a kind of a square hole for an entrance; when spying in, I discovered a fine interior, all lit up in beautiful style! I was at once attracted by the brilliant appearance of things inside, and said I to myself, "I believe I'll enter this sesame."

There was one peculiarity about this church which I noticed as soon as I had entered; there were no ushers, no one to receive strangers or visitors, and no one seemed to care

for anybody. The church was three parts full, and I observed that everyone came in, and went straightway to his or her seat, as if he or she worked automatically. Nobody seemed to know anything about some other body, and once seated each one settled down to a spell of indifference as to all the others. Every one looked towards the pulpit, and the congregation seemed to me, as far as their looks went, like a fan, the handle being where the preacher and choir stood, although their places were yet vacant. In a minute or so, the presiding lady at the organ wriggled herself into the seat, and started a voluntary which was a composition wherein the composer had been trying his hand at using up all the chords possible within the allotted space. These voluntaries are musical grounds for mere harmonization, for devices and fantasies in chord production. I don't know how it got to be named "voluntary," if not on account of its easy-going, go-as-you-please movement. Immediately the members of the choir came in successively, and took their seats, followed from another side entrance by the minister, with a Bible in his right hand which contained his sermon. As soon as he was seated, the choir sang an anthem in a very artless way, not one of them seeming to know or care much about time and tune. The organist played so loud that the choir could not help being fairly in order, although a man who sang soprano was perceptibly out of tune in spite of the violence with which the organist was trying to control him. As soon as the anthem was disposed of, the minister rose up, and read a hymn which the congregation was respectfully requested to sing. Alongside of me was a tall, lean, pious-looking gentleman, who participated heartily in the singing, and sang entirely with the spirit; for we had hardly performed three bars before I was derailed, the old fellow singing a kind of bass of barbarous pitch. It was a blessing to the general singing that his vocal effort was confined to a few surrounding pews, or he otherwise would have caused a musical disaster. I have often boasted that I can accord with almost any kind of a singer, but this old eccentric soloist struck notes which I had never heard before or since, and with the greatest ease and innocence.

After the singing, the preacher read a short chapter, and bowing his head, he prayed mechanically for fully ten or fifteen minutes. When he had been praying a good while, I happened to turn to look at the clock, and I noticed the figure of a woman in the gallery acting in a strange manner. She appeared well-dressed and respectable, and had before her an audience of say 30 or 40. I became at once deeply and curiously interested in her doings, and would look back once and again, although I did not think it advisable to devote all my attention to her antics. Presently, the

preacher ceased praying, and gave out another hymn, which my friend sang again with his usual originality and self-complaisance. During the singing I did not revert my eyes once, although I was sorely tempted.

During the delivery of the sermon —or rather the perusal thereof—I was constrained to turn and look occasionally up the gallery, and every time I would see the strange woman busy with her hands mysteriously gesticulating and manipulating in a way which puzzled me very much. Was she insane? Was she a poor demented neighbor, who was allowed to amuse herself in this strange fashion, as long as she did not disturb the service audibly? The preacher did not seem to notice her! The congregation paid no attention whatever to her strange actions! The upstairs part of the audience was as civil and orderly as could be, and none of them seemed to be amused or to smile at her extraordinary conduct! So I reasoned that she was mad, and devoted my whole time to the sermon.

When the service was over, and when passing out through the door, I happened to recognize a face which I had not seen for some time, and having shaken hands with him I mean with the man, not his face, cordially, and made inquiries about his family, I pulled him one side, and glad of the opportunity of unbosoming my trouble, without risk of blundering, I said in a whisper, "Here! who was that crazy Meg upstairs? " He smiled amusingly and added confidentially:

"Those in the gallery are from the Deaf and Dumb School, and she is their teacher."

The good woman whom I took to be demented was actually translating the service into signs, and was silently praying and preaching, while all was being delivered audibly to the portion of the congregation "who had ears to hear." I learnt a good lesson.

TWO SONGS.

I sang a song for the world to hear,
The world went on with heedless ear;
I sang again for my heart alone,
The world then heard the mighty tone!

Idlewood, Pa. T. C. D.

FIELD OF LETTERS

PRYDDEST FUDDUGOL Eisteddfod Denver, 1896, "Eangder, Dyfnder, Uchelder," by Rev. D. P. Griffiths (Efrog), Binghamton, N. Y.

The poet is supposed to revel in realms outside fact and experience, and if so the muse never had a better opportunity of gratifying its desire to wander. In this subject it had infinitude—all of known and unknowable space to itself, to stray up and down "by space unbounded and undestroyed by time." We believe the subject would have been more neatly expressed by "Eangder," because "Depth and Heighth" are contained in space. This remark is justified by our poet inasmuch as he in each chapter wanders into the same common space. This poem cannot fail to interest those minds who love imaginations of an elevated character. There are many excellent passages in it, and it closes with stanzas which will strike every mind as really of superior merit. Price 50c., to be had of the Author or from Drych Office, Utica, N. Y.

In the "Cerddor" for August, D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac., writes about "Learning Sacred Songs on Sunday," and has some practical suggestions. Then follows "Hints to Singers," by D. Emlyn Evans. In the "Sundries" we find good and badly needed remarks on the growing fad among the Welsh of singing sacred and lugubrious music in weddings, such as "O, rest in the Lord," &c. It would be hard to discover what originates such a fantastic notion. A wedding is certainly not a funeral service. "Joseph Hughes, the Child Harpist," is an interesting memoir, and revives the story of a musical genius.

It is certainly a sign of moral corruption when the distinction between sacred and secular things is ignored. It points towards a sad deterioration of spiritual taste, and its victims should await with anxiety and awe the inevitable results. One of the most conspicuous social facts of the day is a desire to clothe immorality with the garb of sanctity. This accounts for our sacred concerts, and the other sacred amusements with which the utterly worldly wish to replace religious services and means of spiritual culture. Soon we will have Sacred Base Ball Games, Sacred Theatrical Performances, and Sacred Drinking Bouts, &c., &c. This new-fangled sanctity is merely means to elude and dodge the moral law.

"Tyst Dirwestol" is devoted to the cause of temperance, total abstinence and prohibition. The contents are as follows for August: "Temperance," by Canon W. Williams, B. D., Carmarthen; "Foreign Tales and Parables," by Emrys ap Iwan; "Why I am a Total Abstainer," by Dr. J. J. Ridge; "Monthly Notes," by Plenydd; "Total Abstinence and Hard Work," by Charles Wakely; "A Warning to Parents," &c., &c.

The August number of "Dysgedydd" contains the paper read from the Chair of the Welsh Congregational Union at Memorial Hall, London, recently, entitled "Our Denomination in the Light of Evolution;" "Along the Shores of

the Mediterranean," by Prof. E. Anwyl, M. A., Aberystwyth; Sunday School Lessons; Reviews, Denominational Hints, Reports, &c.

"The ancient walls of the city are rapidly crumbling, and Wales now-a-days is awaking from a deep sleep of ages, and she is henceforth to face ideas and thoughts which have hitherto been strange and foreign to her. We find English, German and American literature scattered and thrust on the attention of all; new opinions and practices presenting themselves to our young thinkers. Education, elementary and advanced, is fast creating a New Wales, when our young men and women will be different to what they used to be; and we already behold a revolution coming, when solid and substantial things alone will be left."—Dysgedydd.

"The Living Age" has lately printed, in its issue for August 6, an article on Social Conditions in America, translated from the leading Italian review, Nuova Antologia. The writer, G. M. Flamingo, shows a wider knowledge and a better discrimination than most foreigners treating this subject, and his views are cordial and sympathetic.

"Down Dewey's Way," a new song by J. Courier Morris and J. W. Parson Price is already becoming popular in many places on sea and land. It is sung by crews in the navy, and is played by several bands—Fancuilli's Marine and Military Bands. The melody is simple, but bright and sparkling, the chorus rousing, and the pianoforte accompaniment brilliant and inspiring from the first measures, foretelling the fine effect of the last lines of the chorus—

"For Yankee guns have taught the Dons,
They have no right Down Dewey's Way."

It is easily learnt, and effective when sung or played.

Mr. J. W. Parson Price who wrote the music stands high as composer and instructor. We should be greatly pleased to hear of the success of this song in which J. Courier Morris and J. W. Parson Price collaborated, and we trust "Down Dewey's Way" will have a good sale.

Dr. Moritz Busch, who has been sometimes described as Bismarck's Boswell, and who enjoyed terms of special intimacy with the great Chancellor, is the author of an important paper on Bismarck and William I., which will be published entire in "The Living Age" of September 3. It was written with a view to publication after Bismarck's death, and it contains so much that was communicated to the author by Bismarck himself that it is almost autobiographic.

The "Cronicl" as usual has an excellent variety of papers, articles, and skits on different subjects of passing interest. "Denominational Notes," by Kenion; "Story of the Month;" Variety Column," Obituaries, &c.

Under the heading "The Pulpit and War," the "Cronicl" discusses the question as to whether war is justifiable, but it does it in a shy and half-hearted manner. War is certainly terrible and destructive, but it is evident as long as there is a nation like Spain on the face of the earth, war will be a necessity. Such pride and arrogance, such cruelty as Spain has practiced for ages, and is disposed to practice as long as she is possessed and moved by her spirit of ignorance and arrogance, can only be crushed, and its victims saved, by violence; and we can assert this without fear of contradiction that America with a three months' war has taught Spain a lesson which three hundred years of moral suasion could not have accom-

plished. Spain is a criminal of the worst type, and war is the only means that can be made effectual to correct her. We would not parley with a murderer or a wild beast, why with Spain? Peace with Spain could not be justified!

The contents of "Cwrs y Byd" for August are as follows: William Jones (Asaph Gwent)—a sketch of his life with portrait; A sermon by a layman; Incidents in the Life of Thomas Rees, Shoemaker, Llandysul; The Course and Order of Things, by the Editor; Correspondence, Poetry, &c. Even the poems are selected to serve the aim and purpose of this Monthly.

Considerable attention is directed now-a-days to our Colleges; and, very probable, a change of some kind will come over them before long. We often profess how we would love to draw the religious world closer together, suggesting at the same breath that ignorant people are those who make the most of their differences; and yet we do all to keep up our denominational colleges, with the sole purpose of perpetuating sectarianism. When the churches will have seen the value of knowledge in preaching the gospel, they will think less of sectarianism, and one College or University will serve for all.—"Cwrs y Byd."

English book-readers are willing to read stories about Wales, but they don't want to have to swallow Welsh words with their English. Writing of "Torn Sails," the latest story from the pen of the author of "The Welsh Singer," the "Weekly Sun" says:—"This is an idyll of Welsh village life, and bids fair to establish for the Principality a school of "cwrt" novelists, before whom they they of the kailyard will have to pale their ineffectual fires. The story, for the perusal of which a glossary is strongly recommended, has for its central scene a sailmaking establishment, and is chiefly concerned with four characters. There are two women, one of whom marries the wrong man, while the other does not marry the right one; and two men, one of whom marries the wrong woman, who ought to have been married to the other. They are all properly high-minded, and indulge in no love-making beyond repeated "Nos da's," "da iawn's," and "bach's," with frequent interpellations of the Welsh, which is not in the least necessary to give local color to a story that certainly has some merits. Indeed, it is necessary to enter a decided protest against the indiscriminate way in which the words of a strange tongue are dragged into a novel presumably intended for English readers. If this book is intended for the Principality only, it might be all in Welsh, and the Saxon could read it in a translation; as it is it is neither the one thing nor the other. Allen Raine has not improved on his [her] "Welsh Singer," and we are inclined to think that this is an earlier and more amateurish work which is offered to the public under the shelter of a pronounced success.

The third number of Mr. Beriah Evans' autobiography of "Dafydd Dafis" is issued from the Wrexham Press, and like its predecessors, contains several pungent and laughable cartoons. The frontispiece represents Hwfa Mon and Morien engaged in a scramble for the Archdruidship in the presence of the luminaries of the Gorsedd, with Lord Tredegar keeping back the seer of Treforest at the point of the sword. Apart from its humor this group is remarkable for the excellence of its portraits, and so also are the other sketches, one of which shows the member for East Glamorgan as the "New Schoolmaster" cajoling the "truants" Messrs. Bryn Roberts and D. A. Thomas, M. P., back to "the class."

SCIENTIFIC

A new aluminum alloy, called vestadium, is credited with remarkable properties. It is claimed to weigh only a third as much as aluminum of the bulk, and to be the strongest of the light metals, and the most readily used. It is, moreover, rustless, resists sulphuric acid, takes a fine polish, never tarnishes, and requires no cleaning.

A hybrid between wheat and rye, produced some years ago by Dr. Rimpau, and since improved by Herr Behrens by repeated selection, now appears like remarkably fine wheat, the grain as well as the ears being much more like wheat than rye. It is not yet known whether it has the desired hardiness of rye, so that it can be grown where wheat does not flourish.

The lack of inventors in lands of constant sunshine doubtless accounts for the small use that has been made of the vast supply of sun-heated energy. An Italian oven, which is simply a mirror-lined wooden box, at the bottom of which is a small copper boiler receiving the rays concentrated by the mirrors, a glass cover serves to retain the heat in the boiler. With this apparatus any kind of food can be quickly boiled, stewed or baked, and any degree of heat desired may be reached by making the box of suitable size.

ABOUT HAIRS.

A writer in an English weekly journal, as quoted in "The Medical Record," "says that it is a curious fact that red-haired people are far less apt to go bald than those with other colored hair. The average crop on the head of a red-haired person is only 29,200 hairs. Ordinary dark hair is far finer, and over three dark hairs take up the space of one red one; 105,000 are about the average. But fair-haired people are still better off; 140,000 to 160,000 are quite common number of hairs on the scalp of a fair-haired man or woman. A curious calculation has been made, to the effect that the hairs on the head of a fair-haired person, if they could be plaited together, would sustain a weight of something like eighty tons, equaling that of five hundred people."

IT IS THE SHOCK.

"The hardest work a gunner is called upon to do," says "Popular Science News," "is to stand the tremendous shock. The forces exerted by the gases in expanding seem to radiate in all directions from the cannon, as ripples are caused by dropping a pebble in a pool of still water. As a matter of fact, it has been discovered that these lines of forces are exceedingly complicated affairs, and play very queer pranks about the cannon. As a result few people know just which is the safest or the most dangerous position for a gunner to take beside his gun. In the case of the great 13-inch guns on our monitors, a position back of the gun is much easier than one nearer the muzzle."

WHITES AND BLACKS.

Of late we find that the mortuary reports of some of our cities are of marked interest. In March, 1898, the death-rates for whites in Baltimore was 1 to 852; for negroes, 1 to 385. In Nashville, for the month of March the death-rate for whites was 1 to 855; for negroes, 1 to 480. Statistics of other cities with a large colored population show

similar results. It is a question whether, notwithstanding all the efforts which are being made to improve the condition of the colored race by education and facilities for remunerative labor, the colored race, as a race in the United States, is doomed, by the working of a natural law, to such a diminution of its number that, like the North American Indians, in time only a vestige will be left.

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ART IN SPAIN.

Genius alone will never make a great painter. Ask the masters of to-day, men who in the next century will be regarded as geniuses, to what they attribute their success and they will tell you as they said to me, "work! hard work—a supreme effort to overcome all obstacles."

But the young men in Spain are not constructed on such principles. They spend the greater part of their time at the wine table, and then complain of tne many obstacles in their pathway to recognition.

Their art schools, where a good foundation for drawing should be laid, are far inferior to those of France, Germany or America.

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RUBBER FROM CORN.

Samples of the new rubber substitute made from corn are being shown on the market, says "The Railway and Engineering Review," Chicago. It is made from the oil derived from corn, and by vulcanizing in connection with an equal quantity of crude india-rubber, a substitute is produced which, for certain purposes, is equal to the best gum rubber at a greatly lessened cost. The new corn rubber is claimed to possess all the essential qualities of Para rubber, including resiliency. The manufacturers claim that the fact that corn oil does not oxidise readily makes this product of great value, since it is not affected by oxidization so that products manufactured from it will always remain pliable and not crack as those made from other substitutes. This substitute for rubber is very dark brown or black, and it easily rubs off in light-brown rolls.

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A WONDERFUL NEST.

In the natural history museum at Soleure, in Switzerland, may be seen a bird's nest made wholly of steel wire, says "Cosmos." There is at Soleure a considerable number of watchmakers, and in their yards are pieces of cast-off or broken watch-springs. This debris a bird thought proper to use for the construction of its nest. One day a watchmaker observed in a tree in his yard a very queer-looking nest. He examined it closely, and saw that it had been made entirely out of watch-springs. It was more than a decimeter (2-5 inch) wide, and was perfectly adapted to its object. When the brood had been raised the nest was taken down and given to the museum, where it is a striking example of the adaptiveness of birds in taking advantage of circumstances in building their nests. "Cosmos" has already described crows' nests built with telegraph wire, and others near factories, made with pieces of iron taken from the work-rooms.—Translated for "The Literary Digest."

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EMPLOYMENT FOR NEGROES.

In the present crisis, when the question of protection to the islands we are setting free from a despotism which has shown no improvement since the Middle Ages is troubling the minds of our statesmen, may not the solution be found in the adaptability of the negro for active service in the tropical regions of the West Indies and the Philippines as a soldier? There are now in this

country nine millions of colored people, and in our army five thousand negro troops, who have shown their bravery in Indian wars, and who are immune to yellow fever. There are no braver men than trained negroes, and under white officers, whom they are accustomed to respect, none who would do better work in the tropical regions which are coming under our control. Why not increase the five thousand to twenty thousand, and with them garrison our new possessions?—Medical Times.

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CORSETS IN RUSSIA.

Bogoljewow, the newly appointed Russian minister of public instruction, has begun the duties of his office by issuing a drastic order to the effect that corsets must not be worn by young women attending high schools, universities, and music and art schools; they are to be encouraged to wear the national costume. The minister says that he has spent much time in visiting girls' schools, and has made the discovery that the corset as an article of dress is distinctly prejudicial to the health and physical development of the wearers.

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MANUFACTURED IVORY.

A clever imitation of ivory is extensively manufactured from the fruit of a palm-like shrub called Phytelephas macrocarpa, says "The Engineer" (London). This fruit grows to about the size of an apple, and has a very hard, white kernel. Worked in the lathe, this ivory can be passed off as the genuine article, the resemblance being so great that it is sold at the same price. It can also be covered just like genuine ivory. To M. Pasquier, of Liege, is due a practical method of distinguishing the two varieties of ivory. It is the following: Concentrated sulphuric acid applied to vegetable ivory will cause a pink coloring to appear in about ten to twelve minutes, which can be removed by washing with water. Applied on genuine ivory, this acid does not affect it in any manner.

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PAPER FLOORS.

Paper floors are increasing in popularity, which is readily explained by the many advantages they possess over wooden flooring. An important advantage consists in the absence of joints, whereby accumulations of dust, vermin, and fungi dangerous to health are done away with. The new paper floors are bad conductors of heat and sound, and, in spite of their hardness, have a linoleum-like soft feel to the foot. The cost is considerably lower than that of floors made of hard wood. The paper mass receives a small addition of cement as binder, and is shipped in bags in powder form. The mass is stirred into a stiff paste spread out on the floor, pressed down by means of rollers, and painted with oakwood, nutwood, or mahogany color after drying.

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ACETYLENE A CURE FOR CANCER.

The latest development of the use of acetylene is on the medical side. It has been employed in the treatment of the terrible disease known as cancer, and, it is said, with results which have not only been highly satisfactory so far, but which almost seem to indicate that an actual cure for the complaint has been discovered. The importance of this cannot be overestimated. There appears at least to be no doubt that acetylene is the most efficient agent against cancer known at present. The method of its application is perfectly simple. The cancerous surface is coated with carbide of calcium and then moistened all over with water.

The Church of England is now divided into three parts—Protestant, Catholic, and Father Ignatius.

The craze for substituting pedantic Welsh place-names for established English names is of long standing. "Capel y Ceugant Iuddewig" was the Welsh name given to the old Welsh chapel at Jewin Crescent, London.

There are in the parish of Ffestiniog no fewer than 37 places of worship, with only 22 public houses. The latter are in a proportion of one for every 650 of the population.

It is pleasing to hear that Welsh flannel is being made of a finer texture. Though matchless for wear, the old style shirting in Wales is a survival of the hair shirt of the ancient monks, and to wear it for a week is quite as much penance as to walk with peas in one's boots.

The "Musical Times" for August is falling foul of some of the Eisteddfod events at Festiniog. In speaking of the sight-singing contest it says that, in spite of the tonic sol-fa, the attempts were so ludicrous that the singers themselves ran off the stage laughing at themselves.

Orchestral music as an accompaniment to choral or congregational singing is rapidly gaining favor in Nonconformist chapels in Llanelly. Four or five chapels in the town now have orchestras of their own, the latest choir to acquire this addition to its instrumental music being that of Lloyd Street Welsh Congregational Chapel.

It is interesting to note that the High School for Welsh Girls at Ashford, Middlesex, maintained by the Honorable Society of Ancient Britons, is second not only in England but in the British Empire in the number of those who have matriculated at the University of London during the past 12 months.

Phrases have played a big part in the Welsh coal strike. "Plenary powers" may be said to be responsible for about ten weeks of it, and now "minimum and maximum" are wearing an ominous look. "Mr Chairman," called out a delegate at the last conference, "will you please explain to us the difference between this minimum and monument?"

How difficult it is to keep the balance of power among the Welsh denominations! "I know the Welsh by this time," says an editor of an English Nonconformist paper. "I have done more for the Welsh denominations than any other English editor, but every week I receive complaints of partiality. I am so used to it now that it has ceased to trouble me." "Who shall be greatest?"

One who has experience of both the English and Welsh coalfields says that the English miners' leaders are a finer and abler set of men than the Welsh

leaders, but that the Welsh colliers, as a class, are more intelligent, and better dressed, and more reverent than the English miners. As an illustration of the Welsh colliers' reverence for holy things, he says they swear less on Sunday than on other days.

As all the world knoweth, the Hirlas is a drinking horn, and every bard is bound by the laws of Bardism to partake of its contents. When the next Gorsedd is held in Cardiff the horn will be handed round to the bardic fraternity filled with mead. It will be interesting to watch how teetotal bards like Mr. Lewis Williams will square their conscience with their patriotism on that occasion.

The anti-Ritualism campaign in North Wales will serve to draw attention to the growth in Welsh clerical circles of what may be called "Catholic" ideas, and a decided taste for ritual. Though overwhelmingly evangelical as compared with England, in Wales Eucharistic vestments are now in use in 47 churches, incense in seven, altar lights in about 100, the mixed chalice in 41, and the eastward position in about 200.

Festiniog has notched a record in making a profit of £500 on the National Eisteddfod. It is a bit soon, perhaps, to speak of this sum as the actual profit, as the expenses have a knack of creeping up long after the Eisteddfod has ceased to be, but it seems pretty certain that Festiniog will come out well on the right side, thus sharing with Llanelly in the honor of being able to turn the mammoth Eisteddfod into a financial result. It is right to add, however, that, while the expenses at Festiniog were only £2,000, at Llanelly they were more than twice that sum.

Many years ago a stranger entered a farmhouse in Gelligaer, Glamorgan. He was most hospitably welcomed, and in a short time the board was laden with good things. But when he sat down to them, what was his surprise to find his farmer host taking down a harp and commence to play with exquisite skill some of the melodies of ancient Wales. The guest went away no little pleased at such unusual entertainment—such a feast for both mind and body. The farmer harpists of Gelligaer were at one time numerous. Mr. Davies, of Cefn Issa, who died suddenly some little time back, was the last of the kind.

The division of the prize in the Chief Choral Competition at the National Eisteddfod this year may not improbably have the same effect on the Cardiff Eisteddfod, as the ancient rivalry between the celebrated Llanelly and Dowlais Choirs had upon other eisteddfodau in the past—that is an increased competition in the Chief Choral contest. Neither Carnarvon nor Builth is satisfied with the divided honors, and mutual challenges to meet and fight it out again at Cardiff have already passed between the two gladiators. For the Chief Choral Competition at Cardiff next year three historical choirs are already practically assured, while Holyhead can hardly be expected to give up so easily the palm of victory to its old rival at Carnarvon.

It is related that a Welshman living in Birkenhead, feeling dissatisfied with the state of his health, resolved to consult a Liverpool specialist. "You must dispense with all kinds of intoxicants," remarked the physician. "I have never tasted any," exclaimed the patient, with much surprise. "In any event you must eschew the use of tobacco in every form," ventured the medico, whereupon the astonished patient assured his

friend that he had never indulged in that habit also. "By the way," proceeded the doctor, "What religion do you profess?" "I have been a life-long ——," was the patient's answer. "Oh," replied the doctor; "that explains the irritant in your blood." Now, which denomination did he name?

The distant prospect from the site of the Eisteddfod pavilion at Festiniog is unsurpassingly grand. Hills and mountains rise in range after range as far as the eye can reach. In all directions one sees but summit beyond summit bidding the horizon to grace their brows with its halo. Now giant peaks clad with a quavering, diaphanous, steel-blue haze close the view to mortal ken; and anon a thin, white mist veils these lofty heights and makes them yield to more lowly rivals. It is a supurb picture of the uplands of Meirion; and dull indeed would he be of soul who could pass by a scene so touching in its majesty. To give it life, the moving shadow of passing clouds marches like mighty hosts along the slopes from range to range. Seen in the infinite variety of their beauty, the sublime and rugged grandeur of these hills cannot fail to impress the mind and penetrate the soul.

The watering-places along the West Coast of Wales feel the effect of the coal strike very keenly. Aberystwyth, Aberayron, New Quay, and other such favorite summer resorts, which are liberally patronized every year by South Walians, already lack a feature which has a considerable charm and attraction for the Saxon visitant. During their annual respite from labor at the seaside these hardworn sons of toil are wont to fill the evening air with the sweet and melancholy strains of their native melodies. Year after year the music of the happy and good-natured colliers delights the ears and gladdens the hearts of thousands of strangers. This year, again, there is al fresco music in abundance, but it has a sadder note. The singers, alas, do not feel themselves unconfined and free, for they now sing for dear bread, and not from buoyancy of spirits.

Dr. Zimmer criticises us as freely as he praises. In theology, he says, Welsh thinkers of the orthodox school are able to hold their own, but as a rule those who can produce good work do so in English, because the circle of readers is larger. Welsh criticism he regards as weak, for the Cymro has no judgment; but he mentions Dr. Lewis Edwards, Mr. J. Morris Jones, and Mr. Chas. Ashton as striking exceptions. The bardic poems, again, are "worthless," though the professor admits that the writers are doubtless better employed in fabricating them than if they were at the beerhouse. Wales, however, is rich in hymns and lyrical poetry, in fact Dr Zimmer thinks that the lyrics of the last 150 years alone repay the trouble of learning Welsh. Next in importance come novels, such as those of Daniel Owen, whose ripest work was not "Rhys Lewis," but "Gwen Tomos." As a depicter of character he ranks Owen as the equal of Dickens. The professor afterwards discusses the Cymru Fydd movement, and other phases of Welsh nationalism. The second lecture of the series will deal with the Irish movement, and in the third Dr. Zimmer will say something about Welsh education.

Llandovery is one of those few Welsh place-names whose derivation is not a hopeless nut to crack. Stretched out to its full length, the word would be Llan-am-ddyfri, which, being interpreted, means the llan (church) situated in the midst of waters or streams, a derivation which fairly hits the situation. Llandovery has loomed large in

the history of Welsh literature and Welsh learning for some centuries. There Vicar Prichard sang and preached. In his time Llandovery had more lawyers and publicans than saints, and in one song he invokes the town to repent of its sins. At Llandovery also, Mr. William Rees set up his printing press, from which issued some of the best specimens of the printers' art that have ever appeared in this or any other country. Lastly, Llandovery was the home of the "Haul" for many years, and in the immediate neighborhood lived "Brutus," the Addison of Welsh literature.

There was at Merthyr Tydfil in pre-Reformation days a house of the Cistercians or White Friars. Its site is now occupied by a smithy, which bears even now the proud title of "The Friars' Forge." Opposite stands a dismal alley called the Isle of Wight. Why this group of squalid dwellings should be so named, except it be on the lucus a non lucendo principle, is a thing which puzzles most people. Very probably the true explanation is to be found in the supposition that here stood the estate or patrimony of the Friars. It should not be forgotten that in days gone by the Welsh word ynys, or island, was applied not only to land surrounded by water, but also to monastic patrimonies, enclosed and separated from the outside world as they were. So the Merthyr Isle of Wight is simply folk-etymology for the Isle (or patrimony) of the White (Friars).

Never was a town gifted with such a variety of names as that of Abertawe, in Glamorganshire. In a poem written by Lewys Glyn Cothi, in the fifteenth century, it is called Caer-wyr, the meaning of which is the Fortress of Gowerland. Mr. Dillwyn, in his contributions towards a History of Swansea, gives 11 specimens of the variety in which the name of Swansea has been spelt from 1188 to 1738, when, on the 3rd December of that year it was spelt in the form it is now written for the first time. In addition to the instances given by Mr. Dillwyn, it is also spelt in another form in the "Charter of Creation" granted by King John, a copy of which is in the Charter Rolls, and therein it is written "Swaynelhe." Again, the derivation given by different authorities to the English name is as varied as the way in which it is spelt. Camden observes that it arose "from the number of porpoises then frequenting the bay, as if Swein or Swine Sea." Dr. John Jones, in his "History of Wales," says that it was derived from the Welsh Morganwg, which signifies "the White Sea, personified, and is correctly expressed in the word Swansea." Another authority will have it that its derivation is from Sweyne, a Danish pirate who infested these coasts, and Eye, an inlet—Sweyne's inlet—as the early mode of writing the word clearly proves. But this argument might be used for Camden's theory, and the true meaning must remain a mystery.

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THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD.

The event which possibly attracted the greatest attention at the Eisteddfod was the great choral competition, and this took place in the course of the afternoon. Owing to the interest that has always been centered in the contest, and the large following which each of the choirs draw to the Eisteddfod, some doubt is thrown upon the wisdom displayed by the executive in altering the date from towards the end to the first day of the gathering. Whether the alteration has been justified remains to be seen; at any rate, the attendance while the competition was going on was extremely large and gratifying, and the utmost enthusiasm was displayed by the vast concourse of spec-

tators. The competition was open to the world, and four choirs ranging in numbers from 120 to 150, the prize being £150. Five choirs entered, but only four put in an appearance, namely, Holyhead Harmonic Society, Builth Choral Society, Carnarvon Choral Society, and Builth and District Harmonic Society. The duties of adjudicating were undertaken by Mr. Joseph Bennett, Dr. Joseph Parry, and Dr. Roland Rogers. The members of the Builth Choral Society were the first to take the platform, and the precision with which they rose sent a thrill of admiration through the audience, and from this point they, if the term may be pardoned, never looked back. They first gave Spohr's work, which was marked throughout by wonderful precision, and was given with considerable degree of dramatic expression. Both in this and the other pieces the enunciation was perfect, the volume of tone good, and the party finely balanced. The Builth and District Harmonic Society came next, and early gave evidence of their inability to reach the standard set them by their confreres from the same locality, want of attack, and absence of coloring being strongly marked points which went against them in their performance. The Holyhead Harmonic Society, on the other hand, ran the Builth Choral very closely, and left the issue as to what the adjudicators' decision would be in considerable doubt. In every respect the society's performance was a most admirable one. The Carnarvon Choral Society were the last to face the audience, and their appearance was the signal for a loud outburst of applause, as an indication apparently of the expectation that they would carry off the coveted award.

THE DECISION.

Mr. Bennett's friends in England some times asked him why he went once or twice a year to the mountains of Wales to hear music. He, they said, was familiar with the best singing in Germany, France, and Italy, to say nothing of England and London, and he replied, "This is a matter that I won't discuss with you, but if you will come into Wales with me I will pay expenses; you will come back knowing perfectly well why I go." (Applause). He should say to them, if they again spoke to him on the matter, that his last journey to Wales brought him into contact with two choirs which sang, to his mind, most magnificently, and sang two pieces in the most perfect, delicate, refined and exquisite manner. There was not a flaw, and his colleagues agreed with him that the singing of those two pieces was as perfect as anything he ever heard done by the once famous choir in London, called after the name of Henry Leslie. That choir was remarkable for its perfect finish and delicacy in everything they undertook in the way of madrigals, part songs, and similar pieces. He should be able to tell his London friends that Henry Leslie in all his glory never exceeded what had been done there that day. (Applause). He asked them to believe that that was no flattery; he was in the habit of speaking his mind, as some of them knew. (Laughter and applause). There was another choir which also sang two pieces with enormous energy, strength, determination, and grip, so that they had in one choir all the delicacy of a Damascus blade; in the other all the strength and the energy of a Nasmyth hammer, so that the two covered the whole ground. (Applause). Dr. Parry followed with an elaborate criticism on the performances, and concluded with the announcement that the adjudicators had decided, owing to the remarkable excellence of the singing, to divide the prize between the Builth Choral and Carnarvon Choral Societies.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

The death is announced of the Rev. Thomas Hughes, the well-known Welsh Calvinistic Methodist minister, late of Machynlleth, which took place lately, in his 96th year, at Bod Ivor, Holyhead, the residence of his daughter. Mr. Hughes, who was the oldest minister in the Principality, had been preaching for 77 years. A native of Trawsfynydd, Merionethshire, he began life as a schoolmaster, and at the request of the late Rev. Richard Jones, of Wern, he undertook the charge of a day school at Festiniog, where he remained until he commenced preaching. In the year 1823 he left Festiniog, having been accepted as a candidate for the ministry, and settled at Llanelltyd, near Dolgelly, and two years later he removed to Machynlleth. It was as "Thomas Hughes, Machynlleth," that he became known to the churches of the Calvinistic Methodists throughout the Principality. In the earlier years of his ministry he was one of the popular preachers of Wales, and his services were in great demand at the associations and special meetings of his connexion. He was a very good poet, and was known in bardic circles as "Glan Pherath." The published volume of his poetry entitled "Y Garnedd Arian" shows that he was one of the masters of the Welsh Cynganeddion, and also an able writer of blank verse. In the year 1837 he published a work which had a large sale, viz., his Life of the Rev. George Whitefield. He was a frequent contributor to the Welsh press, and in recent years he wrote several chapters of reminiscences.

Morgan Rees Williams (Alaw Brycheiniog), who died June 8, at Cefn Coed, near Merthyr Tydvil, S. W., was born in 1844, at a small cottage near Cwm Capel, Penrhiw, of which there is now no trace. His education, meagre at its best, was like many another's, who remembers Cefn about fifty years ago, when no advantages were to be had for young children. When about six years of age he was sent to a school kept by one Nancy Havard, under whose training he remained for about a year. At seven years of age he was removed to a school of higher fame kept by Mr. William Protheroe, or better known locally as "Bili Morgan Prydderch;" and at eight he was sent to the school of the Rev. Owen Evans, the Unitarian minister. He remained in the latter school a year, and was obliged to commence working when only nine years of age. From a boy Alaw was musically inclined, though all the help he ever received in his career was three months' tuition by the late "Ieuan Gwyllt," when that most accomplished musician was minister of Caepantywyll Chapel. Alaw's great sacrifices on behalf of the youth of Cefn and vicinity have been most unselfish, and never sufficiently recognized. It is no exaggeration to say that the present generation of musicians there owe their training to the painstaking and stintless efforts of Alaw, and nearly all such training was the work of love. He was a voluminous writer, some of his compositions having become very popular, and his anthems are used in all the chief musical festivals throughout the length and breadth of Wales. He was a brother of Index.

The many admirers of Mr. Ffrangcon Davies will regret to learn that he has

decided to take up his residence in Berlin, where he will devote himself to Bayreuth performances.

An Irishman who has just settled down in Cardiff has written home to say the Welsh are very queer people. "Most of them,' he says, "have two surnames and no Christian name, and some of them, like Jimmy Michael, have two Christian names and no surname."

According to the "Cerddor," the late Mr. Brinley Richards used to be called "Nationality Richards," owing to the frequent use the zealous old musician made of the word "national." Everything was "national" with him, and he spoke of "national music," "national instrument," "national anthem," and so on. People with nationality on the brain are still alive among us. At any rate, they often employ the word in a very idiotic fashion.

One of the most humorous addresses delivered at the Gorsedd of the Bards at Festiniog in the late Eisteddfod, was the speech of Mr. Isaac Foulkes (Llyfrbryf), the editor of the Cymro, of Liverpool. He appeared to have much influence over the goat within the mystic circle. The sagacious beast slept while other speakers addressed the assembly, but it stood up and looked attentively in Llyfrbryf's face during his genial observations.

During the next fortnight a book that should prove interesting to all Welshmen will be out of the press. It is called "Welsh Characteristics," and for its contents several authors—six in all—are responsible, viz., Mr. Wallis Jones, of the University College, Aberystwyth; Mr. Edwards-Tirebuck, who has written the preface; the Rev. J. Bowen Jones, Brecon; the Rev. T. Lloyd Jones, Pencader; Mr. T. A. Levi, barrister-at-law; and Mr. Bodvan Anwyl, of Chester.

Preaching the Gospel must be a lucrative business in London. Last week several lots of property were sold in Carmarthenshire, and among the buyers was the Rev. J. Morgan Gibbon, of London, who paid £5,010 for a farm. Now that the reverend gentleman is a landlord it may be that his views on Christian Socialism may have to undergo some modification.

Publicans are a long-lived race in the parish of Eglwys Ilan, midway between Llanishen and Caerphilly. On the way by which thou goest over the mountain there is a small straw-thatched "public" where mine host has turned the tap for over forty-five years, and is still as cheerful as his own beer. He succeeded his father, his grandfather, and great-grandfather in the post of Boniface, and, probably, the links run up to Noah. It is supposed that the builders of Caerphilly Castle got their "cwrw cwplau" at this establishment.

Even Mr. Labouchere blesses the appointment of Mr. Bebb to Lampeter. Thus:—"The election of the Rev. Llewelyn Bebb to the principalship of Lampeter College will meet with general approval. He has been most popular and successful at Oxford, and he is in every respect a strong man, and endowed with remarkable powers of organization. Mr. Bebb has been conspicuously successful at Oxford in training students for the Church of England. He is a fine scholar and a learned theologian, besides being an ecclesiastic of decidedly progressive views."

Mr. D. A. Jones, who took the prize at the Festiniog Eisteddfod for the best Flora of any county in Wales, is headmaster of the board schools at Harlech. Mr. Jones selected his native county of

Merioneth, and his list of the plants of that rich and varied district is the best on record. He is an enthusiastic and laborious botanist, his forte being classification. Last year he was elected a Fellow of the Linnean Society, at the special recommendation of Professor Farmer, of South Kensington. Mr. Jones is an authority on the flora of the Welsh mountains.

Mr. Hugh Price Hughes's grandmother was the daughter of a Jewish banker at Haverfordwest, and she had two sisters. One of them married David Charles, of Carmarthen, and thus became the grandmother of the late David Charles Davies, the principal of Trevecca, and moderator of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists. The other married a Plunket, and became the grandmother of the late Lord Plunket, the Primate of the Irish Protestant Church. A curious history—the heads of three great religious bodies to be descended from these Jewish sisters!

In the course of an address from the Logan Stone, the Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D. (Cynonfardd), who arrived from America lately, in order to preside at the Eisteddfod meetings, said that he appeared there with a brotherly greeting from the Welsh people of the Far West, whose love of their native land and language was undying though estranged for both. He maintained that in order to be a patriot a man need not remain in his native country, nor need he even adhere to his language, if there were unsurmountable obstacles in the way of his doing so, but it was certainly desirable that every Welshman while retaining knowledge of his own tongue should not neglect the cultivation of other languages.

Dr. Marcus Dods, in acknowledging the vote of thanks addressed to him for his recent address at the Theological College, Bala spoke of the benefits derived from the Welsh Church by them in Scotland. This church had given them the inestimable services of Dr. Edwards, the principal of the college, who was an exegete of the first order, and had at one bound taken his place in the front rank among exegetes in this country and in Germany. He then referred to their having secured a Welshman (Dr. Henry Jones) as successor to Dr. Caird in the philosophy class at Glasgow, and a man who rivals his predecessor in all those things that made him successful.

Canon Silvan Evans, the celebrated Welsh lexicographer, is now a very old man, over 80 years of age, and the work of compiling the new Welsh Dictionary is of so large and detailed a character that it is hardly to be hoped that he will see its complexion. He realizes this fact quite as clearly as his friends, and has made provision accordingly. To a large extent the task of classification is now performed by the Chancellor's son, Mr. J. H. Silvan Evans, M. A., under his father's supervision, so that, if the veteran scholar should be compelled to relinquish his enterprise, it will be carried on upon the same lines.

It is said that what "Mabon" sang to charm the Austrians and stimulate the French and Belgian delegates to give freely was "Clychau Aberdyfi":—

"Os wyt ti'n fy ngharu i,
Fel 'rwyf fi'n dy garu di;
Dyro un, dau, tri, pedwar, pump, neu chwech,
Meddai glowyr glewion Cymru."

Or, "If you love me as I love thee, give one, two, three, four five, or six, says the heroic Welsh collier." The result was 600 florins!

Mabon should have prepared a revised version of the song for Austria, something after this fashion:

Os y'ch chwi'n ein caru ni,
Fel ry'm ni'n eich caru chwi,
Rhowch un, dwy, tair, pedair mil,
Ebe glowyr glewion Cymru.

Mabon will think of this at the next foreign convention.

This year's chaired bard, Mr. R. O. Hughes ("Elfyn"), is one of the few laymen who have won the chair of the National Eisteddfod. It is twelve years since another layman gained the like distinction, the last being Mr. R. Davies ("Tafolog"), who was "chaired" at Carnarvon for his ode on "Hope." The Rev. R. Gwylfa Roberts, of Portdinorwic, the crowned poet of this year's National Eisteddfod, is a native of Penmaenmawr, and ten years ago he worked as a quarryman on the Penmaen Mountain. He has had a successful career. About three years ago he was ordained to the Congregational ministry at Portdinorwic, as successor to the well-known "Griffiths, Bethel." He has won about half a dozen provincial eisteddfodic chairs, but the winning of the crown was his first victory at the National Eisteddfod. About two years ago he published a volume of his poems, under the title of "Drain Gwynion," which has had a large sale.

This is the true story of how Dr. John Rhys first came noticeably before the public. It was at a Calvinistic Methodist monthly meeting held at Ponterwyd. A monthly meeting in those days was on the scale of a small cymanfa, and a large crowd had gathered around the high, spacious chapel. In the graveyard behind the chapel was a tall ladder, with its head resting near the door of an attic, leading up almost to the roof of the chapel. The assembly around the chapel became horror-struck at seeing a small boy riding astraddle the gable, evidently bent on riding so the whole length of the chapel. Happily, he alone was unconscious of the danger of his position, and after awhile the bold "horseman" rode backwards towards the ladder, and descended safely and highly proud of his feat. The feat became a great tradition among the boys of the village, and John Rhys has been riding astraddle the temple of fame ever since.

An amusing story is told in the "Hub" of how Professor Herkomer was judged by a Welsh journalist. It will be remembered that rumors were circulated some little time ago as to a serious cycling accident which had befallen the eminent artist in Wales. As a matter of fact, it was the bicycle, and not its rider, which got slightly injured in the escapade. Meanwhile a Conway reporter had wired a magnificently terrible account all over the country, with the result that Professor Herkomer was deluged with letters and telegrams, and, relating these facts, the artist said:—"I never rested until I cornered the reporter, and, would you believe it? when I asked him why he had not taken the trouble to inquire fuller particulars, he retorted, "It would have been too late." Naturally, I pitched into him, whereupon he plaintively shook his head at me, and said, "Ah! I see you have not the soul of a journalist!"

The appearance in the Church Times of an article in praise of Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror, has induced Mr. Howard Evans, of the Liberation Society, to remind that High Church organ of what type of Churchman Griffith Jones was. Referring to the prosecution of Jones, he says that among the charges brought against him were that his parents were Nonconformists, that he had never been rightly reconciled to the Established Church, that he had distributed 24,000 copies of Matthew Henry's Catechism, that nine-tenths of his communicants were Dissenters, and would attend only his church, that all

the teachers in his schools were Dissenters, and that he explained away the precious doctrine of baptismal regeneration. "By all means," says Mr. Evans, "let us do honor to the memory of such a broad-minded Churchman as Griffith Jones, of Llanddowror."

Thirty years ago no one was better known in North Wales than "Morgans Bach y Dyffryn." He was in great demand in Calvinistic pulpits. It was he who collected a vast amount as a sustentation fund for Bala College, where his portrait has just been unveiled amidst much eclat. His son, the Rev. R. H. Morgan, delivered an address on the occasion. His father's Welsh Bible, he said, was much thumbed from Genesis to Revelation. He never cared much for Augustine's "Confessions" nor the "De Institutione" and similar works; but he more than once mentioned the keen zest with which he had devoured in an incredibly short time "The Arabian Nights," "Don Quixote," "Gulliver's Travels,' and "Robinson Crusoe." During his last illness Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer" was read to him, and the humor of which he thoroughly enjoyed. Although deeper works were also read and digested, the above proves that heavy preachers are not above light literature.

It has long been a complaint among the ever-increasing English wing of the Calvinistic Methodist denomination that there is not obtainable a full and comprehensive history of the rise and progress of Welsh Methodism. The sketch published years ago by the Rev. W. Williams, of Swansea, excellent though it be as a handbook, merely skims the surface, as it were, and beyond this very little has been attempted. It is now announced that an English version is to be prepared of the voluminous "History of the Methodist Fathers," published by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones, Cardiff, and Mr. W. Morgan, J. P., Pant. The translation has been undertaken by the Rev. D. M. Phillips, of Tylorstown, and his work will be published in serial form in the Forward Movement Herald.

Of the Welsh Nonconformists, the Methodists now lead the way in the number of degree-men, but when the late Dr. Lewis Edwards received his M. A. degree he became an object of great curiosity to many members of the Corff. At a Cardiganshire Cymanfa an old deacon insisted upon sleeping in the same room as Mr. Edwards, as he 'wanted to see how an M. A. slept, and great was his disappointment to find that he slept like any other mortal. The Corff had hardly become accustomed to the M. A. when the late Dr. Harris Jones, of Trevecca, returned from Germany, and fixed his residence in Cardiff, flourishing a Ph. D., in addition to his Glasgow M. A. He was simply lionized through the Principality. But that Ph. D. was a greater puzzle to the deacons than the M. A. One announced the doctor to preach as "John Harris Jones and Phylip Dafydd;" another said, "Mr. John Harris Jones will preach here next Sunday. He is a wonderfully great man. He is an M. A. of Glasgow and Ph. D. of Gehenna." For some reasons, the degree of D. D. has not excited great curiosity, except in one case, when, through a mistake in the address, it went to the wrong man and stayed there.

Original and Selected Miscellany:

ONLY ONE MORE OF THEM.

Here is the latest small boy story, told at a dinner the other night. The new rector gazes mildly at the small boy in the Sunday school and says, "My dear little fellow, have you read the 'Thirty-nine Articles?'" "No," rejoined the small boy, "but I've read the 'Forty Thieves.'"—London Figaro.

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Dooley, the Irish photographer of Chicago, says: "Ye can't make a Cuban undherstand that freedom means th' same thing as a pinitinchry sintince. Whin we thry to get him to wurruck he'll say: 'Why shud I? I haven't committed anny crime.' That's goin' to be th' trouble. Th' first thing we know we'll have another war in Cuba whin we begin disthributin' good jobs, 12 hours a day, wan sivinty-five. Th' Cubians ain't civilized in our way. I sometimes think I've got a touch iv Cubian blood in me own veins."

HUMORS OF SCHOOL EXAMINATIONS.

It appears that in an elementary examination in English which was lately held in a school near New York two sentences were given out to be corrected by the younger scholars. The first sentence was to be corrected as to its subject matter, and the second sentence as to its syntax. These were the sentences:

"The hen has three legs."

"Who done it?"

When the papers were handed in it was found that one of the examinees had apparently regarded the sentence as subtly connected in thought, for his answer was as follows:

"The hen didn't done it; God done it."

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GLADSTONE AND THE FRENCH.

Harold Frederic cables that "the story that almost the last intelligible words spoken by the dying Gladstone were in their own language moved Frenchmen deeply, and this sensitive vibrant race has at the close of this week put aside its grievances, and almost yielded to the impulse of sympathy and respect for the land of Gladstone's birth." That a few words spoken by a dying man should thus stem the current of national hatred and vituperation is a striking illustration of Gladstone's power over men—but then, that nation is the "sensitive and vibrant" French.

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FISH THAT WEAR CLOTHES.

The ocean contains several fish which clothe and adorn themselves. The most conspicuous of them is the antennarius, a small fish frequenting the Sargossa sea, which literally clothes itself with seaweed, fastening the pieces together with sticky, gelatinous strings, and then, as it were, holding the garment on with its fore fins.

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COMPETITION.

Down in Oklahoma there is a town where two rival bakers offer special inducements to attract custom. When

Schmidt offers a cut in prices, Dupont outdoes him the matter of accommodation. One day the French baker had this sign painted on the side of his house—"Seven loaves for twenty-five shillings." The German could not furnish more loaves for that sum without inviting bankruptcy to the feast, so he appealed to the public in another way, by putting in his window this startling notice—"On Saturdays customers' own vitals will be cooked."

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THE SPANISH LANGUAGE.

Habla V. Espanol? Perhaps not. It is a very pretty tongue, however. There is Latin in it of course. Then there are Punic, Gothic and Arabic. In these elements reside its construction and its history. Spain means "hidden." A long time ago the Carthaginians discovered the country. When the Romans discovered it, too, they threw a toga over it. The Visigoths stuck their gutturals there. The Moors brought their filigrees and arabesques. Latin was beaten in with the hilt of the sword, Gothic with a trowel, and Arabic with a scimiter. From those three assaults the Spanish of to-day is the result.—Edgar Saltus.

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DIET OF THE ARTIST AND LITERARY MAN.

The learned German physiologist Moleschott said in reference to the diet of the artist and litterateur: "Well baked bread and lean meat, combined with young vegetables and such roots as are easy to digestion, and contain a considerable proportion of sugar, form a wholesome diet for thinkers and poets. A large quantity of leguminous seeds, heavy bread, rich pastry and greasy meat create those irritable, morose, and almost always slender statesmen who have permitted melancholy thoughts and gloomy imaginations to eclipse all happier views of life in them, so that they have come to consider rods and fetters as the most important promoters and protectors of civilization. A large body and fleshy face may be suitable for monks and gluttons longing for repose, but are not adapted for men of intellect. Abundance of fat in the blood of the brain paralyzes thought and hangs lead upon the wings of the imagination."—Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette.

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DO AS OTHERS DO.

The native servants in Hawaii are prone to address their mistresses as they hear other members of the household address them, not infrequently calling them by their first names. An English woman determined on her arrival in Honolulu that her servants should never call her Mary, and instructed them carefully in the presence of her husband. One day, when she had visitors, her cook put his head in at the drawing-room door and politely inquired: "What vegetables for dinner to-day, my love?" He had heard her called that, and seemed proud of remembering not to say Mary.

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"BULLY" FIGHTERS.

If the Spaniards could kill as many American soldiers as they can Spanish bulls, the peace protocol might read the other way. In the bull fights of Spain there are over 4,000 bulls killed yearly. In all the larger towns there are bull fights nearly all the year round. From one to ten bulls are killed in each of them, and a bull generally kills from one to six horses. A Madrileno writes to the New York Evening Post that he has counted 325 notices of bull fights in papers of one date at Madrid. In small towns and country districts there

are bull fights, in the corrals of which no statements are made, and these run into many hundreds. The daily papers throughout Spain always contain from a half a column to several columns of bull fight news.

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A GOOD TIMEPIECE.

This information comes from a man in Davenport: "Seven years ago I left my vest, containing a gold watch, hanging on a fence while mowing the back yard. A young pet calf wandered up and proceeded to eat the vest and swallow the watch. I gave up the watch for lost, of course, and gave it no further thought. A short time ago the calf, which had become full grown, was slaughtered for beef. The watch was found in such a position between the lungs that the respiration of the lungs closing and filling had kept the stem winder wound up, and the watch had only lost about seven minutes during the seven years." The man in Davenport rivals Herodotus, the inventor of the ring and fish story.

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STILL REMAINS.

A young lady stopping temporarily with a German family has been made to feel occasionally the pro-Spanish tendencies of some of the people. One evening at dinner a young Teuton, pointing to his glass of beer, attracted the attention of the company present by airily remarking to our representative:

"See this glass of beer; the dark brown represents Spain, solid and substantial, while the froth represents the United States."

"Yes," was the quiet reply, "but I notice the United States is on top."

To cover his confusion the young man quickly drank his beer only to be further laughed at by the statement, "and after drinking the United States still remains."

THEY ALL HELP.

As Twm o'r Nant, the Welsh wit, was returning home from work, he met the Vicar, who asked him what he thought of the sectarians then beginning to molest the church.

"I have no opinion," says Twm.

"Yes, you have," added the Vicar; "a man like you must have something to say about everything."

"Well, I tell you," says Twm, "the Wesleyans gather them to the fold, the Baptists wash them, the Calvinists pick them, and the Church fleeces them."

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HOW IT'S DONE.

Rev. Sam Small makes many picturesque observations. "When the devil wants to do some work in high society," he says, "he dresses up like the biggest dude you ever saw, and puts on a tall collar that looks like a whitewashed fence around the fair grounds. When he gets at the farmers he rigs out like an old hayseed, tells that it is time a new party was started, and then they, with a few other flat-headed fools, combine to capture the government. The day after election they want to know where the man who fooled them is, but he ain't around. Talk about besetting sins—bosh! It's we who beset the sins, not the sins us. You never saw a bottle of whisky or a keg of beer chasing any man around the town; but you've seen lots of men chasing them."

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A QUEER USE FOR TOBACCO SMOKE.

Dromedaries are said to be particularly fond of tobacco smoke, and can be made to do almost anything while under its influence. Travelers, it is asserted, rely more on tobacco smoke for their control over these huge beasts than anything else. When traveling on

long journeys the dromedaries are in many cases required to travel night and day without rest, and they are kept up to their tasks by smoking cigars. The driver carries a triangular piece of wood, which is pierced at one point like a cigar-holder. This is inserted in the mouth of the animal, the cigar being lit and pressed into the hole. The dromedary closes its eyes and puffs away through its nostrils until the cigar is burned away. The indulgence appears to refresh it, and the keeper has no difficulty in persuading the animal to plod on without further rest.

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A MEXICAN SUNDAY.

As an illustration of how the people of our neighboring republic have been influenced by this Spanish institution we have an account of the manner in which Easter Sunday was celebrated in the City of Mexico. Five thousand of the people desecrated that holy day by witnessing a cruel and bloody fight between African lions and a Mexico bull. The first lion to encounter the bovine was a particularly savage beast that a short time before had killed his trainer. With a view of increasing his ferocity and thus insuring a savage fight for the enjoyment of the spectators, the lion had been deprived of food for a week, but the fierce and maddened bull made short work of the half-starved brute. The toro's victory pleased the audience, and vent was given to howls of delight. Another lion was let loose in the arena, and again the bull advanced to the charge. This time the fight was a savage one. The bull was severely wounded, but its fierceness and strength enabled it to triumph over the king of the African desert. "The lion was gored unmercifully and taken from the ring in a dying condition," say the dispatches.

THE WELSHMAN'S PEDIGREE BOOK.

Every Taffy is descended originally from the Welsh Kings, and in the Welshman's pedigree book occurs the following:—About this time was the flood, and this book was compiled some time about that period. When the water covered the earth a Welshman was cruising in a small boat on board of which he of course carried with him his pedigree book, his precious document. He met Noah in his ark, and hailing the latter and claiming relationship requested him to remember the fact, and on that account to take him in. But Noah declined, and after a long parley the Welshman disputed with Noah's obtuseness of the claims of kindred, and his insensibility to the honor of connection with a Tudor, and said, "If you won't save me and take me on board, take my pedigree!" To which Noah consented and opened the window for its reception. Taffy threw in his pedigree and sailed away in his boat, and this is how the book was saved from being destroyed by the flood.

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Have the restorers of the Gorsedd and other bardic paraphernalia, overlooked this item in the report of the Conway Eisteddfod of 1861? "Gwilym Cowlyd" was installed in the bardic chair, but the chair used on the occasion was "one which had been given to the Bards of Britain by Queen Elizabeth, and had been kindly lent to the committee by Lady Mostyn, whose property it now is." How is it that this piece of common bardic property is not a perennial fixture of the National Eisteddfod, instead of newly-varnished things of egregious modernity?

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THE GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

By Prof. W. W. Davies, Ph. D. (Halle).

Italy had its great schools of Salerno, Bologna and Naples; France its Sorbonne; and England its Oxford, centuries before the first German university was founded. These however were not universities in the proper sense of the word. Salerno, which was established in the eleventh century, taught nothing but medicine; the school of Bologna, founded a hundred years later, with its 20,000 students, devoted its entire energy to the study of ecclesiastical law; while Paris with its 30,000 students, paid little attention to anything except theology.

Germany had a few unimportant universities before the time of Luther; among them may be mentioned, Prague, founded in 1348; Heidelberg 1386, Leipzig 1409, and Tuebingen 1477. None of these, however, had reached great eminence before the Reformation. But since Luther's great work began they have been steadily growing, so that at present they may be said to be unsurpassed. They are the pride and glory of the Fatherland, exerting a wonderful influence not upon Germany alone, but directly and indirectly upon the whole civilized world. Many of the leading educators in every land have been trained in these universities. Hundreds of young people from all parts of Europe and America have been, and are still enrolled among their students, which is a sufficient proof of their superiority. "The resort to a German university," says Sir William Hamilton, "has in general been always mainly dependent on its comparative excellence." American colleges are especially indebted to the German Universities. The works of celebrated German professors find a ready place in all our libraries, both public and private. Our text-books, in almost every department, acknowledge their dependence upon German help; justifying a remark of Prof. Gildersleeve of Johns Hop-

kins, who says: "Just now all that is expected of the average classic philologian is a meek reproduction of foreign wisdom." This is also true of other departments, especially of philosophy and theology; most all our heresy trials of late years result from the importation of the theories and dogmas of the rationalistic and destructive critics of Germany.

A German university differs much from an American college. Perhaps one of the greatest dangers of the latter in our time is the desire to ape the methods in vogue at the former. The Germans have carried the lecture system too far, and have made too little of the recitation. This however, is being gradually corrected, for of late years, there are some professors who compel the student to recite much as in the colleges of this country. I noticed this change in Halle and Berlin two years ago.

The German university has four faculties or departments: Theology, Law, Medicine and Philosophy. Under philosophy are classified all subjects which do not properly and strictly belong to one of the first three. Consequently the majority of students at a German university are preparing for some one of the learned professions. The American college, on the other hand, is a high-grade preparatory school for general culture. Thus it becomes evident that the requirements for admission are much higher than those in the best American colleges. What Madame de Stael said, nearly a hundred years ago, is almost as true now as then: "Education in the German universities commences where it ends in the universities of other nations." German students are admitted only after having passed the vigorous final examination of a gymnasium, which is both oral and written, lasting about six days, and covering the entire work done at the gymnasium. One day is set apart for the composition of two essays, one in German, the other in Latin. Both must be written without grammar, lexicon, or any books of reference. The requirements in Greek and Latin are not as high in these latter days as they used to be. Even the dissertations are now, at least many of them, written in German, English, or some other modern language, and the disputations for the final degree are held in German instead of Latin. According to Matthew Arnold, the certificate received at the final gymnasial examination corresponds to the English degree of B. A. Prof. Doellinger of Bonn, said in his address, "Sonst und Ietzt," that the American colleges occupy a midway position between the German gymnasium and the philosophical faculty of a German university. In certain lines, as in Greek and Latin, the American college graduate does not compare favorably with the graduate of a German gymnasium.

A boy, in order to enter a German

gymnasium, or a first class Real Schule, must be at least nine or ten years of age, "must be able to read correctly, write a tolerable good hand, write from dictation without gross mistakes in spelling, must have some knowledge of arithmetic, and be somewhat drilled in the doctrines of religion." The course in the gymnasium is nine years. There are six classes. One year is spent in each of the first, and two years in each of the last. The discipline in the gymnasium is very rigid, and heavy work is required of every pupil.

Once matriculated in the university, the student is a free man. In the gymnasium every study is compulsory, in the university all is elective; in the former he must attend every recitation, or account for his absence; in the latter he may do just as he pleases; in the former he must submit to periodical examination, in the latter he may dispense with all examinations. But, of course, graduation without one final examination—lasting about three hours, and purely oral—is impossible. This untrammelled freedom to study what and when one pleases, how and when one desires, is regarded by learned men as the secret of German scholarship. As there is absolutely no supervision, he may either profit by the instruction of the most eminent men in the world, or he may waste his days in idleness and riotous living. Yet with all this liberty, and the temptation to indolence, a worthless student is the exception. Two things make such freedom possible in Germany: 1. No trifler can ever hope to complete the rigid course at the gymnasium or Real-Schule, and pass the final examination which opens for him the doors of the university. These worthless fellows are disposed of before reaching the university. 2. Should a trifler succeed in some way to enter the university, it would be almost an impossibility for such a person to be graduated; then again, when we remember that none but graduates can enter any of the learned professions, or even secure a good position in the service of the government, we see that a German student is after all almost compelled to study.

The courses of study are both numerous and varied. Instruction is given in almost every department of learning. The professors are always graduates of both gymnasium and the university, always specialists, though as a rule, not narrow nor one-sided. Most all of them reach their positions gradually, after ample proof of their fitness, thus they are fully equipped for the work they have elected to accomplish. A German professor is never expected, much less required to teach anything outside his special line of work. Though the number of students at some of the universities is very large, yet they average less than twenty to each professor or instructor. In the summer semester of 1896 there were at the University of Berlin 5,368 matriculated students, and 3,835 more allowed on

certain conditions to attend lectures; the total number of teachers of all grades was 377. The students were distributed as follows: Theology, 486; Law, 1,812; Medicine, 1,258, and Philosophy 5,368; unclassified or visitors, 3,835. Leipzig had 212 professors, and 3,157 students, and Munich 177 professors, with 3,736 students. Halle comes next, having 136 professors, and 1,567 students. In the number of theological students Halle comes next to Berlin, and has 437.

There are three grades of professors in the German universities: Ordinary or regular, Extraordinary or adjunct or assistant, and Private Docents or tutors.

Of late years most all the German universities have had their doors about half open to women. This is especially true of the larger ones, which are supposed to be more liberal and cosmopolitan. It depends almost entirely upon the individual professor whether or not women may sign for his lectures. Without his consent ladies cannot attend.

The cost of living in a German university corresponds very nearly with the expenses in this country. One can live more cheaply at the Berlin University than at Harvard or Yale, as cheaply at Goettingen or Halle as at the Ohio Wesleyan or Hamilton College. The cost may be still less at Tuebingen or Jena, making it possible for one to pay all expenses and live well on less than $250 a year.

IN SORROW.

By T. Chalmers Davis.

His heart was filled with grief and woe,
A grief so great no one could know;
But as upon his way he went
Beneath a brother's load he bent.

He soothed a wound and spoke a word
That God and all the angels heard,
And lo, there stole into his breast
Sweet Heaven's calm eternal rest.

IN THE FAR NORTH GOLD COUNTRY.

Arthur E. Seymour.

IN the many articles which have been published in the daily papers of conditions on the Yukon, and generally in the gold fields of the far Northwestern territory, there is so much lack of explicitness—of the detailed actualities of existence there—that the following paper prepared from notes taken by Arthur E. Seymour of Utica, N. Y., during his recent tour of the gold territory must be of interest and have some value.

Mr. Seymour was in the Klondike region when gold seeking was at its hurly-burly, and he used a naturally keen faculty of observation to excellent advantage.

At the beginning of his visit he discovered what should have been expected—in the fact that the government attaches, when the richness of the land became known, used their official advantage for their personal benefit. Even the mounted police of the region secured leaves of absence and conducted their friends to the most likely territory, thus securing what seemed rich claims before the average miner new to the territory, its laws and its customs, could turn himself about and determine what to do. While this may have been an annoyance and an injury to the prospectors who went to the Klondike in the first wild rush of gold seeking, it can have been but a minor vexation after all, and of but small weight when considered in comparison with the vaster field which has since been covered. Besides, the fields of the future lie well within American territory, and will be under our own jurisdiction. Not only is it thought that there is more gold on the American side than there is on the Canadian territory, but our mining regulations offer the greater opportunities to the adventurous spirits who face the inevitable discomforts, and accept the risks to life which the career involves. Thus while in the Klondike region within British lines the prospector can stake out but four claims, on American ground he can stake out as many claims as he pleases, provided each claim is on a different creek, or river, or so that it admits of others taking claims between his. A purely antimonopolistic regulation is this recognized American mining law. Then again, under British law the claimant must spend three months on each claim to make his title valid, while under the American provision from 10 to 30 days on each claim is sufficient. The

Crown reservation of alternate claims is another regulation which hampers work in Dominion territory, so that even if we had less gold on our land it would probably be more profitable to seek it there than to look for a trifle higher percentage over the line where the conditions are more onerous and costly. But there is every reason to believe that Alaskan ground is auriferous to a higher degree than the Canadian land, and all the indications point to a diversion of development next year to American territory and a comparative neglect of the beds on the Canadian side of the line. The Crown fee of $16 a year for each claim, the $10 a year license for each miner, the ten per cent. of gold taken out as a reserve for the Crown all operate against any further rush to Canadian territory. It is so much simpler for miners, under the American system, to elect a recorder of deeds, pay him from $2.50 to $5.00 for each claim staked, and then take the gold out and keep it, that even if our own country were poorer in the metal, which it certainly is not, the absence of high-priced red tape would make it more inviting as long as it was known there was any gold there at all.

With plenty of opportunities for informing himself thoroughly, it is Mr. Seymour's opinion that all the gold that has come out of Alaska and the Northwest territory thus far has been from about 100 worked claims. Thousands of claims have been staked out, but those only were worked which the miners found to be the richest, and from which they could most readily take enough to pay the heavy expenses, and that, too, in the legal time required to hold the claim. This done, the policy has been to lay idle and wait for the capitalist to come along, buy an interest, and develop the property. That the capitalist does appear and that money is always waiting to be invested in good claims is matter of common observation. To make an authentic estimate of the gold mined in the Northwest territory is a difficult matter, but Mr. Seymour had the advantage of an acquaintance with the toll agent of the territory, who collected the ten per cent. claimed for the Crown. Up to June 18 and 19 of the current year he had collected between $400,000 and $450,000. Allowing for one half the gold taken out escaping this toll, and this is admitted to be a fair estimate, the output would be about ten million dollars for the season of 1897, then closing. It is apparent that the drift of gold seekers now will be toward American territory, where gold and provisions are more easily obtainable, and where there is less tariff. Dawson City is no longer a popular point with people bent northward, nor will it be a profitable place to which to journey. Within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles every claim is taken now. In fact, early last spring there was a stampede from Dawson City down the Yukon to Eagle City. The lat-

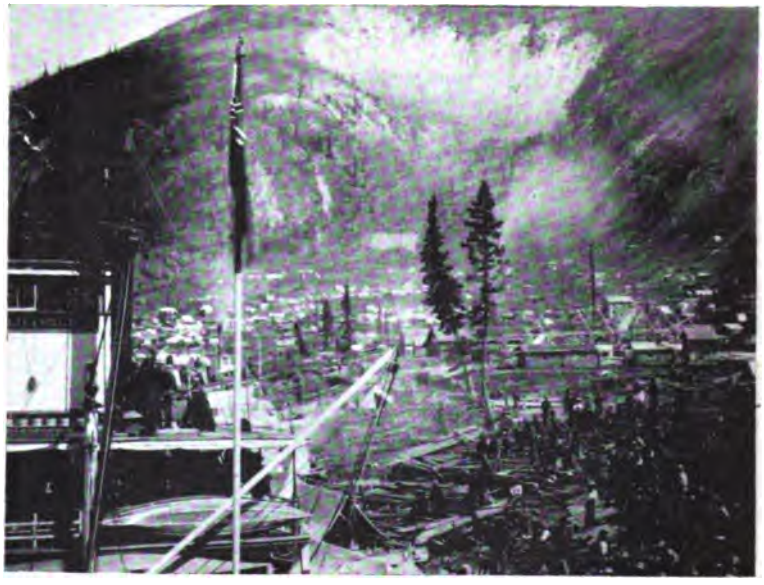
ter was a new camp, which on June 15 last consisted of two tents and a cabin, but this winter there will be between four and six thousand miners there. Eagle City is at the mouth of Seventy Mile river, which, with all its tributaries, has proved rich ground for the gold hunter. In this region a prospector can in from two to three weeks stake out from nine to twelve eligible claims, and on his arrival back at camp sell a half interest in his property for from $3000 to $5000. The interests disposed of in this way are "sold blind" —that is neither party knowing their actual or approximate value. The buyers are those who have either arrived too late to prospect, or who are disinclined to face the risks and hardships of the stampedes which occur when new territory is reported as being "rich."

Circle City, Alaska, is another point toward which travel will trend again without doubt. It was a successful mining center, the largest log cabin city in the world, when the first reports from the Klondike sent people rushing over to Canadian soil. The mining camp proper is eighty miles back from the town, and some of the section is made up of summer diggings. The results there range from $12 to $20 per man per day, and labor has been very scarce. On June 17 of this year, an offer was made to the entire passenger list of the steamer on which Mr. Seymour was journeying, to take the 150 men on board and pay them $10 a day and board. The people owning the claims were ready to take a thousand men at the same rates, and guarantee them four months of steady work. Circle City during the coming winter will have a population of at least 5,000 men.

The first war news being read from the top of the A. C. Company's unfinished provision store in Dawson City.

Here are located the United States offices dealing with the mining interests. United States Commissioner Crane, of Chicago; United States Marshal Dunn, and Collector of Internal Revenue Smith are at Circle City, and very popular men these are with all in the northern region.

A new camp on American territory, and one to which much of the next migration will trend is Rampart City, more commonly and properly known by its native name of Manook. Mr. Seymour was a member of one of the three expeditions frozen in the ice 125 miles below Manook in September of '97. The expeditions left their boats and pushed on to the new camp. Rumors of its richness had reached them, but the fact was better than the report, and the land seemed lined with gold. The "wash up" was one-third better than the prospecting had indicated. Nothing to speak of was taken out until January 15 of this year, and the "clean up" of four claims, Nos. 6, 7, 8 and 9, on Little Manook creek, was between $125,000 and $140,000; and to this must be added the benefit to the miners of their sale of half interests. In this camp are many prominent personages who have invited the vicissitudes of mining life in the wilds of the Northwest. Here is ex-Governor McGraw of the State of Washington, now a wealthy man, thanks to his good fortune on Little Manook. Here is General Carr of Seattle, equally fortunate in the same locality. Here is Captain Mayo, the



Northern view of the eastern half of Dawson City, showing in the foreground the river boat Hamilton, Captain Hill of Seattle.

French Gulch Bench Claims. The most valuable Bench claims in the Klondike District.

oldest pioneer in Alaska, and the best liked American in the whole Northwest. Captain Mayo has the provision and supply stores at Rampart City, and has interests in claims all over the gold bearing region. Here, too, is Frank Canton, the United States Marshal in charge of the district. Canton's name has not been heard much lately at home, but he it was who brought to bay, and also to justice, the famous, or infamous, Dalton gang of stage and bank robbers a few years ago. On May 1 of this year a new strike was made near Rampart City. It is known as Idaho bar, and is an old river bed gravel lead near the top of the mountain. It developed $2.80 to the pan. It is far from water, but notwithstanding this it will be well worked during the coming winter. Then Rampart City, instead of its population of last winter of about 1,000 souls, will have from 8,000 to 10,000 miners, and its name will be known the wide world over.

It is to the Koyukuk river, however, that all the people in the Northwest are looking now for marvelous developments, and to that section will be the grand rush during the coming winter and next spring. The Koyukuk river lies to the northward, and runs parallel with the Yukon, emptying into the Yukon just above Nulato. The Koyukuk is easily navigable up to Arctic City, but beyond that a boat must not draw over 18 inches of water. Tramway bar and the north fork of the Koyukuk is where the natives, with the most primitive means and in native indolent fashion have been getting out from $900 to $1,200 each in a short summer stay, and it is with this gold so obtained that they have been coming in to the posts to buy lead for shot and guns for shooting it.

One hundred and fifty miles below Rampart City is what is known as the Gold Mountain district, where two coal mines were opened last winter by the party sent by R. B. Taylor of the Corn Exchange Bank of Chicago. These mines will pay by-and-by, but it will be when labor is cheaper. The gold prospect in the Taylor or Gold Mountain District has proven well worth working, and hydraulic plants are to be sent to work the claims.

In going into Alaska the inexperienced are liable to make so many mistakes that it is worth while drawing on Mr. Seymour's notes for information on this point. It is safe, he says, to pattern after the natives generally. These jog along 35 to 40 miles a day over the snow trail, carrying loads, without apparent inconvenience, but their life is decidedly systematic. They do not dress heavily for such a climate, and they eat regularly, cooking all their food thoroughly. Furs are not an essential, nor even a desirable part of Alaskan dress. Extra heavy underwear, woolen socks and German hand-knit stockings over them, blanket-lined overalls, a chest protector, a sweater, a drill garment made by the natives, and covering

head and body to the knees, this garment being called the parkie, two pairs of heavy mittens, and a native cap, fit one for work or travel. Sleeping bags are not suited to our people, and woolen or flannel blankets are preferred both for warmth and for the facility with which they may be wrapped and carried.

In the matter of food it is found to be advisable to carry more delicacies and fewer staples than the adventurers of last year took with them. Bacon, flour, hams and food of that character can be had at nearly every store and cabin in Alaska. Mr. Seymour took to Manook a thousand pounds of flour, on which he paid a freightage of ten cents a pound, and at Manook he found that he could buy flour for precisely what it cost him to get his in. In other words, he lost the cost price of his flour by taking it with him. He advises people to take with them plenty of condensed milk, tongue, pickles, potted chicken, jams, jellies, chocolate, cocoa, sardines, and odds and ends of that kind which go to make life bearable, and to give change of diet in sickness or in health.

As to climate, the winters, of which so much that is dreadful has been written, are less to be dreaded than the summers. A temperature of 70 or 80 degrees below zero there is less felt than a temperature of 10 degrees below zero in a damp coast climate here. Avoidance of alcoholic stimulants and excess in smoking is essential to health, and these two points observed, there is little to fear from cold. But in spring and summer, when the mosquitoes come, danger and discomfort appear. With the first thaw the moss is carried into the streams, and the water is polluted. There is a source of danger. In early May the first mosquito appears, later on a smaller one, and by the beginning of June a huge fly pervades everything. These are bad, but with July the grand army

Alaskan dog team, fully equipped for stampede. "Temperature 48° below zero."

of mosquitoes advance and occupy all the air. Ordinary netting is no bar to them. One must be supplied with cheese-cloth or bob-netting for protection. Men have been seen groping about for hours in blindness from mosquito bites, and strong miners have sat down and cried with pain under their stings. The natives take heroic measures against the pests, and fire the woods on the mountains to drive them off. Vast areas of fine timber have been thus destroyed.

It might readily be imagined that in such a country there was little religion; but it is really the reverse. There is plenty of it, and it is of a practical kind too. Sunday observance is of the strictest character, and neither gambling nor drinking is tolerated. In Dawson City Gold Commissioner Faucett for the Crown leads the Church of England service. At Fort Yukon, Rev. Mr. Hoxey, a Church of England clergyman, looks after the people. At Circle City, Rev. Mr. Prevoost, Episcopalian, cares for souls, and he also visits Rampart City to reinforce Captain Mayo, who is an ardent Episcopalian. The Russian Catholics are looked after by Father Kortablkitska, at the Russian Mission Station of Alaska. The Roman Catholics have Father Barnum and a band of sisters, located at Holy Cross Mission Station, Alaska. All of the missionaries have a wonderful control over the natives.

The ailments which affect people in Alaska are dyspepsia, scurvy, typhoid fever, pneumonia and Bright's disease of the kidneys. Nearly invariably these attack the men who do not cook their food properly, and who are careless in their mode of life. For any disease in Alaska the natives have one remedy, and it seems to be as efficacious with our people as with them. They take the top branches of the spruce tree chop them fine, and boil them until the liquor is a dark brown color. When this is cool they drink it freely, and it must be said for the medicine that it works wonders. Scurvy especially flies before it as before a magician's wand. And, after all, it is nothing new, for the Russian army has long used it, according to the Encyclopedia Brittanica. This same treatment also effects a positive cure for kidney trouble where the pain is so great in one's back as to cause total disability. The spruce can be found in the States in marshy localities, the same as in Alaska, and looks not unlike the tamarack.

The man going to Alaska should first know that he is young enough and strong enough to withstand hardship, courageous enough to face danger, and proof against homesickness. He must be sound of wind and limb, and possessed of cool judgment. He should know how to cook, and he must be willing to work and work hard. But no white woman should go. Certainly not an unmarried woman. Practically there is no inducement for them to go, and the surroundings they find there are far from congenial to feminine delicacy.

PILLS AND POWDERS.

Rev. D. E. Richards, M. D., Slatington, Pa.

To rightly interpret and correctly understand what Solomon meant when he said, "There is no new thing under the sun," one is oftentimes at a loss to know. For, in this day of superabundant creative geniuses and prolific inventions, not a week, if a day, passes without the appearance of apparently new things.

Some years since, a medical practitioner in Western Pennsylvania, evidently thinking himself superior to Solomon, introduced what he was pleased to term a "New Gospel of Life," the true science of living, &c., adding chaos to the already excessively perplexed rational beings who are encumbered with stomachs. The doctor's theory is that we do not need any food in the morning until we have been up and around several hours, and become really hungry. In other words, that we do not need breakfast at all, and hence, must go without it; yes, literally skip the morning meal, and do away with that bill of fare, bother, trouble and all connected with it.

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With this, the same as with every new fandangle thing introduced, it is taken up by that gullible portion of the race who embrace everything as it comes along simply because it bears the apparent stamp of the so-called new thing. Nevertheless, it must be admitted, that many who have adopted this new plan say they feel so well, enjoy the two meals—luncheon and dinner—more than they ever did; but, whether this is a belief originating from enthusiasm over a new thing, or a fact experimentally proved by an earnest desire to secure that which is best for mankind, is a question yet to be answered.

However, this can readily be acknowledged, the plan is an economical one, and simplifies household matters to a high degree of satisfaction to the mistress and cook believers in it. It is said of one radical reformer for this new regime that he has become so imbued with the idea that it is the only true hygienic way to live, that his family have the greatest difficulty to convince him it is still quite virtuous to eat breakfast if they wish to.

* * * * *

To introduce this new cult, and bring it to a practical working point in any household infringes greatly upon its hitherto systematic mode of living, and consequently requires an additional fund of patience and of the spirit of sacrifice. For, it would amount to a miracle almost to have both father and mother adopt the same idea regarding it simultaneously, while Mr. Big Brother would

doubtless be willing to try it if he did not have to start to business so early in the morning; however, coffee and rolls are about all he wants under the circumstances. Miss Sweet-and-twenty of course is different, somehow, she has never cared much for her breakfast, and if there is so much virtue in this new thing as its disciples claim for it, she will try it.

While Master Hungry Boy, ruminating over the fact that breakfast will soon be a thing of the past, sulks, and wants more to eat than ever, and is determined to make practical use of the opportunity while he has it. It does seem to me, that in order to be able to bid good-bye to this old-time, gray-haired, honored and hitherto seemingly indispensable institution, in a gentlemanly and heroic manner, one should have some kind, yes, a huge kind of compensation, the forthcoming of which the writer cannot at present spy anywhere on the horizon.

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The vast majority of people, it is true, are much more in danger of over-eating than they are in eating too little. The system also, in a remarkably short period, will accommodate itself to the habit of eating two, three, or more meals daily, providing they are taken with regularity, and if eating between meals is scrupulously avoided. Applying the touch-stone of common sense to all things, as already stated in a previous article, is undoubtedly the best method possible of arriving at the truth and what is best for you and for me in every sphere of life.

It is generally understood, at least among thoughtful and observing people, that the stomach requires rest to recuperate from its imposed labor of supplying the necessary gastric juices for the proper digestion of foods, and the longer the rest between meals, the better the work will be performed, providing these rests be equalized as near as possible, and not one excessive rest between the dinner of yesterday and the luncheon of to-day, as is the case with the no-breakfast-people.

There is nothing so detrimental to both relish and appetite as the habit of eating between meals, a habit that will sooner or later destroy the stomach, and will in all cases shorten the period of life, and yet, there are people—intelligent people in other things—who will persist in so doing to their sorrow and pain, notwithstanding all that has been said to them to the contrary.

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With a constitutionally weak stomach, and that one greatly impaired by the formidable enemy "La Grippe," the writer in his own case has strengthened and restored it to a higher point than at any previous time in his life by the following simple method, and that when all the medicine in the pharmacopeia indicated by such a condition had been tried and failed.

After the morning's ablution, a pint or more of water is gulped rushingly at one breath into the stomach,

which by so taking passes through the stomach, giving it no time to expand, and at the same time washes out the mucus. At least half a pint of water is taken before each meal, no drink of any kind during the meal, then one cup of coffee after breakfast, water after the mid-day meal, and one cup of tea after the evening meal.

Copious draughts of water are taken daily between meals, and a pint before retiring. No efficacy whatever is claimed for the tea and coffee, it might have been better without any at all, but the above moderate quantity cannot be injurious save to extremely delicate people.

To drink the indicated quantity of water would doubtless be a task to the average person, and very few indeed can drink a pint without once taking breath, but by practice one can train himself to so drink a quart, and the habit of drinking a large quantity daily can by perseverance be made a fixed, permanent habit in a short time.

Eat slowly, drink none whatever with your meals, masticate your food properly, eat at regular times, and that three times a day, be cheerful over your meals, and the sure result will be a good appetite, and a keen relish, though they be as far from you at present as the Philippine Islands are.

BE ON THE GUARD.

By J. D. Morgan.

Guard well thy deeds—one action may
  Lead on to habit strong;
If good, it starts the proper way;
  If bad, it leads thee wrong.

Guard well thy words—they may contain
  A keen and cruel dart;
If kind, they may relieve the pain
  In some desponding heart.

Guard well thy thoughts, for it is there
  Both words and actions start;
Then let it be thy constant care
  To watch thy wayward heart.

Let all thy thoughts, thy words and deeds
  Be ruled by truth and love,
And thus pursue the path that leads
  To endless joy above.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER VIII.

Presages of Love and War.

Winter with its severe and long-continued cold, like Idrys' treason, was now only a memory, and April showers chased each other at intervals all day long, while the brisk south-westerly breezes occasionally drove before them the fleecy clouds, like so many sheep, as if to give men casual glimpses into the blue, ethereal sky from which the sun sent forth its bright rays with messages of renewed favor and life to the earth. The trees and flowers seemed determined to have an early spring, for even the horse-chestnuts were already adorned with their delicate sprays of five-fingered foliage, and the larches showed a wealth of verdure that surpassed in freshness that of every other tree; while the hedgerows teemed with celandines and crowfoots with a liberal sprinkling of primroses, and the copses were carpeted with hyacinths, daffodils, and wood-anemones. The tall, sturdy evergreens which in the long winter loneliness had looked down on the bare forms of their leafless companions were now put to shame by the verdant robes with which they clothed themselves. The swallows also, attracted from their winter quarters by the allurements of spring, were already busy catching the rapidly multiplying insects flitting around the honey-bearing blossoms. Then as the season advanced, the fields, literally covered with daisies, celandines, and other varieties of wild flowers, charmed many a delighted eye and heart; the fruit trees attired themselves in raiment of blossoms more delicate in texture, more exquisite in color, and more rich in perfume than that of the most lovely of princesses; and a thousand feathered songsters filled with joy and gladness made the woods resound with their soul-stirring strains, while groups of merry children laughing, singing, and playing did their part towards heightening the effect of nature's grand panorama.

Nowhere was spring more lavish of her charms than in the Vale of Clwyd, and no part of this delightful vale was more beautiful than that in which stood Rhuddlan Castle. The Princess Nest certainly felt so as she strolled into the royal garden accompanied by Enid, her favorite maid, and lingered to admire the flower beds.

"What a supremely pleasant day it is," remarked the princess as they entered the garden. "This warm sunshine makes everything look as though it were clad in heaven's own beauty. And, Enid, see these charming flowers! How artistically Madoc has arranged them."

"I am glad that the fair daughter of the illustrious Gryffydd is pleased with the arrangement," said the head gardener who now unexpectedly appeared on the scene. "These varieties of crocus make a very attractive border as you see, the yellow, blue, white, and cream-colored properly distributed producing a most pleasing effect. They have sprung from a number of bulbs I received not long since from France, and are later varieties than those you saw earlier in the spring. These tulips which will ere long blossom into beauty are also new varieties. They were brought from the Orient by Morgan the chaplain on his return from a pilgrimage to the Holy Land."

"It was very kind of him to bring us something new, and I do hope they will blossom soon. I am very anxious to see how they look. In the meantime I shall continue to admire these old-fashioned flowers. There may be more beautiful varieties than these snow-drops, jonquils, daffodils, and hyacinths, but I shall never lose my fondness for them."

While Nest was speaking Trahaiarn accompanied by his squire, entered the garden, and the princess, whose back was toward them, no sooner paused than her maid imparted the welcome intelligence to her in a whisper. Nest continued to talk with the gardener, however, as if she had not understood what her maid had said, until the prince and his squire joined them. Then she returned Trahaiarn's greeting with a degree of cordiality that encouraged him to ask her to take a stroll with him to a neighboring field, whose flowery carpet of yellow and white seemed so inviting. It was for this purpose that the prince had come to the garden, and as the princess consented to accompany him they were soon moving away in the direction indicated by Trahaiarn, while the squire and the maid followed them at a respectful distance. Nest was at her best; never had she appeared more beautiful or better pleased with herself and her surroundings. Nor was she slow to see that her tall, handsome companion was also in the best of spirits.

"During you sojourn in Normandy," said she as they paused a moment to admire the scenery, "did you see anything half so charming as our Vale of Clwyd?"

"Normandy can boast of much natural beauty," was the reply, "but I do not now remember to have seen anything to rival this. But why not ask me if your famous vale has a rival in Powysland? Can it be that you think fair Cambria has but one beautiful spot?"

"Cambria has but one Vale of Clwyd! Our bards have long pronounced it the glory of Wales."

"The awen (muse) sometimes soars too high on the wings of fancy, so high indeed as to lose sight of the truth. In this case, however, methinks there is just ground for enthusiasm, and in this warm sunshine with this pleasing scene before me, I have nothing but admiration for what bards have praised."

As he spoke the prince picked a few daisies, and while the two resumed their walk he arranged them into a neat boquet, which he presented to Nest with the remark,

"You have asked my opinion concerning this charming vale; now what think you of one of its many beauties?"

"It is a common charm of a most uncommon spot; yet it is a thing of beauty. I love it because nature loves it, and has strewn it with lavish hand at our feet," said the princess.

"It is indeed a common flower, but though common it is a fit symbol of a rare virtue. There never was a truer picture of innocence. These 'gilt-cups' upon which we so carelessly tread might also be symbolical of some virtue; but the wisdom of the ages says that they bespeak ingratitude."

"Might not what you call the wisdom of the ages be the folly of some unsuccessful suitor who thought beauty ungrateful?" said the princess, stooping with a smile to pick a number of celandines.

"The 'gilt-cup' is not devoid of beauty, and is of the color of gold, and gold is often ungrateful," was the reply. "Hence might it not be that these yellow flowers were first regarded as symbols of ingratitude by some poor bard who had vainly courted the hand of wealth?"

"I can easily imagine what you say to be true, for even bards are mortal like ourselves. But, to change the subject, have you ever heard the legend respecting the origin of the daisy? If not, I will tell you, though I am afraid I shall do it poor justice."

"Yes, let me hear it, please. There is nothing that I like better than an interesting story, except indeed it be —I was going to say the story-teller."

Had the prince glanced at the princess as he made this remark instead of looking straight before him, as if he had meant no compliment, he would have seen a blush on her cheeks. When he did look at her it was gone, and he heard her say,

"A Saxon minstrel who once strolled into my father's court, sang a song he had learned on the continent. He said the song was based on the following legend: The presiding deity of the orchards, whom the ancients called Vertumnus, saw Belides, one of the dryads, dancing, and falling desperately in love with her, pursued her, but to no purpose. Belides cared not for his love, and wishing to escape, she was at her own request turned into the little flower we call daisy, but which the Romans called Bellis."

"The legend is very beautiful; was the song equally so?" asked Trahai-

arn, plucking a daisy that grew at his feet.

"It was, and I wish I had learned it," said Nest.

"So do I, for I have no doubt that it would sound sweeter from your lips than from the minstrel's. I am not indulging in flattery; you have a sweet voice and sing well."

"Look! yonder comes a cavalcade. I wonder what it means! Ah, it must be the Earl of Chester coming to seek my father's assistance to regain his possessions."

"You have rightly guessed, for yonder horsemen are Saxons if my eyes deceive me not."

This discovery caused the prince and princess to hasten back to the castle, and for a moment they forgot the pure enjoyment that they had felt in each other's company, and were lost in the general excitement attending the announcement of Algar's approach. Shortly after, the banished earl arrived with his retinue, and the king gave him a princely welcome. Once more the royal hall and larder were taxed to their utmost capacity; once more the son of Llewelyn was in his best mood. Next to the excitement of battle, Gryffydd loved nothing better than a crowded hall and an opportunity to share with friends or strangers his unbounded hospitality. The comparative quiet of the past few weeks had been a heavy tax upon his restless nature; hence he hailed the arrival of his father-in-law with genuine pleasure. He saw in it not only a means of diversion, but the prospect of war with the traditional enemies of Cambria.

After a short visit to his daughter Aldyth, Algar in accordance with the rules of the court was seated between the grand falconer and the prince royal near the king, while his attendants were distributed according to their rank, over the hall. Although in name only an earl, he was virtually a prince, and was a formidable rival of the wily Harold. Like his royal son-in-law, he was below the middle height, quick of temper, and of restless energy. He was well set, with rather sharp features; blue, vigilant eyes; and long yellow hair and mustache. His nervous movements and gestures bespoke a disposition little calculated to keep him out of difficulties. When he spoke his voice impressed his auditors as being rather sharp and hasty in its tones. Like most of his attendants he was clad in armor similar to that of the Normans, and his warlike appearance pleased Gryffydd very much.

"It were more fitting," said he soon after he was seated, "had I paid my first visit to my royal son-in-law under more auspicious circumstances. But my lord, the king, is not unmindful of the fact that we cannot always have things our own way, especially when our absence is more agreeable to some than our presence. England is too small to hold Harold and Algar; hence the wind that bends the reed which men have misnamed king of England swept me from the land of my fa-

thers into Ireland, and thence another wind, more favorable, has now blown me with eighteen ships filled with the bravest sons of the Emerald Isle to Cambria's friendly shores, to seek the further aid of the illustrious Gryffydd, which I trust will not be denied."

"Thou art welcome here, most noble son of Leofric, and my hand shall render the aid thou desirest as readily as my heart sympathizes with thee in thy misfortune," said the king with genuine fervor. "The ambitious cur which has of late snatched at thy heels and barked defiance at thy friends, needs chastisement, and he shall have it ere the sun set many times."

"The royal Gryffydd is ever generous," said the earl in a grateful voice, "and I knew that my mission here would not be in vain. Nor do I doubt that Harold shall receive such punishment as he deserves. Gryffydd ap Llewelyn is a name not to be despised even in England, much less where Cambrian rivers flow."

"I hope," says the king with a smile, "thou dost not hold any grudge against me for once depriving thy father of a brother, and thyself of an uncle; for having invaded my dominion Edwin received but the just reward of his presumption. Nor did he perish like a coward; I have seldom met a more powerful and valiant foe."

"I thought not of my uncle when I spoke," said Algar, "but now that thou, most noble king, hast quickened my remembrance, I will confess that I received the news of my uncle's death, together with that of Thurkil and Elfget, and many others of our nobility, with anything but good grace. Nor was my heart wholly free from a desire to seek revenge. But the feeling has vanished long ago, and what I once regarded as a wrong now seems but due to the fortunes of war. There are those in England, however, who treasure up thy victories as evils to be punished with the high hand of war, and the strong help which thou hast so willingly and kindly vouchsafed me will but add to the fire of their hatred."

"If thou speak of Harold," said the king with flashing eyes, "I shall soon give him all the room for vengeance that his heart may wish. If Sweyn once found me willing to send hostages to the weak Edward, his haughty brother shall find me without a master. Nay, he has already found that I will not be trifled with; for have I not more than avenged the foul murder of my brother Rhys? By St. David, if I see not thy rival, noble Algar, tumble from his high horse, and thyself restored to thy rightful possessions, I shall never enter this hall again, and bards shall never again mention the name of the son of Llewelyn!"

While the king spoke neither word nor gesture escaped the attention of Algar, and such of his followers as were within hearing. Although but few except the earl had seen the intrepid Welshman before, his fame

had often reached their ears. Now they caught a glimpse of that unbending spirit and that fiery passion which had so often proved disastrous to his enemies. Morcar, the son of Algar, who sat near Trahaiarn, was among those who now saw king Gryffydd for the first time, and turning to the prince after the murmur of satisfaction which followed the king's impassioned words had ceased, he whispered,

"Had England such a king instead of the pious weakling who loves to spend his wealth on relics and priests, my worthy father were not now an exile, nor Harold in such favor."

"You speak truly," replied the prince, "and it is passing strange that England has not long ago rid herself of such a worthless burden. Cambria values courage more than weak piety in her kings, and had your country but half an eye the Earl of Chester would now be king of England."

"And he may be yet," said the Saxon much pleased; "but not until Harold's power be broken."

"With Gryffydd ap Llewelyn for an ally your father may soon crush the haughty son of Godwin, and then to mount the throne will be an easy task," was the reply.

"And yet your most illustrious king may find Harold a stubborn foe; for he is bold as he is strong, cunning as he is revengeful, and with artifice and threats he can force the half of England into arms."

"He must needs have all of England at his command to be a fit match for the indomitable son of Llewelyn. Many have been his battles, and as many his victories. Iago ap Idwal, who had usurped his father's throne, fell beneath his sword, and Cynan ap Iago came with a great army from Ireland to wrest Gwynedd from his hands, but was forced to return whence he came after losing a multitude in battle. Of his victories over such of thine own people as dared to oppose him or invade his possessions, thou art well informed. Let Harold the earl then beware of Gryffydd the king."

During this conversation that of the king and Algar had drifted by natural steps to matters more directly connected with the English court. Next to the political ascendency of Harold nothing galled Algar so much as the favor with which Norman adventurers and ways were looked upon among some of the nobility.

"I blame not the confessor because his mother was a Norman princess, or because he spent most of his youth at the Norman court; but this worship of Norman coxcombs, this aping of foreign ways lie not easy on the Saxon mind and heart. I fear me that merry England shall never again see such golden days as she enjoyed when Alfred the Wise sat on her throne. Ah! a noble prince was he, and never failed to do the duties of his office. Bold as a lion, his enemies found him neither indolent nor asleep. In council he

was the chief, and his voice fell not to the ground nor filled the prudent with disgust. To him England was a mother to be honored with the highest service, to be protected from wrong, to be exalted to the throne of power, and to be cherished in her ancient customs. But why let my thoughts thus wander to the departed glory of my country? It but makes my heart ache the more to see a weakling on its throne and foreign intriguers in its court."

Thus spoke the earl, and Gryffydd half amused at his numerous gestures, and somewhat touched at his unfeigned earnestness, remarked,

"England is no more to be pitied for this hankering after Norman fops and fashion than for her senseless endurance of the weak instrument of her folly. Thou art a Saxon; canst thou not devise some way to get rid of this foreign innovation that grates so distressingly on thy feelings. In Cambria such frivolous coxcombry would find such cold reception that it would soon freeze to death, or if it should spring up like a mushroom it would die as speedily.

"Would I could say the same of England," said Algar with a sigh; "but the disorder has struck its roots too deep into our courtly life, I fear, to be easily gotten rid of. We have suffered the pious inclinations of the weak Edward too long to supplant our Saxon clergy with Norman ecclesiastics to enable us to find a speedy remedy. To a Norman he must make confession, a Norman must be his spiritual adviser, and to enrich Normans he must build monasteries and confer estate! By the bones of my Saxon forefathers, I shall not be surprised if soon the meanest coerl should refuse to be absolved by any but a Norman priest, or speak to his fellows in anything but the Norman jargon!"

A genuine Welsh feast being now spread before the Saxon guests the earl soon found himself too much occupied with meats and drinks to think of the subject which he had just been discussing. Indeed his mood, at length, underwent such a change that he freely exchanged jokes with Gryffydd, and joined in the general merriment.

CHAPTER IX.

Armed Against the Foe.

Algar had been in Rhuddlan Castle but a few hours when beacons were lighted upon every crag and eminence within a radius of many miles, and during the next two days armed men hastened to Rhuddlan from all directions. Gryffydd viewed the constantly increasing numbers with the greatest delight, and turning to his father-in-law he proudly said,

"Thou seest, noble Algar, how readily fair Cambria sends her sons to thine aid. But these constitute but a tithe of what thou shalt presently see. Ere many hours thine eyes shall behold the men of Gwentland, whose skill in archery the boastful Normans may well envy, and the men of the Deheubarth,

whose spears are unequaled for the sharpness and temper of their steel-heads. The lion is not more agile in springing upon his prey than these tried warriors in falling on an enemy. The raging torrent is not more irresistible than they are in the heat of battle. If thy Irish allies be made of like stuff we shall rend the heart of England as lightning rends the oak."

As the earl listened to these words he cast a sweeping glance over the brawny warriors who crowded the area in the vicinity of the castle, and scanned the Welsh chiefs around him as if to ascertain whether they really possessed fighting qualities. Trained to regard armor as one of the necessities of a warrior, he was inclined to look with disfavor if not with contempt upon the white tunics and bare bosoms of the Welsh; yet in spite of this he was compelled to admit to himself that these brave and fierce-looking men would be formidable foes to meet in battle. Unlike their Saxon neighbors, the Welsh thought it incompatable with courage to wear armor. Even Gryffydd was not free from this prejudice, and as he stood by the mailed form of the earl there was but little difference between him and his armed subjects, except the golden circlet which adorned his head, the small corselet of gold which covered the center of his breast, and the chain of twisted gold links which he wore around the neck in common with other princes. A few of the younger princes, among whom was Trahaiarn, had outgrown the prejudice by coming in direct contact with Norman culture, and were now clad in Norman armor, much to the chagrin of the older chieftains.

"By St. David," said one of them, glancing at Trahaiarn, "I fear me that Cymru has seen her best days. In these degenerate times every upstart of a prince must affect a coat of mail and an helmet of steel. In the good old days of yore a young man preferred a shroud to a suit of armor. I think it high time to put an end to this foreign foppery; and by 'r lady, were I the king these vain striplings would soon feel the weight of my scepter."

"Calm thyself, Owen," said another; "for they do but copy after our neighbors. Like ailment seeks like remedy. The snail, which has no heart, carries its castle on its back, and shrinks into it when alarmed; but the lion unprotected defies danger. The true sons of Cambria need no protection but their courage, no defense but their shields. Look at our valiant Gryffydd! By St. Winifred, that iron head-piece of the Saxon earl would be crushed like an egg-shell by a single blow of his mace ere he had time to swing his axe, and I myself—thy pardon for blowing my own horn—would send a spear through his cuirass ere he could scratch my skin with his sword."

True to their natural instincts the tongues of the Welsh chieftains gave expression to their thoughts as readily as their hands avenged an insult.

Self-interest or cunning alone could bind their tongues; fear, never. Gryffydd's trained ear, though he was engaged in conversation with the earl, overheard their remarks; but knowing that they were lost on his father-in-law he showed no signs of displeasure. Indeed he was more pleased than otherwise with their sentiments, and would, doubtless, have humored their whims had the occasion permitted. But his attention was too much divided between Algar and new arrivals to take any special interest in matters of minor importance. Nor were these arrivals more numerous than he desired them to be. The coming of every chief meant more men and additional force. As his eye swept over the armed multitudes encamped around him, he felt as though he already heard their victorious shouts. He wished that the night, which was now fast approaching, was past, and that he was at the head of his moving forces once more. Nature, however, was in no greater haste to gratify the desire of a warlike king than the wish of the prattling child who would be fatherless before the setting of the morrow's sun.

When, at length, the time to begin the march arrived, the head of the army, including Algar's allies, started in the direction of Chester. Gryffydd and Algar with their attendans, all mounted, in due time assumed a position in the line of march which would be central when all the troops were in their places.

"Methinks our enterprise promises well," said the earl, addressing the king. "Heaven frowns not upon us, the earth with-holds not her approval, and a strong army supports our cause. Thy valiant men, most excellent king, march with the eagerness of hope and the firmness of a noble resolve. By St. Dunstan, a hound takes not more naturally to the hunt than a Welshman to a quarrel with a Saxon."

"The hearts of the oppressed forget not the wrongs they have suffered, noble son of Leofric," said the king. "The past clings to us as the ivy does to yonder tower; nor can we shake it off, but it grows with each successive year. If I tell thee that the past has naught but causes for resentment and revenge for us, I shall tell thee nothing new. Thou art not ignorant of our history. Caesar found no England on this isle, and the last of the Romans who trod our shores heard naught of Mercia. But the first invaders of our land had scarcely reached their own ere other greedy eyes surveyed our fertile plains. To see was to covet, and to covet was to seek to gain possession of land. By the aid of traitors, thousands of Cambria's bravest sons were mown down as grass; others were subjected to a fate worse than death, while their possessions were greedily taken, and by whom? The Saxons! With no pretext but greed for our territories and a desire to crush us unto death we have been forced inch by inch into our present limits through rivers of blood, and by whom? The Saxons!

princes have been assassinated, lords have languished in dun-ıs, and the common people have the hand of oppression heavy ı them. The authors of all these ıgs are the Saxons! They know weakness, they are not slow to ıt by our dissensions and divi-ı; but they have not found us an prey. Even a worm that is ıden upon dies not without re-nce, and Cambria which has the t of a lion and the arm of a t, will not let her foes destroy any more, or let her wrongs go enged. Hence I will be frank thee, noble Algar; I render as-nce to thee at this time the more ngly because by aiding thee I in part requite the evils we suffered at the hands of thy le."

Most gladly do I accept the aid ıe illustrious son of Llewelyn," Algar; "but is it right to visit ins of the fathers upon the chil-?"

y, when the children walk in the ways of their fathers," the king ıptly replied.

hen was it a greater sin for my ın ancestors to rob thy forefa- of their possessions than it was :he Celtic tribes to invade the of a race whose remnant is still ıg us?"

Ay, and for these reasons; the -skinned people whom my Cel-ncestors found on these islands a low and feeble race. fit only the slaves of a better race. But Saxon ancestors found not an inferior people, else why after so many centuries are we still unconquered? Furthermore, Hengist and Horsa gained not their territory by force of arms as much as by cunning and treachery. The beauty of the fair Rowena made a greater conquest than her father's sword; the long knives of the Saxon lords murdered more chiefs than the Saxon swords could slay in a thousand battles by fair means. And where is the Welshman who can remember that fiendish plot without a feeling of intense hatred for such a treacherous brood?"

An ominous glare in the king's eyes showed that he at least remembered the plot to which he referred with no pleasant feeling; nor did Algar listen to his words with a calm spirit. The thought of the impossibility of his forcing Harold into terms favorable to his restoration without Gryffydd's aid, however, helped him to self-control. Therefore without showing any resentment he said with a forced smile,

"I fear me, most noble king, that thou wilt presently charge me with having designs on thy kingdom in giving thee my daughter Aldyth; for according to thine own admission her charms are not to be despised, and there are those in England who think her more comely than the fair daughter of Hengist."

"Thou mayest have had no designs upon my kingdom," said the king striving to throw off his ill-humor, "but thou certainly hadst an eye to a son-in-law that could not only de-

fend himself but could succor his father-in-law in times of need. There be those who may not thank thee for it; but he assured Gryffydd ap Llewelyn is not among them. If thou be as well satisfied with thy son-in-law as I am with thy daughter, we shall not quarrel about thy designs."

The king here glanced over his shoulder in the direction of the castle as if to catch another glimpse of his wife and daughter, but as the castle was now left far behind, he saw nothing but a marching column whose rear was lost in the distance. The numerical strength of his forces pleased him well, and looking forward again with a satisfied air he and the earl resumed their conversation.

A short distance behind the king and Algar rode Trahaiarn and Morcar, who had taken a strong liking to each other, and had spent much time together since the arrival of Morcar's father. Though nearly of the same age and size, they differed widely in complexion, the prince being quite dark, and the prospective earl being very light. They had, however, many tastes in common, and there were but few pauses in their conversation during the march. The campaign upon which they were entering, together with some of the localities through which they passed, naturally turned their thoughts to military subjects; hence soon after they left the castle, Trahaiarn, pointing to a tract of low land stretching northward toward the sea, said,

"Yonder is the marsh of Rhuddlan, where Offa, king of the very Mercia from which your father has been so unjustly driven, fought Meredith, king of Dyved, and Caradoc, king of Gwynedd. There also their blood mingled with the clay, and their spirits took their flight. The battle in which three kings perished was no child's play, and it is rightly immortalized in song, the most plaintive song ever sung in our courts. You, no doubt, have heard it. No? Then you shall hear Idwal sing it when we camp for the night. His voice melts the heart, and his harp unlocks its flood-gates. But I have made you a rash promise; he will not sing it to-night. It were easier to hurl Snowdon into the sea than to persuade him to sing 'Morfa Rhuddlan' before a battle; for he would deem it a bad omen."

"Then victory declared against the Welsh?" asked Morcar.

"Ay, but not until the marsh was strewn with Saxon corpses as well as Welsh. The sun set that day upon the bloodiest of battles. All Cambria knelt in prayer for the success of her sons, but she prayed in vain. Not that her sons betrayed her, for their blows were as deadly as their hearts were brave, but the last rays of the setting sun looked upon the lifeless forms of Meredith and Caradoc, and having lost their leaders the Welsh retreated only too soon, for the shout of victory was scarcely heard ere Offa, pierced with an arrow, fell."

"Our 'Chronicle' then, rightly

claims a victory on that day; but if my memory serves me well, Offa fell not in that battle, for even a king can die but once, and he had been dead a year when that battle was fought."

"Ha ha, your Saxon chronicle did but show partiality to Offa in making him exchange the earthly for the heavenly crown too soon. Our Welsh chronicles treat not Caradoc so well, for they make him wield an earthly sceptre two years longer."

"Say not that they treat him not so well; for if Caradoc loved his earthly sceptre as kings generally do, and as you or I might did fortune so order, he was not loth to wield it two years longer. Nor was Offa the Brave so anxious as Edward the Confessor to exchange a crown of gold for a crown of glory. I despise not such things; but heaven comes not the sooner to him that gives to prayer the time that business claims, than to him who serves his Master well, neglecting not his prayers. If a man be a monk let him to the cloister; if he be a king let him to the throne; and heaven and earth shall be the richer for it."

The marsh which suggested these observations was soon left far in the rear, as the army marched at a rapid rate, and many were the exclamations of wonder and delight which the beautiful scenery through which they passed occasioned. The Saxons declared that even England contained nothing more enchanting, and the Irish allies admitted that barring the paradisaical beauty of "Ould Ireland," they had seen nought more deserving "A wink from the sun."

"Come now, Dermod," said Einion ap Howel, addressing an Irish lord at his side, "you will not have the impudence to claim that the Emerald Isle can boast of anything so fair as this."

"Impudence is it!" was the prompt reply. "Faith an' ye had the impudence to kick Cynan ap Iago from this vale clear into Cork, and king Awloedd comforted the poor exile with his prettiest daughter. Sure, now, ye can show nought fairer than that!"

"Hush! speak not so loud," said Einion with well-feigned apprehension, "if you wish to see Ireland again. There be those who have power to hurl you into Anwn (the shadow land), and Gwyn ap Nudd, the king of that region, has a pack of dogs most fond of hunting in these parts, and it may please his majesty to set his dogs on you instead of giving you his daughter."

"Faith, an' his dogs may find a tenderer hide than mine," said Dermod. "An' by St. Patrick, ye may tell his majesty that he shall not find me alone by meself; for—an' I tell it ye as a secret—me sword is as ready as me tongue."

Einion was greatly amused at the retorts of his fellow rider; for the Irish were no less ready with their wit then than now. Nor did he lose an opportunity to introduce subjects provocative of witty remarks. Nor indeed was this always necessary, for

the Irish lord found material for fun even in the most solemn subjects.

In the meantime the army was rapidly approaching the English border, and late in the afternoon a halt was made not far from the walls of Chester, while a number of foraging parties were sent out in various directions beyond the border. These parties, however, in compliance with the earl's wishes, did no unnecessary damage; but simply exacted supplies for the support of the army over night. The same policy was maintained after the army started southward along the border, Algar wishing to retain the goodwill of the Mercians. When Herefordshire was reached, however, the soldiers instead of being placed under restraint were allowed to kill, burn, and plunder to their heart's content. Houses were plundered; fields wasted, orchards destroyed, live stock driven away, everything combustible burned, and such of the inhabitants as were overtaken were put to the sword. When at length the wholesale destruction ceased, and the army encamped in the vicinity of the city of Hereford, the king invited Algar into his tent, and the two after expressing their delight at what they deemed a good beginning, arranged that an attack be made on the city early on the next day. Each had his particular reason for continuing the work of destruction. Algar not only wished to gratify a personal grudge that he had against Rolf, the Earl of Hereford, but also thought that ravaging his earldom would have a tendency to force King Edward, who was Rolf's uncle, to restore him to his former dignity and position. Gryffydd, on the other hand, considered the Norman earl the enemy of the Welsh because he was lord of the marches, and rejoiced in the opportunity to punish him as well as his subjects, whom he had plundered at least once before, for no reason other than the enmity existing between the Welsh and English.

In the course of the evening several of the southern chiefs arrived bringing with them a large accession to Gryffydd's army. With one of them came a knight clad from head to foot in costly armor, and attended by a number of mailed warriors. He was introduced to the king as an Armorican lord, who wished to be identified with the army during the campaign. He talked but little, and left the royal tent as soon as the king prohounced his services acceptable, refusing to make a longer stay on the plea of a much needed rest. Either unintentionally or by design his tent was pitched not far from that of Einion ap Howel, to whom he was presently formally introduced by the chieftain with whom he had arrived, and they seemed to take immediately to each other, for not long after both entered Einion's tent, and remained together for hours.

(Continued.)

FIELD OF LETTERS

"Cymru'r Plant" for September has the usual number of short pieces in prose and verse for children. Frontispiece: The Children of Capel Garmon; "Yn y Gwynt ar Ben y Bryniau," "Plant Lerpwl;" a National School in Patagonia named after Treorci, Rhondda Valley; "Machynlleth" (illustrated); "Brittany," &c. As bright and instructive as usual.

The contents of the "Traethodydd" for September as follows: "The True Church," by the Rev. J. Morgan Jones; "Richard Mills," by the Rev. T. Mordaf Pierce; "The Imagination," by Richard Jones; "The Times and the Bible Society;" "Mr. Gladstone," by the Rev. Dariel Rowlands, M. A.; "Llewelyn Fawr" (a poem), by the Rev. Thomas Jones; Literary Notes, Books, &c., &c.

It is not Britain alone that mourns Gladstone. When we remember the thunder of his protests against the cruelties of Bomba in Naples, the Bulgarian atrocities, the horrigle deeds of that arch assassin, the Turk, and his labors for the oppressed in all parts, and the way he raised his voice in the cause of justice for humanity, we may with propriety say that the world mourns its greatest and grandest citizen. Although dead, he still speaks. The controlling principle of his life was serving God by helping the cause of man. His great reward was peace and honor, which the blessed Lord had abundantly prepared for him.—Traethodydd.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for September has an excellent portrait of the Rev. Thomas Gee of Denbigh, the "Grand Old Man" of Wales, also a portrait of William Rowland, Cwrtycwm, Cardigan, an eccentric old timer. The contents, as usual, are interesting, among which are the following: Dr. Bernardo and Prayer; an Arabic Fable; Gems from Shakespeare; A Beautiful Story about Mr. Gladstone, and a good selection of choice poems.

"Y Drysorfa" for September: "Paul's Teaching and Christ's," by the Rev. Joseph Evans; "The Late Rev. Edward Matthews, Reminiscences," by the Rev. Evan Evans, Pennant, "The Rev. David Lewis, Llanstephan," by the Rev. James Morris, Penygraig; "Miracles," by the Rev. Thomas Powell; "The Educational Renaissance;" Monthly Notes, Sunday School Lessons, &c., &c.

It seems that the National Eisteddfod of Wales, held at Festiniog, was a success. We have no desire to report the proceedings or give a list of the successful contestants. Our purpose in this is to tenderly upbraid some of our ministers and elders for antagonizing the institution as such that they cannot attend without pollution. We admit that the Eisteddfod is not what it should be; a good deal of nonsense is heard within it and about it. We were certainly astonished to hear the Principal of one of our colleges ascribing the peaceful conduct of the South Wales colliers on strike to the influence of the Eisteddfod rather than to the civilizing effects of the churches and Sunday Schools. We must admit that the Eisteddfod is

a means of instruction and entertainment, and that it is dear to our people; and it is our duty as an organization to make the proper use of it.—Drysorfa.

The September number of the "Dysgedydd" consists of the following articles and matter pertaining to the denomination: "The Rev. D. Morgan, Llanfyllin," by the Rev. Josiah Jones; "Michael Faraday," by the Rev. T. Carno Jones; "The Book of Enoch and the New Testament," by the Rev. M. C. Morris; "The Freedom of the Gospel," by the Rev. T. Roberts; News, Notes, Obituaries, &c., &c.

The leading features of the October Harper's are "The Santiago Campaign," by Caspar Whitney, illustrated from photographs by the author, James Burton, William Dinwiddie, and others; "On the Roof of the World," by Sven Hedin, illustrated after sketches and photographs made by the author; "Social Life in the British Army," Second Paper, by A British Officer, illustrated by R. Caton Woodville; "Our Future Policy," by the Hon. J. G. Carlisle; "Our Navy in Asiatic Waters," by William Elliot Griffis, illustrated by C. D. Weldon, Guy Rose, Harry Fenn, T. K. Hanna, Jr., William Thorne, Henry McCarter, and Otto H. Bacher, and from photographs and prints; "Mr. Gladstone—Reminiscences, Anecdotes, and an Estimate," Third Paper, by George W. Smalley.

Contents of the "Cronicl:" Notes by Keinion; "The Origin of the Human Race," by Principal M. D. Jones; "Congregationalism," by the Rev. D. S. Davies; "The Holy Kiss," by Thomas Jones; "A Way to Raise Preachers," by Keinion; Monthly Notes, Poetry, News of the Denomination, Obituaries.

In a short article on Preachers the "Cronicl" says: "There is a preacher who is a host in himself. We knew one of this kind who was a veritable steam-engine in trousers. He moves everything before and after him. He brooks no opposition. As soon as he comes to a place, the vicinity is seen to move as if shaken by an earthquake! He fills every office and position, and all others are mere helpers and volunteers. For a time his church is envied by the surrounding ministers and churches, until the great preacher's health fails and he is lucky to leave before his resignation is demanded." This class of evangelizers generally continue upturning and upsetting everything until "hoisted by their own petard."

"Cwrs y Byd" for September continues as independent as ever, and contains some enjoyable sarcasm. "Penrhiwgaled" is a comedy after the style of Aristophanes, and it certainly administers some good hits. Wales could furnish a fine field for the comic writer, although the Welsh do not seem to appreciate this phase of their life at present. "A sketch of the life of Thomas Rees, Llandyssul" (continued); "Christian Socialism;" Choice poems; "The way of the world," by the Editor, which is always very interesting and corrective. The independence and outspokenness of these columns are commendable. "Cwrs y Byd" is the foe of namby-pambiness in all its forms.

This the Editor's thought regarding the colliers' strike: "I do not hesitate to state positively that strikes will do no good until we have a general movement. Some good could be accomplished if the several trades-unions could be united to work in sympathy." It is doubtful whether the people may be relieved until they are elevated educationally and morally.

The opening of the dramatic season has shown the fulfilment, or half fulfilment, of one of the promises, or half promises, of the war. We have been led, writes John Corbin in "Harper's Weekly," to expect as a result of the late conflict, that our consciousness of national individuality and power would leap forth rejuvenated; and the students of literary history never question that when the consciousness of national individuality and power leap forth rejuvenated, it instinctively seeks expression in the arts. England fought and conquered the Spanish armada, and the era of Elizabeth followed. We have fought and conquered two Spanish armadas; should we not also by rights have a Shakespeare or two? Our sailors and soldiers are already on the lookout for the bard to celebrate their prowess, and if they find one Shakespeare it is a fair wager that they will see two of him.

Our mountains, Heaven be thanked, gave us, the Welsh, a home at last; they gave us an abiding place. It may make us feel, too, that though we brought our spirit to the mountains, it is there that it found its one perfect home, and there it must still harbor, if it would have a heart and center for its national energies, otherwise likely to be dissipated and lost, and the confusions and the material hubbub of the modern world.—Young Wales.

Certain social and literary developments in America are cleverly satirized by Mrs. Burton Harrison in her story, "An Author's Reading and Its Consequences," that appears in the October number of Harper's Magazine.

"The United States in Relation to the Messiah's Return," by Caleb Davis; The Knox Publishing Co., Euclid Ave., Cleveland, O.: Price 15c. The purpose of this book is to adduce evidence to show that the time of the revelation of the glory of Christ is at hand, and to spread the belief of this fact among the Americans. This is shown largely from the book of Daniel and other prophetic means which are dexterously used in its chapters. There is no doubt (as this book shows) but that the United States is destined to be the consummation of prophetic promises hoped for by Christian peoples, and the defeat of Spain may be the beginning of the good times to come. Spain is the feet of the idol of the old-world civilization, and the United States as the stone that became a great mountain.

The September number of the "Cerddor" is interesting, and contains considerable musical instruction and information. D. Emlyn Evans advises and comforts unsuccessful contestants at Eisteddfods; D. Jenkins talks of the proceedings of the National Eisteddfod at Festiniog; Eisteddfodic notes by the Editor; Reports of Concerts, Singing Festivals, &c.

The "Cerddor" complains of the time-dishonored custom of awarding prizes to all manner of unworthy poems. Although it is usual in Eisteddfodic programs to emphasize the article that no unworthy composition shall be honored, yet the standard of merit is so ordinary that any vulgar rhymester has hopes of success. This has contributed more than anything to vulgarize poetry among the Welsh.

In a recent number of "Cwrs y Byd" Veritas had some very sharp remarks upon church discipline within his experience: "It is not much I know of church discipline, thank the Lord; but this I know, that there are many Chris-

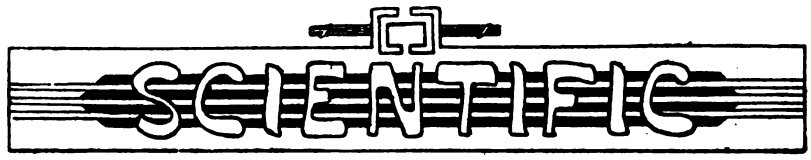
tians much more qualified to excoriate a hog than to handle the case of a fellow man. Others are possessed of meekness, but they are so ignorant and awkward that they hurt rather than heal; and it is sad to watch their bungling work. I do not believe," he proceeds, "in bringing every common scandal before the church, which should be investigated and disposed of as privately and inoffensively as possible by impartial and spiritual-minded Christians.

Among the Baptists and Congregationalists of Wales, the cream of their preachers go to England, especially to London, where they get higher salaries and more prominence and honor. Many of the leading preachers in London are Welshmen, born, bred and educated among the hills of Cambria, and it seems that the Cymric "dawn" (eloquence) is peculiarly acceptable to their neighbors, the Saxons. Some of these receive a salary of over a thousand pounds. This is as we may reasonably expect, a loss to the pulpit of Wales, but the wonder is that so many as excellent and able still remain in Wales, —Y "Drysorfa."

People who know are easily distinguishable from people who do not know; therefore, a writer who undertakes to write on any matter, should furnish his mind with facts from those who are known to know. It is commendable always when writing of things doubtful, to qualify statements as much as possible with "It is supposed," "It appears," "It is probable," or "It is said," &c. It is so easy, then, to correct one's self when one's misstatements run up against a fact. In the "British Weekly" lately a paragraphist said that the originator of musical conventions in Wales was the Rev. Edward Stevens (Tanymarian), and this innocent assertion provoked a large number of claimants, It never rains but it pours. Fully two dozen were immediately named as co-originators of this religious saengerfest.

Contents of September "Cymru:" History of Wales (Between the two Llewelyns); on the Moelwyn Mawr, by Glaslyn; Dafydd ab Shenkyn, by Ellis o'r Nant; Sion 'Sgubor, by Ivon; The Language of Brittany, by the Rev. D. Lloyd Jones, M. A.; a Hint to Librarians, by the Editor; Breton Songs, by Gwylit Walia; In Llandrindod, by the Rev. J. M. Morgan; The Welshman's Defects, by D. R. Jones, Festiniog; John Clwnn John, by the Rev. J. S. Jones; Poems, Hymns, &c., &c. The "Cymru" as usual is very interesting, and there is no magazine among the Welsh more deserving of general support. It is highly Welsh in spirit and material.

The Welsh publishers seem to be busy at present. In addition to the serial life of Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Owen M. Edwards's editions of "Drych y Prif Oesoedd" (by Theophilus Evans) and "Er Mwyn Iesu," an account of Continental reformers (all of which are issued by the Welsh National Press Company), Messrs. Hughes and Son, of Wrexham, another prolific firm, announce the early issue of two important works. They intend to bring out in seven monthly parts, at 6d each, from next October to March of next year, a popular edition of "Y Geiriadur Ysgrythyrol a Duwinyddol," by the late Rev. Thomas Thomas, who is said to be the author of some of the most popular books in the language. The other work is "Y Deonglydd Beirniadol ar y Testament Newydd." by the Rev. John Jones (Idrisyn). This will also be issued in parts (1s. each), the first of which will appear in October.



Paraffin oil would hardly be deemed a desirable beverage by an epicure, but it is used in large quantities as a stimulant by Russian immigrants in this country. The habit is one that they acquire in their native land, and, strange as it may seem, they adhere to this form of intoxiation even when other liquors are within the reach of their purses.

It is computed that when at rest we consume 500 cubic inches of air a minute, says "The Medical Record." If we walk at the rate of one mile an hour we use 800; two miles, 1,000; three miles, 1,600; four miles, 2,300. If we start out and run six miles an hour we consume 3,000 cubic inches of air during every minute of the time.

The largest map in the world is the Ordnance Survey Map of the British Isles, containing 103,000 sheets, and costing £200,000 a year for twenty years. The scale varies from ten feet to one-tenth of an inch to the mile. The details are so minute that maps having a scale of 25 inches "show every hedge, fence, wall, building, and even every isolated tree in the country. The plans show not only the exact shape of every building, but every porch, area, doorstep, lamp-post, railway, and fireplug."

That women are better than men all women and most men are willing to admit. Statistics lately collected show conclusively that they have better luck than men in the criminal courts. For instance, in 100 convictions, the number of women, in England and Wales, is but 18; in Germany, 18, in France 17, in Hungary 16, in Austria 14, in Belgium 11, in Russia and the United States 9, and in Italy 8. It is to be remembered, however, that not so many women as men are arrested, and that it is much easier to convict a man than a woman.

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THE PASSING OF THE FLY.

It is announced that our annual harvest of flies is diminishing in number, and not less surprising is the reason therefor. A writer in "The Electrical Review" says "Entomologists report that of late years the annual crop of flies is decreasing rapidly and steadily. The almost universal adoption of electrical traction is credited with bringing about this desirable result. It has been stated that stables are the chief breeding places of flies, and as the street car horse has been emancipated the number of stables is consequently growing less; hence the failure of the fly to be born in multitudes. as in the past."

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FALSE TEETH THAT GROW.

"Popular Science News" reports a new kind of false teeth invented by a Dr. Zamesky. "They are made of gutta percha, porcelain, or metal, as the case may be. At the root of the false tooth holes are made. Holes are also made upward into the jaw. The tooth is then placed into the cavity. In a short time a soft granulated growth finds its way from the patient's jaw into the holes in the tooth. This growth gradually hardens and holds the tooth in position. Dr. Zamesky has tried them on dogs and men, and with success, it is reported."

Those who entertain the idea that the vegetarian is a spindle-shanked, bloodless, insane sort of person," says the editor of "Good Health," referring to

the recent walking-match in Germany, "will be not a little surprised at this very practical demonstration of the possession of an unusual amount of brawn and physical endurance. The writer has never known a test of physical endurance in which vegetarians were matched against flesh-eaters under equal conditions in which vegetarians have not carried off the laurels. These victories have been won in the harvest-field as well as on the bicylce track and in walking-matches. The vegetarian generally arrives first and stays the longest."

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THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Speaking of the time of day at or near which most deaths occur, Finlayson, of Glasgow, says "Le Journal de Medecine" (Paris), believes that it is 6 A. M. His observations include 15,000 cases. "M. Beadles makes a difference between the sexes; he says it is 5 to 7 A. M. for men, and the evening hours for women. M. Schneider, of Berlin, less vague, in his affirmations, bases his statistics on 57,-000 deaths, and gets 5 to 7 A. M., without distinction of sex. M. Raseri (25,-474 observations) remarks that it is generally in the afternoon that people bid adieu to the fair land of Italy. Finally, M. C. Fere has collected 11,404 cases at the Salpetriere and Bicetre hospitals, and finds that they take place at all possible hours, but that there is a lull from 7 to 11 P. M."—Translated for "The Literary Digest."

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"Professor Behring has secured a patent on the manufacture of diphtheria antitoxin in the United States," says "Science." "This appears to be an unfortunate exception to the moral code which prevents medical men from making monopolies of the remedies they discover. Still it must be remembered that such a patent permits the preparation of the antitoxin under standard conditions, and will not of necessity increase the price. The remarks of the medical journals seem rather extreme, as witness the following from "The Medical Record:" 'Professor Behring * * * now thinks he is in position, with loaded syringe, to demand of every defenseless babe its money or its life. We do not believe the courts will legalize any such impudent attempt at brigandage.' "

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"The Tibetans," says "The Missionary Alliance," "are the most preeminent praying people on the face of the earth. They have praying-stones, praying-pyramids, praying-flags flying over every house, praying-wheels, praying-mills, and the universal prayer, 'Om mani pad me haun,' is never out of their mouths. A German writer on Lamaism says of this sentence, which literally means, 'Oh, God! the jewel in the lotus,' that these six syllables are, of all the prayers on earth, the one which is most frequently repeated, written, printed, and conveniently offered up by mechanical means. They constitute the only prayer which the common Mongols and Tibetans know; they are the first words which the stammering children learn, and are the last sighs of the dying."

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THE LAUGHING-PLANT.

According to the Montreal "Pharmaceutical Journal" for May, this plant grows in Arabia, and derives its name from the effects produced by eating its seeds. "The plant is of moderate size, with bright yellow flowers and soft velvety seed pods, each of which contains two or three seeds resembling small black beans. The natives of the district where the plant grows dry these seeds and reduce them to powder. A small dose of this powder has effects

similar to those arising from the inhalation of laughing-gas. It causes the soberest person to dance, shout, and laugh with the boisterous excitement of a madman, and to rush about, cutting the most ridiculous capers for nearly an hour. At the expiration of this time exhaustion sets in, and the excited person falls asleep, to wake after several hours with no recollection of his antics."

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SPEAKING CLOCKS.

In Switzerland they have commenced making phonographic clocks and watches which, it appears, leave anything heretofore accomplished far in the shade. By merely pressing the button of the new timepiece, it pronounces the hour distinctly. The alarms call to the sleeper: "It's six o'clock; get up." There are some which even add the words: "Now, don't go to sleep again." The form can be changed to suit the buyer and make the warning more or less emphatic. This application of the phonographic principle is due to a French watch maker settled at Geneva. He introduces into clocks and watches little slabs of vulcanized rubber, on which the desired words are traced in grooves corresponding to the hours and fractions of hours.

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THE GREAT ARE TIMID.

Is timidity an evil? We must not be in a hurry to answer yes, merely because it means a state of discomfort in the person affected. So far, no doubt, it is an evil; but it may be a necessary evil. Probably if the world had had no timides, it would have had no art. Art, as Tolstoi has recently been insisting, is essentially a mode of transmission of feeling. But it is an indirect mode, a veil, as it were, behind which a man reveals his personality. The artist communicates with his fellows not in his own person and face to face with them, but withdrawn from their gaze. This means that he is of the race of the timid. Hear Rousseau: "I should be as fond of society as any one else were I not sure of showing myself in it not merely to my disadvantage, but as quite different from what I really am. The course I have taken in writing and hiding myself is the only one open to me." Virgil, Horace, Benjamin Constant, Michelet, Amiel were all notably timid men. And, as we saw that timidity leads to meditation and analysis, it enters into the temperament of the philosophers and man of science. Per contra, a thoroughly stupid man is seldom timid.—London Daily Chronicle.

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AN ANCIENT HOSPITAL.

At Baden, near Zurich, Switzerland, in connection with recent excavations at Windisch, the Roman Vindonissa, an ancient military hospital has been discovered, says "The Scientific American." It has fourteen rooms, which appeared to have been well supplied with medical, surgical, and pharmaceutical apparatus, including probes, tubes, forceps, cauterizing implements, and even safety-pins; medicine spoons of bone, silver measuring-vessels, jars and pots for ointments, etc. Some coins were also found, those of silver being of the reign of Vespasian and Hadrian, those of copper bearing the effigy of Claudius, Nero, Domitian.

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There exists in the town of St. Emilion, near Bordeaux, France, a whole church carved out of a single rock, of an early Romanesque character. It was carved some time during the eleventh century, but the exact date is unknown. It is 115 feet long by 80 feet wide.

Near the village of Radnor, O., and in view of the quaint little Welsh hamlet, which was the primitive home of the Watkins family, was held their first annual reunion September 8. Capt. J. W. Watkins, Delaware. O., is the father of the Watkins Reunion Association, and has spent many months in his labor of tracing the family history, and so effectual has been his efforts that he now has a complete record of the ancestry of the family back to the year 1766.

Relatives had been arriving from far distant cities since the first of the week, and when the golden sunlight broke across the eastern horizon, driving back the shades of night, it brought good cheer to many relatives and friends who had long looked forward to this memorable event.

The committee on arrangements were somewhat disappointed that they were unable to hold the reunion on the old ancestral farm on account of the lack of shade, but were sincerely grateful to Mr. Pumphrey for the use of his beautiful grove, where they, the descendants of one of the oldest and most versatile families, spent the day in hearing and relating family reminiscences and history. Nearly four hundred names appeared on the register of attendance. Of these, one hundred and eighty-two were kindred—members of the family founded by Thomas and Watkin Watkins when they emigrated to the wilderness which then made up the valley of the Ohio.

Miss Helen Cherrington, a charming daughter of the clan, told the beautiful story of their settlement in Radnor; prayer was offered by the Rev. T. S. Griffith; verses read by the Rev. J. V. Stephens; and an address of welcome was delivered by Pres. J. W. Watkins, during which he related the following as the origin of the reunion.

In the years 1766, '68, '70, and '72 there were born in Llanerfyl, Montgomeryshire, North Wales, three Welsh boys and one girl. Evan, Thomas, Watkin and Mary Watkins, of whom we are the descendants. Evan and Mary died in the old country. The widow of Evan Watkins and her children came here and lived on what is known as the Lockport Jones farm. Watkin Watkins came to Radnor in the year 1806 and settled on the adjoining farm. Mr. Thomas Watkins came to Radnor in the year 1822.

Many others took part in the proceedings, and a chorus and a quartette furnished the music.

January 1st, 1898—Total descendants of Watkin Watkins, 194; dead 60; now living 134. Grandchildren—Total 67; dead 18; living 49. Great-grandchildren—total 92; dead 23; living 69. Great-great-grandchildren—total 19; dead 3; living 16. Estimate made on same average as above for all up to records received—many yet to get: Grandchildren—Total 210; dead 58; living 152. Great-grand-children—total 295; dead 73; living 222. Great-great-grand-children—total 61; dead 10; living 51. And

if carried out for families not reported, would be, total 755; dead 188; living 567.

The next gathering of the Association will be in Prospect, the last of August, 1899.

It is reported that the tramp-preacher is on the increase in Wales. His modus operandi is to have a dozen sermons on his string, with which he peregrinates, preaching the same old "cenadwri" until his gospel becomes a thread-bare story.

On his visit as assistant commissioner to the parish of Abernant, Carmarthenshire, Mr. Marchant Williams only discovered one charity, that of Thomas Howell. The donor belonged to a family which has had a long and honorable career. One of the Howells was in the diplomatic service of King James, and was the author of the well-known "Epistles" bearing his name. At one time the family belonged to the Church of England; in fact, the ancestor of the Conwil-Abernant branch was a clergyman, while at present the race of Howell has supplied the chief pillars of Dissent in that part of Carmarthenshire.

Who can account for the strange vicissitudes of life? Syr W. T. Lewis' health is said to be shattered; Mabon is reported to be losing flesh, while David Morgan, the miners' agent, who while serving two months imprisonment with hard labor was gaining 2 pounds weekly, and is happy!

I am very glad to hear of the movement toward establishing a Cambrian Professorship at Marietta College, O., and I sincerely hope it will be crowned with success. The contributions of Wales to human culture have been of great importance, and call for much more study than has yet been given to the subject. If such a Professorship can be established and properly supported, it will be a most creditable thing to our country.—Professor Jonn Fiske.

Carmarthenshire and Breconshire, writes "A Wesley," are not the only two Welsh shires who have furnished the Wesleyan Methodist Church with a president. The Rev. E. E. Jenkins, M. A., LL.D., a native of Pembrokeshire, was elected to fill the chair of John Wesley at the London Conference of 1880, and the Rev. Richard Roberts, a native of Montgomeryshire, was installed at the Newcastle Conference of 1885.

Llandrindod Wells has long been known as the rendezvous of popular preachers, and at one time no meeting or assembly could be carried on without ministerial aid. Now, it would seem, Welsh politicians are encroaching on the preserves. At a lecture given by the Rev. Eynon Davies lately, the chair was taken by Mr. Brynmor Jones, M. P., and the vote of thanks was moved and seconded by Mr. S. T. Evans, M. P., and Mr. Hugh Edwards, editor of "Young Wales," each of whom took the opportunity of discoursing on Welsh politics.

An hospital for Welsh pilgrims was at some ancient period founded and endowed at Rome. In 1579 one Owen Lewis, a native of Cowbridge, was in Rome, and he made a grant of some farms ten miles east of Rome, which he had purchased, for the support of the said hospital. (Vide "Strype's Memorials.") Some pilgrims from Wales are said to have visited this hospital in the fifteenth century.

There are depths of wisdom in the Vale of Glamorgan. "Our ancestors," writes an enthusiastic Welshman from that quarter, "never suffered from bald-

ness, because they always kept their heads uncovered. There were no hats or caps in ancient Britain, and the Welsh language to-day contains no native word for head-dress. Of course, we have 'het,' but that is a form of 'hat,' and 'cwccwll,' but that is an adaptation of its Latin original. As to penguwch, nobody heard of it before the beginning of the present century."

Probably the most remarkable Welsh dictionary was one published by Rowland Jones in 1764. His guiding theory was that all languages had sprung from Welsh. The following are specimens of his philology run mad:—"Cat—Welsh, cath. These words come from the two Celtic particles 'cadw' and 'ty'—to keep house; that is, the housekeeper." "Aristotle (the philosopher), from 'ar-is-teulu,' the lower country family." "Aurora (the morning dawn), from 'yr-awr-oera,' the coldest hour." "Helena (wife of Menelaus), from 'y-lana,' the fairest one." "Neptune (god of the sea), from 'neo-pe-ton,' i. e., 'nofio pen ton,' to swim on the top of the wave." Don't faint!

The idea of a Cambrian Professorship in some American College is a happy one. There are many races largely represented in the United States for which I could not favor a similar chair—races quite too slow to enter into the American amalgam. No such objections, however, lie against the Welsh. They are in full sympathy with all that is best in our institutions, and are enthusiastic Americans. They also serve to strengthen those elements in our civilization which are noblest, and stand most in need of reinforcement. We are intensely materialistic; the Welsh are profoundly religious, full of poetry, song and imagination. By conserving their race characteristics they will serve to enrich our higher life, and to conserve our national institutions.—Dr. Josiah Strong.

Mr. Ernest Rhys contributed to a recent number of "The Sketch," a racy article on "The National Eisteddfod of 1898." "At Blaenau Festiniog," he says, "The lapses into tedium were fewer than ever; the vivid moments more frequent. Of these, some of the most memorable this year, to my fancy, occurred in the singing of that sweetest of old melodies, 'Y Deryn Pur,' by children's voices, and in the penillion singing to the harp on various occasions, and in the best passages of the dramatic music of poor Stephen of Tanymarian, as given by the Eisteddfod choir and orchestra." In concluding his article Mr. Rhys states: —"Partly, it may be, because of its local color and mountain setting, but largely, too, because of its enthusiasm, its mountain hospitalities, and its good nature, the city of slates did better, it is certain, with its first national festival than other renowned places have done with a tenth."

Here are some triads which appeared in "Blackwood's" fifty years ago:—The three mountains that everybody goes up are Snowdon, Cader Idris, and Penmaenmawr; three mountains that nobody will repent going up, Holyhead Mountain, Carn Madryn, and the Breidden, and the three mountains that nobody goes up, Plinlimmon, Arenig, and Carnedd Llewelyn. Three castles that everybody sees, Carnarvon, Conway, and Harlech; three castles that everybody ought to see, Beaumaris, Criccieth, and Denbigh, and three castles that nobody sees, Flint, Dolwyddelen, and Castell Prysor. Three wells that everybody should go and drink from, Holywell, Wygfair, and Ffynon Beuno.

The acceptance of the pit-head terms

means the abolition of "Mabon's" Day. This holiday was arranged in order that the workmen could have an opportunity once a month of meeting together to consider any questions which might arise between themselves and their employers, but meetings called for that purpose have in recent years turned out what a theatrical manager would call "frosts." The majority of the men have devoted the day to pleasures which are scarcely legitimate, or, in other words, the holiday has been very badly abused. The provisional committee did not raise the question of "Mabon's Day" being retained. It went by the board without discussion, and the emergency committee were surprised when they heard that the delegates insisted that this should be a sine qua non of a settlement.

Mr. Kensit, the anti-ritualist, when ridiculing the wafer-god of the ritualist Church of England, in a meeting at Cardiff, was interrupted by a Mr. Kirk, to whom he retorted sharply, "No, sir, no reverence for a wafer-god never! I as an Englishman will never give reverence to a god made of flour and water! A man who believes that God is a spirit can never give reverence to a bit of flour and water!" It is deplorable to think that there are many churches in England and Wales, who though professing Protestant principles have relapsed into the practices of the Middle Ages, the sham sacrifice of the mass, the confessional, candles, positions, ignorance and multifarious superstitions. The Church of England needs a thorough cleansing.

In his article "Diffygion y Cymro" in the current number of "Cymru," the writer points out the following: His lack of the spirit of co-operation; his one-sidedness; his lack of patience and perseverance; his lack of enterprise; his servility. These are often charged against the Welshman as being his leading defects, but are these not accidental rather than deep-seated in his nature? We believe that the direct cause of all these defects is his national seclusiveness, and his private retiredness from the duties and realities of this world—this lack of worldly practicalness has been deepened and aggravated by his religious training. He seems to be shy to this world, because he is devoting most of his leisure to preparation for the next, and amusing himself with writing poems and singing hymns.

We believe the Welshman can swim, once he ventures into water, but through the ages he has been used to think that the little field of life called Wales, is enough for him. We believe that he could sail the ocean of life if he could be persuaded to spread his sail on the wide sea of the world, instead of pleasure-boating in Eisteddfodau and Cymanfaoedd. We believe also that he can fight a fair fight once he is shown that fighting the fight of life is not unchristian.

Mr. Bennett, of the "Daily Telegraph," had an exceptionally interesting article in a recent number of the "Musical Times" entitled "My First Eisteddfod." The Eisteddfod under notice is the Carmarthen meeting of 1867. The musical arrangements of that gathering were for the most part entrusted to Mr. Brinley Richards, who, without meaning it, gave much offence to the audience by engaging a large number of English artists. "I have said," concludes Mr. Bennett, "that Llew Llwyfo still lives, but how many of the little band of artistes and journalists who were present through the scenes above described have entered the Silent Land! Edith Wynne, Janet Patey, Lewis Thomas, J.

W. Davison, Henry Lazarus, Brinley Richards—all these old comrades and friends have departed; surviving only in such memories as those I have just told."

The Porth Male Voice Party, led by Mr. Tallesin Hopkins, have taken the Isle of Man by storm, and have become the idols of the fashionable society of Douglas. This is their ninth week in the island, and they have been drawing large crowds nightly to the sands. They were invited twice last week to the Metropole Mansions, where a crowd of 100 visitors listened intently to their beautiful music, and subscribed handsomely to the relief fund. Every Sunday night the choir hold a sacred concert in the Grand Theatre, which is always crowded, and for the next fortnight they have been engaged to go on tour round the island, visiting Ramsey, Laxey, Pee, and Castletown, and, to crown all, the whole choir have been offered an engagement for thirteen weeks by Professor Alf. Woods to tour the large cities of England. This matter is now being considered. The choir have been able to send large sums of money to relieve the distress in the Porth and Cymmer districts.

Well, well! Tell not this in Gath. Welsh Calvinistic Methodism has produced, in addition to some Welsh bishops and vicars and curates too numerous to mention, a real live Roman Catholic archbishop. John Hughes, first Roman Catholic Archbishop of New York, was the son of Richard Hughes, a collier, of Penydarren, afterwards of Dowlais. John was once a haulier, but took to attending night school at Dowlais, and the Welsh Calvinistic Methodist "seiat." He was brought up a member of the Corff, and, agreeably to his father's wish, he was put in training for the ministry, and was sent to Trevecca College. Pope Gregory XVI. was on the look out for Welsh scholars, and the "bachan bach o Ddowlish" was induced to enter a Roman Catholic school in Bath, thence to Rome, where he joined the Jesuits. His missionary work in America earned for him the highest honor in that field, and his memory is revered as one of the most distinguished Catholics of America.

It is rumored that the choirs from Brittany who propose competing at the Cardiff National Eisteddfod will sing all the test pieces to Welsh words.

From the Welsh Congregational official statistics it appears that the congregations in North Wales number 62,523, and in South Wales 222,905. The value of the property of the denomination is put at £1,356,359 9s. 11d.

There were reported to be staying recently at Llandrindod one bishop, twenty-seven clergymen, eighty-five preachers, two members of Parliament, one British consul from South America, one African millionaire, one general, and some thirty justices of the peace.

A Llandilo farmer was rather bothered with three weeks of continuous wet weather when he ought to be harvesting, but he noticed that each Sunday was fine. The farmer was a deacon, and in the prayer meeting he begged the Lord not to keep all the fine days to himself.

The Garden of Eden was, undoubtedly, at Llansannan, North Wales, if place-names are of any significance, for in the neighborhood are Bryn Adda, Maes Adda, Tyddyn Adda, and Llwyn Adda, names suggestive of an idyllic life, and conclusive proof of the Welsh origin of Adam.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

An old Welsh deacon used to pray, "Remember the dark places of the earth, remember Rhydychen (Oxford)."

The Rev. David Davies, of Llanganten Vicarage, Builth, writes that Mr. David Williams, brewer, of Builth, will give £100 towards the Llewelyn Memorial if it is erected at Cefnybedd.

A Welsh coal-owner who can't tolerate any suggestion of strikes has broken up the old grandfather's clock in consequence. Sir William Thomas Lewis is so wedded to the idea of a scale that his medical attendant is Dr. Scale.

A movement is on foot in Liverpool to raise a memorial to the late Miss Davies, of Bedford Street, a Welsh lady whose lifework was devoted to the furtherance of education. She had been a member of the Liverpool School Board from the first, and at the last election was returned at the top of the poll.

The Monk of Llanthony, like General Booth and Mr. Stead, knows how to keep before the public. He has done an astute thing in getting a Greek Bishop to confer full priest's orders on him. The advertisement is excellent, thinks the "Christian Commonwealth," and it was badly needed, for the monastic establishment at Llanthony is decaying. Father Ignatius is a splendid preacher, but he has wasted his fine opportunities by playing at mediaevalism.

Professor Edward Edwards, M. A., of the Aberystwyth College, one of the "three brothers of Llanuwchllyn," won both the Cambrian Railways Challenge Cup and the Borth Challenge Cup at the annual summer meeting of the Borth Golf Club, which has just concluded.

The latest pedigree discovery is that George Washington was descended from Colonel Washington, who held Worcester for Charles I. This Colonel Washington's mother was a Brecon woman, which accounts for the fact that George never told a lie.

When an old-time Welsh clergyman used to visit the sick, the clerk would accompany him with the Bible in a green bag. "What have you in that bag, John?" asked the woman whose husband was sick. "The Bible, Mary." Mary burst into tears. "To think it has come to this," she wailed; "it is as sure a sign as a corpse candle. We had a Bible brought in when father died."

Miss Winifred Ellis, the sister of the Liberal Government's Chief Whip, is occupying herself by lecturing to her brother's constituents on domestic and dairy matters. Miss Ellis is able to speak Welsh fluently, and her lectures are consequently well attended. She has interested herself in her subjects for some time past, and has studied them both at Oswestry and South Kensington. She is very sanguine of improving the condition of the Merioneth agriculturists.

"Clwydfardd," the late archdruid, was once a bell-hanger. A friend said to him one day, "'Clwydfardd,' you resemble Calcraft." "How?" "C is the first letter of his name, and C is the first of yours. Hanging is his business, and

hanging is yours." "Quite true, but with this difference: Calcraft hangs the living to silence them, but I hang the dead to make them sing."

Some Welsh bard has embodied the desires of the average Irishman in the form of a Welsh englyn, which runs as follows:—

Llonaid cell o bibelli—a ffwgws,
Hoff agwedd i'w losgi,
A chasgen o iach whisci,
O Dad y mawl, dod i mi.

The englyn is attributed to Chancellor Silvan Evans, but there seems no authority for doing so.

A correspondent states that Mr. Ellis Pierce ("Ellis o'r Nant"), being dissatisfied with the arrangements in connection with the ceremonies of the Gorsedd and Arwest of the Glan Geirionydd Assembly, has severed his connection with the "Bards of the Principality of Wales," of which "Gwilym Cowlyd" is the "Chief Bard Positive." "Ellis o'r Nant" was the oldest member of the fraternity, except "Gwilym Cowlyd," and he filled the post of Recorder of the Gorsedd for many years.

Judge Parry, of Manchester, who has so narrowly escaped assassination, is a Welshman, not only by descent, but also in sympathies and in language. He usually spends his holidays at Nevin, in South Carnarvonshire, and was intending to proceed there soon. He often takes part in Welsh gatherings in Manchester, and has delivered an address to the members of the Liverpool Welsh National Society.

All things, remarks the "Carnarvon Herald," come to them that wait. Father Ignatius says that he has waited 38 years for the order of priesthood. Most of us do not wait for priesthoods, it is true, but the majority of us wait for something—we are all of us Micawbers, more or less—and those who wait may certainly do so hopefully after this, for 38 years is a period in which many things may turn up.

An appeal is about to be made to lovers of Welsh literature and music in behalf of the veteran poet and eisteddfodwr "Llew Llwyfo," who is now far advanced in years, and so stricken in health as to be entirely dependent on the sympathy of his friends. A similar appeal made a few years ago resulted in the raising of a fund whereby "Llew" has ever since been maintained in comfortable seclusion and enabled to continue those literary labors that have made his name famous wherever the Welsh language is spoken or read. That fund is now all but exhausted, and unless it can be replenished the poet must in a short time be left in a state of destitution.

The late Rev. Thomas Hughes, Machynlleth, whose lapses were, unfortunately, frequent, but whose remorse afterwards was terrible to witness, was once the guest of a Cardiganshire mining "captain," whose imbibing capacity was no safe gauge for any of his guests. After retiring, no sleep visited the eyelids of the conscience-striken guest that night, but his groans at length woke the "captain." "What's the matter, Mr. Hughes?" he cried. "Oh! my sins, Captain —— bach!" "Well, why the d—— do you sin, then? I never sin, and sleep like a top."

From the true Nonconformist or Protestant standpoint, the title of "Reverend" is nothing but a "rag of Popery," but in Methodist obituaries of the famous Thomas Hughes, of Machynlleth, whose ministerial life, with some intervals of silence, exceeded in length that of the Rev. William Evans, of Ton-

yrefail, the title of "Mr." is studiously inserted. The daily papers have done better by the old pulpit charmer, but the Methodists are getting quite Churchly. In accounts of cymanfaoedd of fifty years ago the title "Rev." is never put before the name of a Methodist preacher, but we read of "Mr. John Elias," "Mr. Henry Rees," &c.

Professor Dan Prothero, the popular Welsh-American musician, who is at present on a visit to his native country, has just finished a cantata which will be published shortly by Mr. D. Jenkins, Mus. Bac. The cantata is entitled "St. Peter." The Welsh words are from the pen of the Rev. Vincent Stephens, whilst the Rev. E. O. Jones, M. A., vicar of Llanidloes, is responsible for the English translation. The work will take about an hour and a quarter to go through. Some of the solos and choruses are in the best style of the gifted composer, and no doubt will soon become favorites with Welsh choirs. The work is of a sacred character.

Hugh Hughes, the Welsh artist, whose portrait has just been unearthed in Aberystwyth, was known to fame as the Welsh Bewick, for in his skillful handling of the graver he has been rightly compared to Bewick, the great master of the art of wood-engraving. Calvinistic Methodists are particularly indebted to the artist, for he painted nearly all the existing portraits of the pioneers of the denomination. Hughes himself was at one time a Methodist, and during his residence in London was a member at Jewin Street Chapel. His stand in favor of the emancipation of the Catholics, however, provoked the bitter anger of John Elias, and, although his action was strongly defended by Thomas Jones, of Denbigh, another noted divine, John Elias was the means of bringing about his excommunication, and also that of "Caerfallwch," the lexicographer. After that period Hughes does not appear to have been associated with the "Corff." Hughes married a daughter of the Rev. David Charles, the elder, of Carmarthen, a famous preacher and hymnist, and a brother of the immortal Rev. Thomas Charles, of Bala. A couple of other paintings by Hughes, without his own portrait, were also discovered by Mr. W. W. Morgan, J. P., of Dowlais, one of which represents a group of the family of the Rev. David Charles.

A "London Welshman" lately wrote on behalf of the wretched man now awaiting that last touch of British civilization—the hangman's rope—for causing the death of a Margam gamekeeper in a scuffle:—

"Poachers have died in scores to maintain the sacro-sancity of our game preserves; but is there any record of a gamekeeper having been hanged for the slaughter of a poacher, though many a case has been reported of the flying poacher receiving the fatal shot in his back? No, it is a class law, administered in a class manner, in defiance of cruel wounds inflicted in the social conscience. Will not the condemned man's neighbors defy the Talbot influence, and press Sir Matthew White Ridley to advise a reprieve?"

After a long illness, consequent on ripeness of years, Mrs. Ann Owen, mother of Bishop Owen, died at Abergwili Palace. The deceased lady, who was the widow of Mr. Griffith Owen, woolen manufacturer, Abersoch, and eighty-four years of age, had removed with her eminent son to Abergwili from Lampeter, and there continued to spend the evening of life with the Bishop, who had throughout the whole of his career

manifested such loving filial care towards her. The deceased lady, who was a splendid type of Gwalia's daughters, was a staunch Methodist up to her death, and regularly contributed to the cause of that connexion. The interment took place at North Wales amid the scenes of her childhood days.

In a tiny cottage, almost upon the crumbling walls of ancient Conway, there lives (says the "M. A. P.") a very old dame who was one of the nursemaids in the Royal household during the infancy of the Queen's children. Although a staunch Welshwoman, under gentle pressure, she will condescend to speak of her beloved theme in English, with more than a dash of Welsh accent thrown in by way of embellishment. During her term of Royal service the Princess Beatrice was a child of tender years, and according to history—the old lady's faint recollections—a sweeter-tempered child has never existed. She was a very willful baby, in her aged nurse's opinion, and was always wanting—and generally getting—her own sweet way. When she really became quite unmanageable the facts were laid before her Majesty, and corporal punishment was inflicted by the Queen's own hand. No one else, save the Prince Consort, was allowed to punish the children by this particular method. Princess Beatrice, on the same authority, was a high-spirited child, yet extremely sensitive to either praise or blame.

Out of the thirteen coal-owners who signed the agreement which settled the great coal strike of 1875 only three survived to sign the recent agreement in S. Wales. Out of the seventeen who signed on behalf of the workmen in 1875, only one remains on the men's committee, and he couldn't sign because he was then in gaol. The three masters are Sir W. T. Lewis, Mr. Archibald Hood, and Mr. E. P. Martin, and the other gentleman is Alderman David Morgan, while at that time the secretary to the coal-owners was the father of the present one—Mr. Dalziel. The "Mabon" of that period was Mr. Halliday, while as for "Mabon" himself, he was so little known in those days that his name was not spelt two days alike in the papers. He was Abrahams, Abrams, or Abram more often than Abraham, and his initials ranged in a week all the way from A to Z.

Among the soldiers wounded at Santiago, who were brought to New York by the Olivette, was Lieutenant John R. Thomas, jr., of the Rough Riders. He is the only son of John R. Thomas, formerly congressman from Illinois, but now supreme judge of the Indian territory, who was a captain at 19 in the war of 1861. His grandfather, also an only son, was Captain William A. Thomas, and served in the Mexican war. His great-grandfather, Nathan Thomas, was a captain in the war of 1812.

Mr. Edward K. Jones, the special counsel for the United States in prize cases, stands in the front rank of the younger set of prominent members of the New York bar. He is a native of Delaware, and after a thorough education, studied law in Washington, and was admitted to the bar at an early age. His father, Dr. Waitman Jones, was a noted physician and surgeon, and was descended from Welsh ancestors who settled in Sussex County, Del., before the American Revolution.

Dr. Tanner has staggered the House of Commons by the following question which he has put to the President of the Board of Agriculture: "Whether the Board of Agriculture have any evidence to show that the solerostomum tetracanthum worm is capable of causing severe epizootic attacks, and that the modern and moderate antiseptic remedy, thymol, will be of service as a nematocide."

County Kerry and all the south of Ireland is excited over the cures wrought by the "boy doctor of Duhallow." His name is Timothy Dineen, he is 11 years of age, was born on a Good Friday, and christened on an Easter Monday, which gives him his power, and he is curing men and animals, but especially children. He is described as a very ordinary boy and not particularly bright.

There is a conundrum as to Mr. Gladstone. Of a word of eleven letters six signify what he loved, five what he hated; the whole word spoken quickly indicates where his enemies wanted to put him; spoken slowly it means what he was always trying to do. What is the word? Nothing can be simpler. Reformatory.

Mr. Dooley, who has conducted the humorous side of the war for the Chicago Journal quite as well as his belligerent countrymen have conducted the serious side, describes the Philippines as follows: "They are located over beyant yer left shoulder whin ye're facin' east. It's a poverty sthricken counthry, full iv goold an' precious stones, where th' people can pick dinner off th' trees and are starvin' because they have no sthepladthers.'

Vienna has been astonished lately by some daring steeple climbing. A steeple jack celebrated the beginning of the festivities for Emperor Francis Joseph's jubilee by climbing in the night to the top of one of the steeples of the Votive Church, 306 feet from the ground, by means of the lightning rods and architectural ornaments, and hanging on it a yellow and black banner twenty feet long. He gave a minute description of the manner in which he accomplished his foolhardy feat to the newspapers. A few nights later some one else imitated him by climbing the steeple and stealing the flag.

WOMEN NAMELESS IN COREA.

The Corean woman has not even a name; in her childhood she receives a nickname by which she is known in the family and by her near friends, but which when she arrives at maturity is employed only by her parents. To all other persons she is "the sister" or "the daughter" of such and such a one. After her marriage her name is buried—she is absolutely nameless; her own parents refer to her by mentioning the district into which she had married. Should her marriage be blessed with children she is "the mother" of so and so. If it happens that a woman has to appear in a law court, the Judge gives her a special

name for use while the case lasts in order to save time and to simplify matters.

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Prof. Wilson of Edinburgh University, was recently appointed honorary physician to the queen. On the morning of his appointment he informed his pupils of the honor he had received by means of a blackboard in the laboratory, thus: "Prof. Wilson informs his students that he has this day been appointed honorary physician to the queen." During his temorpary absence from the room one of the students, to the amusement of the class, added the words: "God save the queen!"

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HE HURT HIS GERMAN.

Mark Twain lectured some time ago in Vienna for the purpose of a charity. The celebrated humorist had declined most tempting pecuniary offers for lectures, but although he had been confined to his bed till the afternoon, his health having been very delicate all the winter, he spoke for three-quarters of an hour, telling three little stories to a crowded and distinguished audience. He spoke in English, intermixed with German—"not good German," he said, but his intention was good. Dr. Harowitz says that Mark assured his audience that he spoke the best and purest German till the previous day, when he met with an accident.

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PICTURESQUE DESCRIPTION OF ARIZONA.

We live in a land of high mountains, high collars and high taxes, low valleys, low neck dresses and low wages, big, crooked rivers, and big, crooked statesmen, big lakes, big drunks, big pumpkins, big men with pumpkin heads, silver streams that gambol in the mountains, and pious politicians who gamble in the night, roaring cataracts and roaring orators, fast trains, fast horses, fast young men, roses that bloom the year round, and beautiful girls with rosebud mouths, sharp lawyers, sharp financiers, and sharp toe shoes, noisy children, fertile plains that lie like a sheet of water, and thousands of newspapers that lie like thunder.—Yuma Sentinel.

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THE BRIDGE WAS AFFECTED.

Anecdotes of Bismarck continue to accumulate, and Sir Charles Dilke is responsible for a story of the great statesman's visit to London in 1843. While there he visited a famous brewery, and as his reputation as a beer-drinker had preceded him, his hosts presented him a huge tankard of old ale, which they felt confident would floor him. "I seized the tankard," Bismarck told Sir Charles, "and I thought of my country and drank to Prussia, and tilted it till it was empty. Then I thanked my entertainers—courteosuly, I hope—and succeeded in making my way as far as London bridge. There I sat down in one of the stone recesses, and for hours the great bridge went round and round me."

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HE KNEW THE PUMP.

A Scotch lad was summoned to give evidence against his father, who had been accused of making disturbances in the streets. Said the bailie to him: "Come, my sweet man, speak the truth an' let us hear all ye ken about this affair." "Weel, sir," said the lad, "d' ye ken Inverness street?" "I do, laddie," replied the magistrate. "Weel, ye gang along it and turn into the square, and cross the square—" "Yes, yes," said the bailie encouragingly. "And when ye gang across the square, ye turn to the right, and up the High street, and keep up High street till ye come to a pump."

"Quite right, my lad; proceed," said the magistrate; "I know the old pump well." "Weel," said the boy, with the most infantile simplicity, "ye may gang and pump it, for ye'll nae pump me."

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THE DEACON'S DETERMINATION.

"No,' said the old deacon, "I ain't gwine to de war—not ef I knows it! I got a duty ter perform right heah. Dat duty is ter de Lawd; en de Lawd mus' be sarved fust, it ain't gwine ter be sich a easy war ez yous think fer, en it's gwine ter take a heap er steady prayin' ter make de Americans win right off; en ez prayin' is y business I gwine at it, en I'll keep it up twell de war come ter a eend."

"But," suggested a brother deacon, "s'pose dey ketch you a-prayin', en try ter rush you ter de front?"

"De man what does dat," said the deacon, with emphasis, 'will git his d—n head chopped off—dat's whut!"

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SORRY FOR THE SINNERS.

A little girl was graciously permitted one bright Sunday to go with her mamma to hear papa preach. It was a time of great rejoicing and responsibility, and the little face was all alight with happy anticipation.

Now, it chanced that on this special occasion papa's sermon was of the "warning" order, and his earnest voice rang solemnly in the Sunday quiet. After a moment of breathless surprise and horror the little listener's soul was wrought upon with a great pity for the poor mortals upon whom so much wrath was descending.

She rose excitedly to her feet, and, her wide, reproachful eyes just peeping over the back of the seat, called out in sweet, chiding tones:

"What for is you scolding all the people so, papa?"—Pearson's Weekly.

CO-OPERATIVE APPLAUSE.

One night Sarah Bernhardt was playing "Fedora" to a crowded house. The poison scene, as usual, elicited a tempest of applause from the audience, but ere the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet had completely died away, loud peals of laughter burst forth from the upper part of the theater. The sober minded people in the boxes and stalls gazed reproachfully at the boisterous "gods," but in a moment they, too, began to laugh, for in the front row of the balcony, and in full view of all, stood two one armed men, who, unconscious of the amusement which they caused, were energetically co-operating to prolong the applause by clapping their remaining hands together.—Pearson's Weekly.

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"FOR LADIES ONLY."

The humors of railway traveling seem in these days subservient to the tragedies as a rule, says a lady writer in "Sketch," but amusing situations will sometimes crop up, like mushrooms, in the most unexpected places, and it was in a carriage reserved "for ladies only," of all places in the world, that a comic occurrence took place under my immediate observation a day or two since. Attracted by this aforesaid reassuming label, a severe and unalluring elderly female proceeded to ensconce herself in a corner seat bound for Euston, when, happening to cast her eyes on the opposite cushion she espied "Captain Jones" writ large on various impedimenta scattered thereon. Snorting with maidenly rage, she at once proceeded to the door and invoked a passing porter to remove the offending masculine baggage. In the midst of a very voluble harangue appeared another formidable female seeking the shelter of "ladies only." She wore a poke-bon-

net and most uncompromising umbrella. Seeing the evicted baggage of "Captain Jones" in the very act of removal, she hurled herself upon it, and turned out in the course of some lurid explanations to be its rightful and enraged owner, "of the Salvation Army."

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A Texas military company was engaged in practice at rifle shooting. The lieutenant in command suddenly became exasperated at the poor shooting, and, seizing a gun from one of the privates, cried sharply: "I'll show you fellows how to shoot." Taking a long aim, and a strong aim, and an aim all together, he fired and missed. Coolly turning to the private who owned the gun, he said: "That's the way you shoot." He again loaded the weapon and missed. Turning to the second man in the rank, he remarked: "That's the way you shoot." In this way he missed about a dozen times, illustrating to each soldier his personal incapacity, and finally he accidentally hit the target. "And that," he ejaculated, handing the gun back, "is the way I shoot."

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TO SUIT ALL TASTES.

There was a loud voiced Cheap Jack at a country market recently. "Spelling books, ladies and gentlemen!" he shouted, for a little crowd had gathered. "This is the book for every one, the book for everywhere, the book, the book!" He tossed it up and caught it as it fell. Then he went on, "The book for everybody, see? Encyclopedia of 80 pages. Recipes for every dish that was ever cooked. All the new dishes that never were cooked. Formula for the toothache. Agreeable stories for old women. A treatise for young women on the art of getting husbands. How to cure bunions without amputation. How to plant cabbages when the moon is not full. How to breed rabbits. How to interpret dreams. How to tell fortunes. How to get a divorce. How to reckon up the interest on a mortgage. The book for everybody!"

After all this palaver no one bought a single copy. The Cheap Jack looked over the crowd with disgust that could not be disguised.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he remarked, "I forgot to mention that in this incomparable book there is a blank page —for those who cannot read!"—London Tit-Bits.

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A COLONY OF WIDOWS.

Mrs. Harriet M. Bemis, of Arabia, Nebraska, is founding a colony of widows for the north-western portion of her State, says an American contemporary. Mrs. Bemis says that land will be given to twelve deserving widows on condition that they cultivate it without male assistance. She will start them out with all the machinery they need, a sufficient number of cattle, horses, swine and poultry to serve as a nest egg, and money to last them until the first harvest can be disposed of. She admits that the climate is dry, but she proposes to instruct her wards in the operation of the Campbell system of soil culture, by which method experiments have proved that the rainfall of the section is sufficient to ensure bountiful crops. The nearest the women will be allowed to come to dealing with men is to sell their crops to them. If Mrs. Bemis should learn that a farm hand of the male persasion has been employed about the premises, the farm will revert to her. Any member of the community who marries will also forfeit her title to a share of the property.

THE CAMBRIAN.

A NATIONAL MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD OF 1898.

By Rev. T. C. Edwards, D. D.

This was the first time for the National Eisteddfod to be held in the County of Merioneth. The wisdom of holding such a massive institution in a town of the size of Festiniog was questioned very seriously by people who were not so familiar with the character and qualifications of the neighborhood as were the promoters themselves. One of the Festiniogians who presented the claims of the town at the joint meeting of the Eisteddfod Society and the Gorsedd, at the Llandudno session in 1896, assured the patrons of the National that if they would come to Festiniog in '98, they would see the greatest Eisteddfod, the greatest success, and the greatest rain they ever saw in their lives. Everybody who visited the Eisteddfod in '98 went prepared for heavy and constant rain, but in this we were very pleasantly disappointed. The weather was fair, with only few light showers during the whole week. The railroad facilities, visitors' accommodations, and all arrangements by the various committees were as near perfect as anybody could expect.

FESTINIOG.

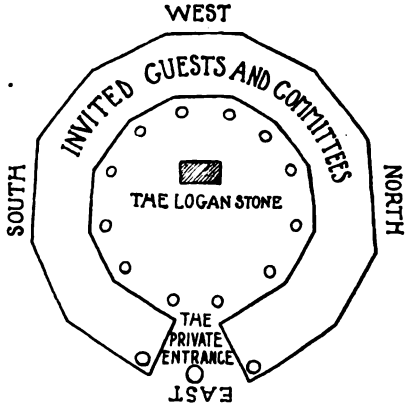
The inhabitants of the district have various names on the adjacent localities, such as Bethania, Llan, Duffws, Blaenau, Fourcrosses, Tanygrisiau, &c., &c.; but to the outside world Festiniog answers as a general name for the whole. The Eisteddfod was held in the section called Blaenau, and the pavilion was built in the beautiful park and recreation grounds, surrounded by New Market Square and Dorville Road. From the address of Dr. John Rhys at the Gorsedd, and of William E. Oakley, Esq., as president of the first meeting, we learn that Festiniog has a prominent place in the history and traditions of Wales, and also among the active commercial circles of the Principality. The names of places within its boundaries suggest that it was a place of note even in pre-historic times. For instance, Cwmbyw-

ydd, Maen Offeren, Bwlch Caradog ap Bran, Rhosydd Serw, Llyn y Morwynion (the Lake of the Virgins), where romantic history points out as the last resting place of the Maids of Denbigh who had left their homes and friends for the sake of love. Dr. Rhys referred to the Moelwyn range lying to the westward, the peak of one of which the giant Twrog levelled for the purpose of building for himself a court in Traeth Mawr, and from whose summit he cast the stone embedded in the porch of Maentwrog Church, which bears his finger-marks to the present day. On the north-west is Bwlch y Gorddinen, suggesting the funny tradition of the inhabitants of Dolwyddelen and the cuckoo. It is similar to the South Wales lore of the men of Risca!

The Festiniog of to-day is a thickly populated district, where, according to last year's returns, 5,347 men were employed in the slate quarries, who produced 172,515 tons of slates, valued at 531,002 pounds sterling. The schoolhouses and places of worship are large and modern. Three lines of railway enter the town from different directions. The scenery of the district will compare favorably with any part of the United Kingdom. And the hotel accommodations and service are admirable.

THE GORSEDD.

An important function of the National Eisteddfod every year are the morning sessions of the bards at the Gorsedd. These are presided over by the Archdruid Hwfa Mon. If weather permits, the Bards, Ovids, and Druids march in their robes from the pavilion to the Gorsedd, which must always be held "in the face of the sun." The Logan stone forms the centre of the sacred circle,



Bardic Gorsedd.

upon which stands the Archdruid, and all who are privileged to address the Gorsedd, facing the East. At each of the twelve stones forming the circle stands a Bard. After the bugle call the Prayer of the Gorsedd is delivered, and is as follows:

Grant, O God, thy protection;
And in protection, strength;
And in strength, understanding;
And in understanding, knowledge;
And in knowledge, knowledge of the just;
And in knowledge of the just, the love of it;
And in that love, the love of all existences;
And in the love of all existences, the love of God;
God and all goodness.

The "sacred sign," according to some authorities symbolises the rays of divine light, while according to others it is composed of three mystic letters of the old bardic alphabet

(Coelbren y Beirdd), which form the holy name of God.

The Gorsedd meetings at Festiniog were very edifying and entertaining. Eloquent addresses were delivered by several of the leading poets and most eminent scholars of the nation. No feature of any importance was omitted in the gorsedd celebration on each of the three mornings. The bugle, the sword, the harp, the goat, and all the etceteras were there in good Welsh hwyl.

THE COMPETITION.

The real life and attraction of the Eisteddfod is centred in the competition. The list of subjects included, in addition to the regular Prose, Poetry, Music and Elocution, also the Arts and Sciences, viz.: sculpture and modelling; wood carving; domestic art; paintings—oil and water colors; bookbinding; etching; pottery; botany; metal work; design; drawings; geology; architecture; photography, &c. Also "spinning" on the public platform, and "slate splitting" in the open field.

The competition of the excellent male choruses has become an attraction both in North and South Wales. A special interest centred in the brass bands contest in Festiniog, and Saturday was set apart for them with only one price admission to any part of the pavilion. The degree of perfection attained by the prize soloists, both vocal and instrumental, is sufficient to secure for them an entrance into the best concerts of the Principality as soon as they carry with them the badge of the National Eisteddfod. No contestant is admitted to the stage until the critical judges are satisfied of the worthiness of the artist. Several of the popular singers of Wales have moved into lucrative positions as the direct result of winning prizes in the National. According to the general tone of the adjudicators in the various sections, the standard in 1898 was kept up to the highest notch, and the prize winners were worthy to be ranked among the first class in their respective lines. The Eisteddfod was a great success in every respect. The delegations from Scotland and Ireland, and the visit of His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge added much to the interest and pleasure of the general public.

A DREAM.

One night I saw eternity
  Distinctly in a dream;
It seemed as ne'er before to me
  An ever flowing stream;
Without a fount from where it springs
  O'r sea whereto it flows,
A never ending song it sings
  Just as it goes and goes.

THE OMAHA EXPOSITION.

Manufacturers and Agriculture Buildings.

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Had there been no Columbian exposition at Chicago, the Trans-Mississippi International exposition at Omaha would easily have ranked as the event of a decade in our history—omitting of course our foreign complications with their incidentals of heroism and gunpowder.

When the fair at Chicago was attracting its thousands, its tens and hundreds of thousands, it was matter of surprise, especially among foreigners, that so new a country comparatively, and so new a part of it absolutely, should make such splendid display—a display to effect which would have been beyond possibility in many older countries. Bearing this in mind, it is much more legitimately cause for wonderment that the newer region on the Missouri should be able to exploit itself with so much evidence of ambitions realized, and such exhibition of actual wealth. In this display much allowance must be made for the energy so characteristic of the western land, and for the love of self-exploitation, without which the West would lack its most prominent and interesting quality. But, whatever the cause, here is the full-fledged exposition in a territory which less than half a century ago was almost a terra incognita, a bare plain known only to the Indians and to such adventurous souls as those who probed into the wilderness at the risk of their lives, and very often at the cost of their scalps.

In 1850 there was no Omaha. There was a trading post and a gathering place for Indians and hunters at Council Bluffs, on the eastern bank of the Missouri, and over the river, beyond the ridge of land which held the Missouri to its course on the Western side, a broad prairie which even the cattle ranges had not invaded. The buffalo was commoner than the long horn, and the Indian and Indian fighter were about the only things in human form to be found. Even they were scarce. Yet it is right on this ground that there stands to-day an exposition which in its costliness and substantialness is prima facie evidence of what tremendous strides man has made in the few years that have gone by since it was determined to make a town there.

It was on a very ambitious scale that Omaha was planned and built. It was laid out on rectilinear lines, with broad streets; and this very plan is one of its drawbacks, for when the wind comes in from the plains, as it often does with vicious force, these broad avenues, unbroken in all their length, give the storm full sweep, and the sandy soil, so easily picked up by the swift gale, is blown into houses and eyes, into windows and nostrils and ears, with a painful ease which would be impossible in a city whose streets were a trifle crooked, and the intersections of which gave some opposition.

Still Omaha likes itself in spite of its elementary faults and elemental disturbances, and claims that its beauty is ample compensation for its sand-laden windiness and scorching sunniness; and be it known that on no spot of earth on the globe can the sun shine with such glorious brilliance as it can shine on Omaha when it is in shining mood. Nor is there anywhere that the moon can put on a more beautiful face. Everything is on a large scale in and about Omaha, from sunlight, moonlight, windstorms, thunderstorms, and streets, to men and projects. Humanity seems to swell in Omaha, to grow bulkier as to form, and stronger as to fibre, physical and mental; and as to projects this exposition tells its own story.

Two hundred acres of land form the exposition grounds, and on this space are buildings that for size, beauty and availability for the purposes of their construction vie with anything which marked the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia, or the White City of Chicago. In fact the motif, if we may be permitted the term, is much the same in trend and execution as the spirit which animated the Chicago enterprise, and took such fine form there. There is the lagoon with the Venetian boats; the Midway, divested of the coarseness which marked the Chicago Midway; the great white buildings ornate as architecture could make them; the Grand Court with its statuary in the open, and illuminated with electric lights to make as weird and startling an effect as a city of marvels built in dreams. No dream is this White City though.

The United States government gave $200,000 to making an exhibit of the war and navy departments, the Smithsonian Institute and the Fish Commission's work. The State of Illinois gave $45,000, of which $20,000 went into the State's representative building, and the remainder for the cost of making duly prominent exhibition of Illinois products. Iowa gave $35,000 for similar purposes. Montana gave $15,000, and one of her citizens gave $15,000 more, and altogether twenty-five States made legislative appropriations for representation. Thirty-six states and territories have space in the exhibition buildings, and the extent and diversity of the exhibits are something altogether too formidable for a magazine to treat in detail. They embrace art and science in their pure forms and in their application to manufactures, and it is hardly too much to say that in this interior city, almost in the center of a vast continent, there is shown about everything that grows or is made on the earth, that is dug out of the earth, or that comes from the waters of the earth.

The immensity of the affair and the wonderment which it suggests when it is seriously considered must be gauged by contrasts rather than by standards. Still, judged by the measure of either the fair of Philadelphia, or that of Chicago, it makes a brilliant showing, because to them the whole civilized world contributed displays and throngs of visitors, while the government gave them practically unlimited facilities and credit, to say nothing of the large sums of money appropriated. The Omaha fair is a home made state institution, with comparatively insignificant help from the outside. It is in the contrast that it furnishes that its greatness appears. Here on the grounds are bands of Indians brought together under government supervision, and at government expense to make a study in ethnology. Many of these Indians are old men, principal men in their tribes, and more than one of these has roamed at his own wild will over the very ground on which he is now camped in the center of a civilization which has driven him to the wall. One of the uniformed police of the exposition, whose beat is near the Indian encampment, shows visitors who have been told of the circumstance, the place where his scalp was until some of these Indians, or their associates, removed it in one of their forays. Never was there more powerful contrast, and never were past and present brought together in more curious linking.

The bringing together of these groups, each representing one of thirty-five tribes, makes probably the last effort which will be made to show what the wild man of the continent is like, or, rather, what he was like before he was finally brought under the control of a stronger people. At the Omaha exposition the Indian lives as he lived while he was still fighting for his home and land, and the groups certainly form a sub-

ject for a great deal of thought, and objects of a great deal of close observation. Here are the Sioux and Apaches, Chippewa and Assiniboirs, Crows, Blackfeet, Chippewas, Pogans and Yanktons, with more than a dozen other tribes represented. The Rosebud Sioux are the men who were at the Custer massacre in 1876, and among themselves they talk with pride of what they esteem as one of the greatest battles and grandest victories ever fought and won by the red man over his white foe. And if the exposition and the Indian encampment are in such powerful contrast, how much more vivid the contrast becomes when the city itself is admitted to the picture, the land from which less than half a century since the Indians were dispossessed has come to be a place of nearly 150,000 inhabitants, with 600 miles of streets, 67 miles of which are paved and lighted, and all the rest graded; with fourteen conveying railways, making it a rare center of travel; with 95 miles of electric car lines; with 50 public schools and 11 colleges; with 120 churches and mission houses; with factories whose products run in the course of the year to a value of $80,000,000; with an annual expenditure for public improvements of $400,000; with everything that concerns it on the same large scale. Surely this is contrast enough to have been called the chimera of a crazed brain had any prophet foretold it.

The Omaha exposition commenced with June, and ends with November, so fate wedged it into that very part of one of the most eventful years in American history, when there was everything to draw

(Colonnade & N. W.) or M. & E. Building.

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attention from it; but the spirit that brought it into being, and the determination and enterprise which are so eminently characteristic of the Western people may be relied upon to compel a success in spite of such adverse circumstances. Perhaps, too, the intensity of feeling and the absorbing interest in war and territory expansion are not so observable

Grand Court looking east.

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in the center and western interior as they are along the Eastern littoral, and in states whose interests are bound up with the commercial sea board. It is not that the people of the center and west are less patriotic, but our foreign relations are not brought so closely home to them as they are to the people nearer the seaboard, and they are less vitally touched by foreign clashes or by changes in our foreign relations. So the Omaha exposition has not been as seriously affected as it might have been. Moreover, having already felt what it is to be great and progressive, and knowing the possibilities in store for them, they have given themselves over to the making of their fair a grand one, to the exclusion of everything elese as far as other things could be excluded. They cheapened railroad fares, cheapened the price of living, and kept their admission fees to the lowest possible rates. They made it possible to travel to the exposition at a cent a mile, and to live fairly well in Omaha at $5 a week. They advertised their exposition lavishly, and let every one they could reach know its best features. They left

undone nothing that they could do to make it a good thing, and then kept that fact before the country. And it is this spirit of thoroughly developed, self-sacrificing enterprise which has built up the fair, which has built up Omaha, and which causes people to turn their eyes westward when they are looking for the phenomenal in town building and business making.

the people is considered, that it will give an impetus to the whole region affected. There will be more improved machinery used, more works of art bought, finer buildings erected, farms worked on better systems —in fact the impetus will touch everything the region has or does, and what is good for that one section is good for the whole country, so that we may expect of the Trans-

Birdseye View Grand Court (night).

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What the result will be in the West of this Trans-Mississippi exposition is conjectural; but it is a necessary assumption, when the character of Mississippi Exposition that it will prove to have been a sound factor in a general advance.

SOME OBSERVATIONS.

—The real is but the shadow of the ideal.

—Life, like art, is nothing more than a combination of light and shade.

—The bravest are not those who are devoid of fear; every man should fear himself and God.

—Some people are not disposed to either love or hate; they simply ignore.

—The only opinions of people that we never withold are the averse ones.

—The man of to-day must have push if he wants to have a pull.

*THE UNITED STATES AND SPAIN.

By Gen. Charles W. Darling.

Troubles with Spain began during the administration of Washington, and continued up to the slow acknowledgment of the independence of her former colonies, sometimes verging on serious hostilities. As early as 1788, with the connivance and active agency of Gardogne, the Spanish minister at Washington, an effort was made to detach the trans-Alleghany country from the Union. and in 1792, there was a serious difference of opinion and discussion as to the navigation of the Mississippi. In 1801, Mr. Charles Pinckney, then minister at Madrid, was instructed to urge on the Spanish government redress for sufferings from capture by privateers unlawfully cruising out of Spanish ports, and from unlawful condemnations by Spanish tribunals. The spoliations committed on American commerce were so heavy, and tribunals of justice and the government failing to give redress, a clear intimation was made that more effective measures must be resorted to. The importance of the question, Mr. Pinckney was told, would require all his zeal, patriotism and delicacy. Some efficient effort was due to the sufferers and "to the dignity of the United States, which must always feel the insults offered to the rights of individual citizens." The irritations with Spain had been aggravated by her possessions on our frontier, by her national pride and sensitiveness, and by her ancient claims of precedence over other states.

The purchase of Louisiana from France, in 1803, excited a controversy between Spain and the United States which continued with more or less acrimony until the whole question of territory and boundary was settled by the acquisition of Florida. The acquisitions of Louisiana and Florida were almost inseparably allied, and our government, as early as 1804, sought, but in vain, the influence of the French government in favor of our construction of the treaty, and to help in the acquisition of territory east of the Perdido River. It would be a hopeless task to seek to unravel all the treaties made since that of Utrecht, 1713, which concern the extent and the boundaries of the various territorial divisions between Georgia and the Rio Grande.

In 1763, what was then known as Louisiana was divided between Great Britain and Spain. France lost by this treaty all her possessions in North America. In addition to

*The interesting history of the troubles of the United States with Spain, since the time of the Florida acquisition, was read by Gen. Charles W. Darling, before the Oneida Historical Society, Sept. 15th, the material having been gathered from historical Works printed many years ago.

Canada, she ceded to Great Britain the river and port of Mobile and all her possessions on the left side of the Mississippi, except New Orleans and the island on which it was situated. The residue of Louisiana was ceded to Spain in a separate and secret treaty. The cession of Florida to Great Britain was the price paid for the restoration of Cuba to Spain. Great Britain divided the territory into East and West Florida, and in 1783 ceded them to Spain, and the provinces were known and governed by these names as long as they remained under the dominion of His Catholic Majesty. Spain, thus owning both banks of the Mississippi at its mouth and for some distance above, claimed the exclusive navigation below the point of the southern boundary of the United States. The refusal of the use of the lower river aroused much and indignant feeling in the West. Kentucky and Virginia made vigorous protests against a proposition to concede Spain's right to close navigation. The angry dispute was terminated by the treaty of 1795, one article of which provided that the river should be open to the navigation of the citizens of the United States from its source to the ocean. Another article granted the right of deposit in the port of New Orleans and to export thence merchandise and effects on the payment of warehouse hire. By the treaty of October 1, 1800, between the French Republic and Spain, known as the St. Ildefonso treaty, Spain made a retrocession to France of the province of Louisiana as at that time possessed by Spain, and "such as it was when France possessed it." When this cession occurred, Great Britain and the United States took alarm. Mr. Jefferson in his message, 15th December, 1802, said: "The cession of the Spanish province of Louisiana to France, which took place in the course of the late war, will, if carried into effect, make a change in the aspect of our foreign relations, which will doubtless have just weight in any deliberations of the legislature connected with that subject." With the sagacity of a statesman he saw how essential the property and sovereignty of the Mississippi and its waters were, to secure an uncontrolled navigation and an independent outlet for the produce of the Western States, "free from collision with other powers and the dangers to our peace from that source," and therefore he authorized propositions to be made for obtaining the sovereignty of New Orleans and of other possession in that quarter.

The abrupt closing of the port of New Orleans, without the assignment of any other equivalent place of deposit and the injuries sustained until the restoration of the right of deposit, suggested naturally the expediency of guarding against their recurrence by the acquisition of a permanent property near the entrance of the Mississippi into the Gulf. The first propositions were treated by France with decided neglect. "The French government,"

said Madison, "had manifested a repugnance to the purchase which left no expectation of an arrangement with France by which an acquisition was to be made, unless in a favorable crisis, of which advantage should be taken." The distress of French finances, the unsettled posture of Europe, the increasing jealousy between Great Britain and France, made "the favorable crisis," and Bonaparte, on 30th April, 1803, agreed to sell or cede his new acquisition to the United States. The words of the treaty were somewhat remarkabale; but it is important, in view of subsequent discussions and negotiations, to bear in mind that in the transfer the identical language was employed that had been used in 1800, so that the government of the United States was subrogated, in express terms, to the rights of France and of Spain. Phillimore, in recording this "derivative acquisition" of territory, says: "It belongs to the province of the historian to record the ineffectual regret of deceived and injured Spain, and the sagacity of the United States in profiting by the troubles of Europe, both at this period and subsequently by the acquisition of Florida.

Spain remonstrated with France against the cession of Louisiana, and endeavored to prevent the execution of the treaty, being not unwilling to use pecuniary arguments if they promised success. Mr. Cevallos, the Spanish minister for Foreign Affairs, in an interview with Mr. Charles Pinckney, our minister at Madrid, denied the right of France to make such a cession, alleging that in the preceding cession by Spain to France there was a secret article that France should never part with Louisiana except to Spain, and that if she ever wished to dispose of it, Spain should have the preemption.

This discontent of Spain increased her unwillingness to make a prompt and peaceable settlement of the vexed questions which had been pending for some years between the two countries, and which every month's delay increased in number and exasperation. In the instructions to Mr. Pinckney, March 31st, 1804, Mr. Madison made an elaborate argument to show that the eastern boundary of Louisiana extended to the Perdido. For many years the controversy was waged. The United States insisted that by the treaty of 1800 Spain ceded the disputed territory, as part of Louisiana, to France, and that France, in turn, in 1803, ceded it to the United States. Spain, with equal earnestness and persistence, maintained that her cession to France comprehended what was at that time denominated Louisiana, consisting of the island of New Orleans and the country west of the Mississippi. C. J. Marshall, in Foster v. Neilson, 6 Peters, 306, said: "Every word in that article of the treaty of St. Ildefonso which ceded Louisiana to France, was scanned by the ministers on both sides with all the critical acumen which talents and zeal could bring into their service. Every argument drawn from col-

lateral circumstances connected with the subject, which could be supposed to elucidate it, was exhausted." Each party adhered to the original opinion and purposes. The arguments, read after fifty years have elapsed, do not, on either side, seem so conclusive as to leave no loop to hang a doubt upon. The very forcible contention of the United States, that France having ceded the province of Louisiana in full sovereignty, with all the rights which belonged to her under the treaty of 1800, the United States succeeded to those rights, was enfeebled somewhat by the declaration of Talleyrand, that by the treaty of St. Ildefonso Spain retroceded no part of the territory east of the Iberville, which had been held and known as West Florida, and that, in all the negotiations between the two governments, Spain had constantly refused to cede any part of the Floridas, even from the Mississippi to the Mobile. In January, 1805, Mr. Monroe arrived in Madrid, having been commissioned with special authority to act in conjunction with Mr. Pinckney, and he remained over a year in the vain endeavor to effect a settlement of the mattes in controversy. Coupled with the adjustment of the Louisiana boundary and other matters in dispute, was a proposition to purchase the whole of Florida for a sum of money which was designedly left indefinite. In the draft of a treaty for the accomplishment of the two principal ends and for the payment of outstanding claims, was a proposition to have, for a term of years, a neutral ground between the west of Louisiana and the Spanish territory, now known as Texas. The neutral territory was to be so limited or defined as not to deprive the United States of the waters flowing into the Gulf between the Mississippi and Colorado rivers.

The voluminous correspondence shows a strong desire on the part of the government at Washington to terminate amicably all existing differences, and to place the relations between Spain and the United States on a basis of permanent friendship. The extraordinary nature of the commission was a distinct declaration of the critical state of affairs and of the importance of the questions at issue. The United States claimed indemnification for damages done to peaceful and lawful commerce within the jurisdiction of Spain, and for the losses which accrued from the suspension of the right of deposit at New Orleans, as guaranteed by the treaty of 1795. A board of independent and impartial men was suggested, with authority to consider and to adjust counter-claims between the two nations. The gist of the negotiations, however, artful as may have been the attempt not to make too conspicuous, was the settlement of the western boundary of Louisiana and the acquisition of Florida. In the instructions to Mr. Monroe, April 15, 1804, he was, (1) to obtain the sanction of Spain to the late cession of Louisiana to the United States; (2) to procure the cession of territory held by Spain east

of the Mississippi; and (3) to make provision for the payment of American claims.

The masterly presentation of all the points mooted by our representatives is of interest chiefly to the historical student, because the United States has now undisputed ownership of the whole coast line from St. Mary's to the Rio Grande, and no question with a foreign power, based on the old contention, can possibly arise. The cases before the Supreme Court supplemented by the legislation of Congress, have settled the land contests growing out of sovereignty and ownership, which the United States anticipated and tried to prevent. In the progress of the negotiation, Rio Bravo was mentioned as a limit of Spanish, and the Colorado as the limit of American settlement. The President was very averse to the occlusion from settlement, for a long period, of a wide space of territory westward of the Mississippi, and to a perpetual relinquishment of any eastward of the Rio Bravo, and the relinquishment, if made, must be conditioned on the entire cession of the Floridas. It was in arguendo suggested to Messrs. Monroe and Pinckney that if Spain were engaged in or threatened with war she might be more willing to yield to terms, which, however proper in themselves, "might otherwise be rejected by her pride or misapplied jealousy." In an able letter to Cevallos, our commissioners said that as the United States surrounded Florida, except where the ocean intervened, it was an object to possess it. The acquisition of Louisiana had minified the importance of the possession, but as long as Spain held it it would be a cause of jealousy and variance, for each nation would be compelled to have a strong force, and other powers would be interested in provoking a rupture. Florida being in the hands of the United States, all cause of inquietude and misunderstanding would be at an end, territories and police would be distinct, military stations would be removed from each other, and neither power would be interested in disturbing the concerns of the other.

On January 28, 1805, the commissioners submitted the project of a convention for the adjustment of claims and the cession of the Floridas. Florida was "known not to be fertile," and no land greed actuated the United States, for they had "territory enough to satisfy their growing population for ages to come." Probably this opinion, that the United States had, within their limits, what "it will take ages to fill," was caused by the fact, as stated, that "the territory on both sides of the Mississippi is yet a wilderness," and these arrangements, required by mutual interests, were important to be made "while it remained so." These sagacious men had not the vaguest conception of the boundless progress of our people, under the energy of free institutions. Reasons of safety and peace were the predominating influence for pressing

the acquisitions. The "project" contained what seemed to be a favorite plan in Washington, and which, in the light of subsequent events, seems to us visionary, not to say absurd. "This was the establishment of an intervening neutral territory, to remain such for twenty years, and give time for ulterior arrangements." The submission of the proposed convention led to a prolonged and somewhat acrimonious discussion. At intervals, notes were interchanged. The Spanish Minister of State, Don Pedro Cevallos, by tone, language, utter indisposition to accommodate the business on just principles, annoying and studied delays, became offensive to the commissioners, who although "hurt" at the treatment they received, exhibited remarkable forbearance and tact. With persistency and iteration, with repeated avowals of respect and desire for peaceful arrangement, and with a commendable abstinence from all recrimination or menace, the contention and wishes of the United States were presented. On the 12th of May, 1805, the commissioners submitted the ultimate conditions on which they were authorized to adjust the points depending between the two governments, and they are here reproduced with some fullness as illustrative of the points at issue, and the exceeding difficulties of the protracted negotiations which finally added Florida to the Union. "On condition His Catholic Majesty will concede the territory eastward of the Mississippi, and arbitrate the claims of the citizens and subjects of each power, according to the convention of August 11, 1802 (which up to this time Spain had refused to ratify), the convention will agree to make the Colorado the boundary between Louisiana and Spain, establish a district of territory of thirty leagues on each side of the line, which should remain neutral and unsettled forever, and relinquish the claim for spoliations committed by the French within the jurisdiction of Spain and the claim to compensation for injuries received by the suppression of the deposit at New Orleans." The propositions were absolutely rejected, and Mr. Monroe considering the negotiation concluded, asked and obtained his passports, that he might repair to London, where he was the resident minister. Before his departure from Madrid, he and Mr. Pinckney gave an account of their "unwearied and laborious exertions," and of the utter failure of the mission in all its objects.

The recapitulation of the history of the effort to adjust the differences has at this day, when we are quietly enjoying the fruits of this and subsequent negotiations, rather a humorous aspect. Candor, conciliation, urgency, moderation of language, patience, were met by pleas in abatement, pleas for delays, irrelevant discussions, imperious tone, exaggerated pretensions, and a general behavior that made it incumbent on commissioners to argue and protest that they were not the dupes of the

management of the Spanish diplomat. Mr. Pinckney soon resigned and returned home. In these hypercritical and iconoclastic days, it has become common to disparage that eminent patriot and statesman, James Monroe. An examination of his services in Spain shows exceptional qualifications as a diplomatist: prudence, self-restraint, courtesy, dignity, tact, energy, familiarity with treaties and international law, ability in argument, devotion to his country's honor and interests, marked in a conspicuous manner his public life in this most difficult of all courts. Judge Wharton, more familiar than any other person with our diplomatic history, says in reference to negotiations with England, "that in ability, candor and fairness, Mr. Monroe's papers stand in the front rank of diplomatic documents."

The government at Washington, deeply sensible of the importance of the post at Madrid, and of the urgency of the pending questions, appointed James Bowdoin, of Boston, as minister plenipotentiary, and afterward associated General Armstrong in a special mission respecting these delicate Spanish controversies. The object of the United States in reference to the Floridas was clearly made known to them, and equally as explicitly to George W. Erving, who, as secretary of legation, in the absence of his chief, being charge d' affaires. Mr. Erving remained in Spain until August, 1810, when he returned to the United States. From the withdrawal of Monroe and Pinckney to the arrival of Mr. Erving, in July, 1816, as minister, scarcely anything of a diplomatic character was accomplished between the two countries. The distracted state of Spain, the internal convulsions, and wars with other countries, made it impossible to accomplish anything in the two chief matters entrusted to our representatives. The hostilities between Great Britain and Spain were concluded by the treaty of peace, amity and alliance of January 14, 1809, when the two belligerents became allies against France, a common enemy, and there ensued that famous peninsular campaign of Wellington, wherein he outmanoeuvered and defeated Napoleon's best marshals, and the more remarkable guerilla contests—a mode of warfare borrowed from the Moors—in which the skill and experience of the best trained officers and soldiers of France found more than a match in the desultory warfare of the indomitable Spaniards. The prosecution of campaigns required all resources, physical and intellectual. A struggle for dynasty and existence left little leisure or inclination for Transatlantic questions. There could have been no more unpropitious period for calm discussion and parting with territory. Besides, Spain was doubly irritated, the United States having been compelled to occupy Florida. This forcible seizure grew out of the claims for spoliations, the inability of Spain to maintain her authority in Florida and repress depredations and insurrections,

and the intrusive occupation by Great Britain of Pensacola and other portions of the province. The shifting events in Europe made the passing of Florida into the possession of another power not improbable, and it became imperative to seize and hold the country, subject to future and friendly negotiation.

In 1814, Mr. Anthony Morris, who had authority to receive "informal communications" from the Spanish government, expressed the opinion that East and West Florida could be purchased. He intimated that ten thousand dollars for douceurs would be "indispensable," as the different departments of the Spanish government were not sufficiently "regenerated" to allow great hopes of success without the use of means of this description. This suggestion elicited no consideration nor reply. In 1816, January 19, on the renewal of the suspended diplomatic relations, Mr. Monroe, as Secretary of State, suggested to Chevalier de Ouis that it furnished a proper occasion for the consideration of the differences in relation to the purchase of Louisiana and the contested limits. In March, 1816, Mr. Monroe informed Mr. Erving that Ouis had intimated that the Spanish government might be willing to cede its claim to territory on the eastern side of the Mississippi, in satisfaction of claims, and in exchange for territory on the western side. The United States proposed to accept a cession of Florida as a basis of the release of claims held by citizens of the United States against Spain, and offered at the same time by way of compromise to take the Colorado River as the western boundary of the Louisiana purchase, although it had been previously maintained that that purchase extended to the Rio Grande. Mr. Monroe and Mr. J. Q. Adams held very strongly that the Rio Grande was the true southwestern boundary. Mr. Ouis declared these propositions inadmissible, went into elaborate repetitions of the discussions of 1802-1805, and demanded restoration of places occupied by federal troops. On July 19, 1818, Don Jose Pizarro, writing to Mr. Erving, said: "In one of our late conferences I had the honor to state to you anew His Majesty's readiness to cede both of the Floridas to the United States . . . in consideration of a suitable equivalent to be made to His Majesty in a district of territory situated to the westward of the Mississippi." In July and August, Mr. Erving, replying to the Spanish Minister of State, refers to "His Majesty's disposition to cede his possessions to the east of the Mississippi for a reasonable equivalent," and suggests instead of the guaranty of Spanish territory by the United States—a thing which could not be done—a better guaranty in the form of "a desert," or unoccupied, uninhabited tract of thirty leagues on the Colorado, extending up to 32 deg. north latitude, as "a barrier between the possessions" of the two countries. Negotiations between the two countries were suspended, by formal notice, until

satisfaction should be made for the proceedings of General Jackson in Florida, which His Catholic Majesty denounced as outrages upon his dignity and honor, and for which he demanded apology and indemnity. John Quincy Adams, in papers which are an enduring monument to his patriotism and ability, "carried the war into Africa," and charged and proved that it was "to the conduct of her own commanding officers that Spain must impute the necessity under which General Jackson found himself of occupying the places of their command." "The horrible combination of robbery, murder, and war, with which the frontier of the United States bordering upon Florida, has for several years past been visited, is ascribable altogether to the total and lamentable failure of Spain to fulfill the 5th article of the treaty of 1795, by which she stipulated to restrain, by force, her Indians from hostilities against the citizens of the United States." "Had the engagements of Spain been fulfilled, the United States would have had no Seminole war." Far from indemnifying the crown of Spain for losses sustained, the American minister at Madrid was instructed that the crown of Spain should indemnify the United States for the expenses of a war which Spain was bound to prevent.

It is difficult to realize the vexatious vicissitudes which attended this long-drawn-out negotiation. In course of time it at last became apparent, even to Spain, that Florida must come under the sovereignty of the United States. The idea of its transference to another foreign power was not to be tolerated for a moment. Its continued retention by Spain, remote, proud, sensitive, jealous, involved in foreign wars and chronic internal turmoils, would generate ceaseless trouble and necessitate quasi-belligerent forces on the border. Indian incursions and depredations, unprevented by Spanish authorities, made it imperative to cross the line in pursuit, and for the punishment of the savages. "Masterly inactivity," a phrase borrowed by Mr. Calhoun, in his Mexican war speeches, from Sir James McIntosh, was too feeble a policy. The vigilance of Erving and other ministers was unceasing. Efforts to purchase were thwarted. Negotiations were begun and suspended. Procrastination was pursued under specific instructions to that end. The patience and forbearance and moderation of the United States had been wonderful. Even Mr. Adams restrained largely his irritability of temper and vitriolism of pen; but this patient submission was manifestly nearing an end. Mr. Ouis, seeing that procrastination as a game and a policy was exhausted, sent on October 24, 1818, to Mr. Adams, a proposition to cede all the property and sovereignty possessed by Spain in and over the Floridas, under certain conditions. The conditions were promptly rejected; a "final offer" on the part of the United States was made; matters grew worse, and belligerent measures

seemed imminent. Mr. Adams, October 31, 1818, used this significant language: "The President is deeply penetrated with the conviction that further protracted discussion . . . cannot terminate in a manner satisfactory to our governments. From your answer to this letter he must conclude whether a final adjustment of all our differences is now to be accomplished, or whether all hope of such a desirable result is, on the part of the United States, to be abandoned." After some letters, showing a wide divergence of views, on January 11, 1819, Mr. Ouis announced that by a courier extraordinary from his government he was authorized to give a greater extent to his proposals. On the 9th he submitted his projet, and Mr. Adams on the 13th responded by a counter projet. At this point Mr. Hyde de Meuville, the French Minister, at the request of Mr. Ouis, "confined by indisposition," had an interview with Mr. Adams and a full and free discussion of the two projets. Explanations and modifications were made, and on February 22, 1819, was signed in Washington "a Treaty of Amity, Settlement and Limits," which provided for the cession of Florida and "the reciprocal renunciation of certain claims as adjusted by a joint commission." The commissioner had power to decide conclusively upon the amount and validity of claims, but not upon the conflicting rights of parties to the sums awarded by them. Comegys v. Vasse, 1 Peters, 193. The spoliation claims held by the United States against Spain were renounced, and the United States undertook to make satisfaction for the same to the amount of five millions of dollars.

The Rio Grande contention was given up, a majority of the Cabinet overruling Mr. Adams, and holding that the immediate acquisition of Florida was too important to be jeoparded, or "clogged by debatable demands for territory to the southwest." The intervening neutral territory, the uninhabited desert, the impassable barrier between the two countries, which, for so many years and so often was proposed and relied upon to prevent conflict of jurisdiction and of people, seems to have been quietly ignored. The Louisiana boundary was settled by following the Sabine, Red and Arkansas rivers as far westward as the 42 deg. north latitude, and pursuing that degree to the Pacific Ocean. In settling disputed boundaries, and, in fact, in making this treaty, the United States did not assent to the claim of sovereignty or ownership over the territory between the Mississippi and the Perdido. Both legislative and executive departments of the government, prior to 1819, treated territory west of the Perdido as part of the territory acquired from France in 1803, and in Pollard v. Files, the Supreme Court declared as the settled doctrine of the judicial department of the government that the treaty of 1819 ceded no territory west of the Perdido River.

The United States exonerated

Spain from all demands in the future on account of the claims of her citizens, and undertook to make satisfaction for the same to an amount not exceeding five millions of dollars. It is commonly stated that the United States purchased Florida for that sum of money. In the negociation the Spanish minister objected to the article stipulating for the payment, on the ground that it would appear from it that in consideration of that amount Spain had ceded the two Floridas and other territories, when she would not have ceded them for $20,000,000 but for her desire to arrange and terminate all differences with the United States. In 1805, Monroe and Pinckney, in their proposal to the Spanish government for the cession of Florida, said that Florida was not valuable for its land, and suggested that the sum paid "for the whole of the province of Louisiana furnished a just and suitable standard" as to what would be proper in paying for Florida. The area of Florida is 56,680 square miles, and Mr. Jefferson paid $15,000,000 for all the country west of the Mississippi not occupied by Spain, as far north as the British territory, and comprising, wholly or in part, the present states of Arkansas, Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, Oregon, and Colorado and the Indian Territory and the territories of Dakota, Idaho, Montana, Washington and Wyoming.

The treaty submitted to the Senate on the day it was signed, was at once unanimously ratified, thus giving additional lustre to the birthday of Washington. Before the adjournment of Congress acts were passed authorizing the establishing of local governments over the acquired territory. John Forsyth, of Georgia, was appointed minister to Spain, and he carried with him a copy of the treaty and minute instructions as to the exchange of ratifications. So confident was the government of early action, the Hornet, which carried Mr. Forsyth, was ordered to remain at Cadiz a sufficient length of time to carry back the ratified copy. So anxious and so certain of speedy assent were the authorities at Washington, instructions were sent to Mr. Erving that it might be expedient for him to exchange the ratifications, if by any accident the formal reception of Forsyth should be delayed "beyond a very few days." Fearing the absence of Mr. Erving, on account of the infirm state of his health, or the non-arrival of Mr. Forsyth, a special messenger, with duplicate copies of treaty and instructions, was sent to Mr. Thomas L. L. Brent, the Secretary of Legation, so that he might exchange the ratifications. After this twenty years of negotiation it was supposed that the trouble was ended, but he who measures a Spaniard by the ordinary standard will find himself, in the end, grievously disappointed.

Long experience has been condensed into a popular proverb, "Del dicho al hecho va mucho trecho." From the saying to the doing is a great distance. The Hornet returned

in the summer, not with the ratification but with recriminatory dispatches because of the unexpected and inexcusable delay. Spain did not give her assent. She offered various evasive excuses and pretexts. She might promptly have disavowed the treaty as in excess of her instructions. She did not. She consented to the negotiations. She knew what had been done, and seven months passed before she uttered a word of complaint. When it became known that Spain refused to confirm the contract and interposed frivolous excuses for her conduct, much indignation was aroused, and harsh measures had advocacy in the press and in Congress. It was well said the cession was no new thing, and that the agreement, from preliminary steps to final consummation, was as well known in Madrid as in Washington, at least so far as substance was concerned. President Monroe said in his message that Spain had formed a relation between the two countries which would justify any measures on the part of the United States which a strong sense of injury and a proper regard for the rights and interests of the nation might dictate. Adams contended that Spain was under obligations of honor and good faith, and in a letter to the chairman of the Committee of Foreign Relations, Mr. Lowndes, of South Carolina—author of the phrase, "I had rather be right than be President"—asserted the "perfect right" of the government to compel a specific performance of the engagement and secure indemnity for the expenses and damages which grew out of the refusal of Spain to ratify. Intemperance of language and proposal was met by wise counsel, and the proposed immediate military occupation was defeated. After weary years of patience and of earnest effort to avoid war, very fortunately the country was not precipitated into it by the hot heads and Hotspurs. It was well determined to await the logic of events, and not hazard the gaining of what must surely, like ripe fruit, fall into our hands. General Jackson once said, "Geography controls my politics," and so the geographical position of Florida made it inevitably a part of the Union. Count Aranda, when he was Prime Minister of Spain, as far back as 1783, distinctly foresaw and acknowledged the necessity of the acquisition.

The irritation felt at the repudiation of a solemn international compact excited general attention, and it was felt that a war might produce grave international complications, and transfer not only Florida but Cuba and Texas also to the United States. France and Great Britain remonstrated with Spain, and she realized that the temporizing and procrastinating policy must give way to positive and definite action. On the 24th of October, 1820, the Cortes having previously authorized and advised, the king, Ferdinand VII., approved and ratified the treaty. Such was the slowness of communication in those days, that

four months elapsed before the ratification was known in Washington. (I have received instructions from the State Department by post in eleven days.) The time fixed for joint ratification, six months, having expired, the treaty was re-submitted to the Senate and ratified a second time, 19th February, 1821. On the 22d—again connecting the hallowed day with Florida—the House of Representatives gave their assent to the necessary legislation.

Thus an acquisition long sought for, essential to our internal quiet and to save us from foreign intermeddlings, strifes and conspiracies, was consummated. For nearly a quarter of a century the negotiations were pursued in Spain or in Washington—sometimes interrupted by fretful suspension of diplomatic intercourse, by the revolutionary disturbances in Spain, by English and French wars, by Spanish tenacity for American possessions, and the incurable propensity not to do to-day what can be deferred until to-morrow. No one can read the correspondence in full without a high appreciation of the patriotism and ability of Madison, Monroe, Pinckney, Adams, and Erving. Their state papers show patience, forbearance, courtesy, dignity, tact, power of argument, familiarity with international jurisprudence, and intense loyalty to our institutions. It is not easy to comprehend the disadvantages under which our able negotiators labored in the earlier periods of our history, when our rights as a member of the family of nations were ignored or grudgingly conceded. The credit of the Florida success is enhanced when we consider the personal and national characteristcs of the Spaniards. With unquestioned courage, chivalry, scrupulous observance of etiquette, they are vain, proud, sensitive, distrustful of foreigners, obstinate in their opinions, and possessed of a most patience-wearing disposition to procrastinate. The stoical fatalism of the Moor seems in some of its forms to have been bequeathed to his conqueror.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

CHAPTER X.

An Arrow and its Work.

A short distance from the tent in which Einion and the knight held secret converse two of the king's guards stood talking together. Both were above the medium height, and were well-proportioned. They also had seen much service, being tried soldiers.

"It was three years ago," said one of them, alluding to an occurrence that had left a deep impression on his mind; "but that terrible experience has haunted me ever since. The king's army was encamped about three hours' march from Leominster, and thick clouds of smoke were still ascending from the smouldering ruins of the many houses and barns that we had set on fire that day. Near us were dense thickets, from which the cry of the owl was occasionally answered by the howl of the wolf or the grunt of the wild boar. I was then in the service of Bleddyn, the king's half-brother, and was among those detailed to picket duty that night. My post was at the edge of the somber forest south of the camp, and although the sky was clear and the stars were shining bright, the shadows were so thick around me that I could scarcely see my hand held close before my face."

"By St. David," said the other guard, "I am glad I was not in your place, for I believe I would have died of fright. Not that I fear any living man; but I care not to dance the flesh off my bones in a fairy circle, or be ridden to death by a goblin."

"I do not consider myself among the most superstitious," continued the first speaker; "but I confess that I was far more cowardly than brave that night. As I paced to and fro glancing apprehensively from one side to the other, my mind seemed to be haunted with all the fairy tales and ghost stories that I had ever heard. Twm ap Iago, I thought, was allured into the fairy circle in just such woods as those which overshadowed me. I imagined I saw him dancing madly within the enchanted ring, and that I was so touched by his pale wan look that I plucked him out of the ring only to see him mouldering away as soon as he tasted food. Then I thought of the Lady of the Wood, which to me seemed more terrible than fairies. I remembered the experience of Einion ap Gwalchmai, when he met her in the woods of Treveilir,

and asked myself, 'What would you do, Emrys, were you to see her beautiful face and form, and her hoofs peeping out from under the border of her elegant dress as he did, or heard her say to you as she did to him, Thou must follow me whereever I go so long as I continue in my beauty?' "

"Ugh! I know what I could do; I would ask her in the name of heaven what she wanted with me. Einion must have sent his wits woolgathering else he would never have permitted the goblin to cast a spell around him and cause him to leave his wife for so long a time. By all the saints, I would never turn my back on Gwenllian were twenty Ladies of the Wood to appear to me."

"Words are cheap, Iorwerth; much cheaper than deeds. It is so the world over. Had you been in Einion's place you would have done as he did; or had your wife been in his wife's place when the goblin appeared to her as a richly appareled knight, and made love to her, pretending that her husband was dead, she would not have cast him off. Believe me, we are all weaker than we are aware. At least I was that night. I tried to think of something more agreeable than ghosts and goblins; but I tried in vain. My mind seemed to invite the Lady of the Wood more than all others of the unearthly tribe to torment me, and I was thinking of the monstrous and hideous witch that Einion saw when he desired to see the Lady of the Wood, after he had put the half of the ring his wife had given him under his eyelid, when the noise of footsteps breaking dry twigs but a short distance from me in the dark forest sent my blood leaping. Then a deathlike silence followed during which my heart seemed to beat as loud as a forge hammer, and I strained my eyes almost out of their sockets trying to catch a glimpse of the cause of the noise. Again there was a movement, and I could scarcely tell whether the footsteps or my own heart-throbs sounded loudest. My hair now stood on end, and my legs trembled so violently that I could hardly stand. I was sure it was the Lady of the Wood, or some monster even more terrible from the shadow-land, and I expected something most fearful to happen every moment. 'Halt!' said a voice that I scarcely recognized as my own. How that word escaped me I have never been able to tell. It must have been the soldier in me that spoke; but however it happened the footsteps again melted into silence, and I remember reasoning that it was something that had ears as well as feet, and that the word I uttered, terrified as I was, had some effect upon it. Then in some unaccountable manner my fears took another turn. It was not the Lady of the Wood I feared now; I was sure it was an enemy bent on mischief! I had been foolish to let the dread thing approach so near, and it might mean assassination—a fate to be deplored more than a thousand deaths

in open battle. Once more there was a movement in my direction, and while my trembling hands held the bow and arrow in position, I repeated in a warning voice, 'Halt! who goes there?' but this time with no effect. The noise was now but two spears lengths away, and after another vain warning I let the arrow fly in the direction of the sound, and the scream, startled me with the query, 'What is it, Emrys?' In reply I simply pointed in the direction of the body; but he failing to see my gesture repeated his question impatiently. 'There,' said I, 'it is there!' 'But what is there', said he. 'Have you taken leave of your senses, man?' 'Something or somebody has taken leave of life,' I replied. We then stepped cautiously forward, and the corporal touching a soft object with his foot stooped over it only to recoil with horror and gasp, 'God have pity on your soul, man; you have slain an innocent girl!' I was dumb, and my head was in a whirl. I, Emrys ap Gwrgant, had deprived one scarcely more than a mere child of life!"

Hereford Cathedral.

a shrill scream of agony pierced my ears, followed by a heavy thud."

Here the speaker paused, placing his hand over his eyes, as if to shut out the terrible vision that now harrowed his soul. Then he continued in a husky voice,

"For a moment I stood as if turned into stone, and perhaps would have remained in that stupefied condition much longer had not the corporal of the guard, attracted to the spot by

Again there was a pause, and both speaker and auditor brushed tears

from their eyes. In war they could be cruel, but now they felt as fathers, not as soldiers. Smothering his emotions once more the guard resumed his narrative.

"There is but little more to be said. The corporal, assisted by one of the reserve, carried the body to a tent about a stone's throw from the picket line, and a little later when I was exchanged, I hastened to the presence of the dead, accompanied by two of my comrades. Though still somewhat unnerved, I felt that I must see the innocent victim of my awful blunder. I could call it nothing else, although I had but performed my duty as a soldier. The dear child was more to blame than I, perhaps; but crazed by the terrors of war, she had fled from a home that was now a ruin, and led by instinct more than by reason, she was more bent upon wandering back to those whom she loved than upon heeding my warning. When we entered the tent we found her lying on a pallet of straw with her heart pierced and still. She had seen scarcely fourteen summers, and her face as the light from a rush candle fell upon it revealed such beauty as the fair Rowena might have possessed, but it was marred by a look of intense agony. Ah! what smiles had played on that face! What bright visions had chased each other in that young mind! What joys had swelled that little heart! Somebody had embraced that slender form with the arms of love. Somebody had imprinted the kiss of love on those sweet lips and cheeks. Somebody had stroked those golden locks with the fingers of affection. Thus I thought while for a moment I looked through my tears on the fair Saxon face. Just then I forgot that I was a Welshman, and that she belonged to a hated race, and I would have given the world, had it been mine to give, if I could have summoned her back to life long enough to ask her forgiveness. But I did what I knew could be done; I prayed to St. David that he might ask her to forgive me; and when daylight came, my comrades and I dug a grave where she fell, and laid her in it to sleep the long sleep, while the birds poured forth their sweet strains as if to her memory."

At the conclusion of the narrative the two guards maintained absolute silence for a short time. Each stood as if a spell had been thrown around him; each communed with his own thoughts as if they were too sacred to be clothed in words. Then the one who had listened to the narrative, after one or two vain attempts at clearing his throat, said to his comrade in a voice that betrayed no little emotion,

"You cannot forget your past experience, no more can I get rid of a presentiment that has haunted me since this morning. The more I have striven to throw it off the stronger it has grown. Now I am convinced I shall never see Gwenllian and the children again. I shall be killed before another sunset."

"Tut, tut, man, you must not per-

mit an illusion to cast a gloom over your mind," said the other. "You have passed unscathed through more than one fierce battle. Why should you think of death now when nothing more than a mere skirmish awaits us? It must be that you did not get your usual sleep last night, or perhaps the good things you found among the spoils weigh too heavily on your stomach."

"Believe me, Emrys, it is no illusion. Something tells me I shall not leave this field alive. Heaven knows that I do not prize my life so little that I am anxious to part with it, or my wife and children that I can think without a pang of leaving the world without seeing their dear faces once more."

The flow of words was here checked by the flow of emotion; but it was only for a moment. Then the guard continued,

"You will probably live to return to Rhuddlan; therefore I wish you would tell Gwenny that I never loved her as I do now, and that I believe God will help her take care of the children. Tell her also that the locks of hair she gave me the other day are dearer to me now than all the gold in the world. I have but one more request to make. If you can find my body after I am dead take my sword and give it to little Arthur, and tell him to cherish it as a gift from his father, and when he comes of age, to use it in defense of old Cambria against all intruders."

"Your requests shall not be in vain," was the reply, "If I survive you. But why speak in this melancholy strain? The prospects of your life were never more flattering. To-morrow night we shall laugh over your presentiment."

Nothing can seem stranger to a man than to hear another, in the enjoyment of perfect health, and in view of no unusual danger, speak of death as hovering near him. The guard addressed as Emrys realized this as he listened to his comrade; yet living as they did in a superstitious age, when disbelief in ghosts and goblins was the exception rather than the rule, he believed more firmly that the presentiment would come true than his words seemed to indicate. Nor did he fail to acknowledge to himself that his friend was in a worse plight than any in which he had even been.

The midnight hour at length arrived, and Emrys and his friend with two others were assigned to their respective posts near the royal tent, that of Emrys being on the side next to Algar's tent, and his friend's being on the other, next to Trahaiarn's. As they were in the center of the camp, each, so far as any immediate danger was concerned, thought himself perfectly safe. Several watch-fires burned in various parts of the camp, but as the night was as misty as it was dark they could be seen at no great distance. One of these watch-fires was kept burning in front of the king's tent, but owing to the shadow of the tent no less than the mist, Emrys and his friend paced almost in total dark-

ness. They could hear each other's tread, but they were not near enough to see each other distinctly. Around them the soldiers lay peacefully dreaming, most of them on the bare ground with little or no covering. Inured to the hardships of army life they slept as soundly as if on feather beds. Nor was there anything to break the stillness of the night but the unpleasant sounds made by a few snorers here and there, and the light noise made by the sentries as they paced to and fro.

Armed with a spear and a shield, each guard attended to his duty, wrapped in his own thoughts. Nor would it be difficult to say what the thoughts were in the case of one of them at least. Overshadowed with his presentiment his mind recurred again and again, now to the dread future, and now to the dear ones at home. He saw once more the dearest of wives as she was on the day when he made her his own, with a face so bewitching and hair of gold, the envy of maidens and the prize of his heart. He heard once more the sweet tones of the voice which knew so well how to comfort and cheer. Then sweet little faces so innocent, so true, seemed to gather around him again with smiles so charming and eyes so bright. Once more little Arthur seemed to mount on his knee, and say with a gentle caress, "Papa, I love 'oo." In the wake of these memories the tears would flow, and drawing his sleeve across his eyes he frequently brushed them away. He could weep in the dark without being told that he was weak. Meanwhile he paced mechanically to and fro, now at the side of the king's tent, and anon a little to the rear. He seemed to be oblivious to things around him, for a slight sound which brought Emrys for a moment to a stand-still made no impression on him. For once in his life he was off his guard while on duty. His own impending doom made him forget that the king might be in danger. Emrys heard him for the hundredth time slowly and with measured tread approaching the farthest end of his prescribed course, as he tried to divine what the sound he had heard meant; then an arrow whizzed close by his ear while his comrade fell heavily to the ground. Instantly a thousand thoughts seemed to crowd into his mind, and a multitude of conflicting emotions seemed to rush into his heart; yet he managed to raise an alarm that roused the whole camp within hearing, and that immediately brought the reserve to the spot. Emrys stammered an explanation of what had happened as he led the captain of the guard with a few others to where his friend lay; then he was completely overcome by his feelings when he found that he had been pierced through the heart. Nor were the other guards unmoved by the sight, for the murdered soldier was a general favorite. Emrys alone, however, knew of his presentiment, and of the promise he had made to him a few hours before—a promise which he duly fulfilled.

Of course the murder of the guard was generally understood to have been a part of a plot to assassinate the king, and there were many conjectures as to who the traitors were. Most, however, were wide of the mark, while a few, among them Prince Trahaiarn, guessed more accurately; yet even they could produce no evidence that they had fixed on the right persons. Nor was anything done that night in the way of investigation, the matter being deferred till morning. It was thought advisable, however, to set twelve instead of four to guard the king's tent during the rest of the night, which was entirely unnecessary since one of the traitors was already a considerable distance from the camp, and the other, who was none other than Einion ap Howel, meditated no further evil at present. It was he that had shot the arrow at Emrys, and it was Idrys, who had been introduced to Gryffydd and Algar as an Armorican lord, that had murdered the other guard. This was done after Idrys' followers had secretly left the camp to meet at an appointed place where Idrys rejoined them after the alarm was raised.

CHAPTER XI.

Woe to the Vanquished.

"What! here already Einion? Why, man, thou hast once at least stolen a march on old Sol. But thou hast ever been a good hound, and if I mistake not thou hast scented the ravening wolves that prowled around my tent last night."

"The noble son of Llewelyn has too generous an opinion of his unworthy vassal, especially in this instance, as the trail is so plain that a dog without either scent or sight could follow it. My lord, the king, remembers the Armorican lord who with his followers arrived last night?"

"The treacherous villain! why didst thou not bring him here, that I might spit upon him, and place my foot upon his neck, and fling his black soul to Annwn!"

"Can the fowler catch the bird that has escaped from the nest? No more can the Armorican lord be brought before the royal Gryffydd."

"Merciful heavens! and have ye permitted that traitor also to escape? By St. David, I will have you all hung as conspirators! But not before I learn when he left the camp."

"I only know, my lord king, that he has left; but there be those, who perchance, may know the time he and his followers fled the camp. Cadivor ap Collwyn with whom he arrived methinks is not missing."

Acting upon this suggestion of the wily Einion, who evidently desired to turn both the king's wrath and suspicion to another quarter, Gryffydd immediately sent an officer with an escort of four men to bring the innocent chief before him.

(Continued.)

FIELD OF LETTERS

Were it not for the fashion which has recently become prevalent of denying the title of the Welsh people to be called Celts, I think I should take for a text this time the remark of Renan's, that it does not seem as though in any epoch of its history the Celtic race had any aptitude for political life. "It does not appear," says he, "that the people which favor it are by themselves susceptible of progress. To them, life appears as a fixed condition, which has no power to alter. Endowed with little initiative, too much inclined to look upon themselves as minors and in tutelage, they are quick to believe in destiny and resign themselves to it. Seeing how little audacious they are against God, one would scarcely believe this race to be a daughter of Japheth." But whether we be Celts or not, I do not hesitate to say that the ideality and impracticability which is usually considered characteristic of Celtic nations is very much in evidence in the history of the Welsh people also.—Young Wales.

Throughout the Welsh-speaking portions of Pembrokeshire, not more than 15 to 20 per cent. of the total number of wage-earners in agriculture would, I think, be members of any benefit club; and the same statement would perhaps equally apply to the greater part of the two neighboring counties also.

Nowhere are laborers more indifferent to the advantages of Friendly Societies than in Anglesey (where malingering had a large share in destroying such clubs as did exist), and in that county the percentage of outdoor paupers amounts to 4.6 and 5.6 in the Anglesey and Holyhead Unions respectively. Comparatively little use of clubs is also made among laborers of the Pwllheli Union.—Young Wales.

Contents of "Young Wales" for September: Technical Education in Wales, by L. J. Roberts; The Agricultural Laborer in Wales, by D. Ll. Thomas; Christian Literature, by Professor R. Lentzner; the Welsh Coal Dispute, by Gwilym Hughes, Cardiff; Our Sunday Note Book, by William George; The Quest of Mabon and Faithful unto Death. Frontispiece, Mabon, Esq., M. P.

"Trysorfa y Plant" for October is as interesting as usual with choice bits for children, as well as people of maturer age. It opens on a portrait of the Rev. W. R. Jones (Goleufryn), who lately departed this life after a career of usefulness. It has other attractive illustrations, short essays, sketches of Welsh celebrities, and poems.

"Cymru'r Plant" also should be widely patronized by Welsh youth. The children of Wales could not spend their pennies to better advantage and profit to themselves than by subscribing to such monthlies as "Trysorfa y Plant" and "Cymru'r Plant." They show excellent good taste, and furnish the young with beautiful reading.

"Y Cronicl" for October has the usual variety of articles, essays, skits, sketches and poems. The Denominational Notes, by Keinion, is an essential part of this instructive monthly, fol-

lowed by a variety department; the Independent Fathers, by the Rev. W. J. Morris (this being the seventh sketch); A History of the Month, by the Editor; Notes and Notices.

Under the caption "Work for the Winter," the editor makes the following sensible remarks: "By the time these notes are in print, all shall have returned from their vacations, from the mountains and the seashore. Let us hope that the members of our Sunday Schools, our churches, our church choirs, will be as eager to resume operations as they were to go away to enjoy themselves, and that they will show the same longing to accomplish some Christian work. Doubtless, the churches in South Wales are crippled by the great coal strike, but let us keep in mind the great promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' Let us depend more on the spiritual side of Christ's work. I know a minister who declined a call from a church until the members promised not to raise money to help the good cause by means of lectures, concerts, tea parties, bazaars and other secular devices. He invited his people to give to the Lord for His sake, and not in response to mechanical schemes. There was some opposition to his plan for a while, especially on the part of the ladies who were enamored of the mercantile and restaurant ways of replenishing the church treasury; but the more Christian way proved successful, and the members would not think of returning to the old style."

The contents of "Drysorfa" for October are excellent in material and variety. The Rev. William Evans, M. A., Pembroke Dock (with portrait); The Welsh Calvinistic Hymnal of the South, by the Rev. Thomas Levi; Reminiscences, by the Rev. B. Hughes, St. Asaph; The Teaching of Christ and the Teaching of Paul, by the Rev. Joseph Evans, Denbigh; Monthly Notes, Editor's Table, Obituaries, &c.

We are not writing this to criticise all the proceedings of the Baptist Union Convention held at Aberdare, but to draw attention to one resolution passed, viz., that a deputation be sent to all the English Baptists who are free, to request them to return to the fold of restricted communion. Close communionists do not permit the unbaptized by immersion to partake of the Lord's Supper with them; and the Welsh Baptists are all of this restricted class. Not even the most godly and the most celebrated among the Calvinistic Methodists, in fact, not even the Archbishop of Canterbury, if present amongst them, would be allowed to sit and commune with them. This not only shows extreme narrow-mindedness, but also a noxious inconsistency. Unimmersed ministers are allowed to preach in Baptist pulpits, and take part in all their meetings. Baptist ministers will also often visit churches of other denominations, and preach and pray for the success of the cause, calling their members "brethren;" and yet they draw a line at the communion table!—Drysorfa.

"Cwrs y Byd" in addition to being independent and non-sectarian, is largely devoted to the cause of labor. It always evinces a deep interest in the condition of the laboring classes, and is not afraid to express its views regarding the scandalous relations (no better than barbarous, very often) between the capitalist and the workman, especially the landlord and the hard-pressed farmer and the agricultural laborer. All Welsh monthlies and periodicals ought to turn their attention more directly and more positively to advocating the rights of the common people. What is the good of religion, education, art, culture, &c., unless they are practically interested to elevate and relieve

the oppressed and down-trodden masses? Unless they help, they become an increased burden.

Why do not our philosophers introduce into the midst of society something truly practical, something that will benefit really every child. Libraries, museums, gymnasiums, expositions, and other amusements deserve our thanks, but make them reachable to the masses. A man recently attended a lecture on Astronomy, and for a while he was interested in the way the lecturer described the heavenly bodies, Jupiter and Saturn, &c., when suddenly somebody in the back of the hall in mournful tones, shouted, "Gentlemen, where can I have a piece of bread? I haven't had any since yesterday!"—"Cwrs y Byd."

The "Cerddor" has the following articles among others of interest: Musical Enthusiasm among the Welsh, What is it? "Once Again, Dear Wales," by D. Protheroe, Mus. Bac.; Our Musicians (No. 32), by D. J.; Reviews, Reports of Concerts, Eisteddfodau, Musical Festivals, &c. The "Cerddor" keeps up its high standard of ability and usefulness.

Anent the great multitude that crowded to hear the choral competition at Festiniog, the "Cerddor" says: "'What went they out for to see?' Did they go out there to show their love of music, or rather to witness a musical contest? We are afraid they went there to enjoy the pleasure of the excitement of the fight." This is shown also, by the fact that these fighting choirs after each contest, collapse, or rather, are mustered out, until the next call to arms. There is not sufficient interest among the Welsh to establish choirs for the sake of music alone. These contesting choirs are volunteers or musical Rough Riders, who although they are excellent musical fighters, are yet not regulars, carefully and permanently trained and devoted to the art.

"Dysgedydd" for October has the following articles, etc.: The Minister in the Light of Christ's Example, by the Rev. W. Parry Hughes, B.D., Dolgelley; The Rev. David Morgan, Llanfyllin, by the Rev. Josiah Jones, Machynlleth; A Review of the books of the preceding age, by the Rev. D. Griffith, Bethel; Married Life, by the Rev. T. Roberts; Sunday School Notes, Mission Intelligence, &c.

The October "Geninen" is a splendid number, and has an excellent supply of articles on interesting subjects and questions of the day: The Vale of Clwyd, by Isaac Foulkes; The Spiritual Tendency in our History and Literature, by the Rev. Elvet Lewis; The New God, by "Truth Against the World;" In Memory of Departed Celebrities; The Settlement of the Normans in Wales, by the Rev. J. Rhys Morgan, D. D. (Lleurwg); Is the Welsh Language Dying? by Mr. J. E. Southall; Pembrokeshire Diet, by Mr. Thomas Rees, M. A.; New Testament Criticism, by Professor Young Evans; Welsh Calvinism and the Church in Wales, by the Rev. David Jones, B. A.; The Eisteddfod and the Gorsedd, by the Rev. Ben Davies; Slate Quarries and Quarrymen, by Glaslyn; The National Eisteddfod at Festiniog, by Gwerinwr; Parts of Wales, by Watcyn Wyn; Correspondencies, poems, poetical relics and curiosities, &c., &c.

In his article on the spiritual characteristics of the Welsh people, the Rev. Elvet Lewis proceeds: Science has not been permitted to talk (siarad) in the Welsh language except in spiritual terms. Geology led Hiraethog and helped him to behold Emmanuel, the centre of creation. The first book on Evolution among the Welsh applied the

principles to theological doctrines, viz., the fall, incarnation, the atonement and the resurrection. Every science, hitherto, has entered Welsh literature through the theological ingress, and it does not appear that we will have another way of introducing science for a while at least. This spiritual idiosyncracy has taken possession to a large extent of our place-names; our chapel names have expanded over whole districts—being bestowed on works, and even on saloons! And what is our Eisteddfod but a kind of religious amusement? Biblical and theological subjects are given the bards to rhyme on; and our essayists are expected to be expert theologians if they wish to compete in prose with any show of success. If a purely literary theme is offered, the competitors become suspicious and shy of it. If Eisteddfodic committies are bold enough to make the experiment. the contestants are likely to handle it as if it were heathenish, or in other words, they will know very little about it.

According to an article in the "Dysgedydd," England has at last, been aroused to a sense of the great danger that threatens the church through the encroachment of the Ritualistic party. For this protesting movement, we are not indebted to the church authorities themselves. The archbishops and the bishops seem to be helpless and indifferent. The rescuing party comes out of the lay portion of the establishment led by a layman, John Kensit, bookseller, of Paternoster Row, London. Mr. Kensit has been for years a member of the Protestant Alliance, and has been also carefully watching the movements of the clerical party. Once or twice he protested against the empty ceremony of electing bishops who had been previously appointed by the government. In the London School Board election, last winter, he was candidate as an Independent Protestant against the Church nominee, supported by the ritualistic element. His candidacy drew considerable attention, and although defeated, it became evident that he had a host of supporters, and that the cause he championed was increasing in popularity. A little incensed by his defeat, he announced that he was determined to grapple with the ritualistic evil and impede its progress by every possible means. Good Friday he attended one of the most ritualistic churches in London, and when the priest was parading a cross for adoration by the people, Mr. Kensit was so shocked that he snatched it, for which he was tried and fined for disturbing public worship. His plea was that the priest was the offender, his practices being contrary to the Book of Common Prayer; and so the papistic ceremony which he disturbed could not be public worship according to law. The ruling was in his favor. This served to make him bolder. He attended other churches for the purpose of protesting against these clerical masquerades. By this time, his followers were increasing, and thence forth, the movement has gathered strength, and promises in the near future a thorough victory over this un-Christian and un-English clerical invasion. He has instituted a regular campaign of protestation through English and Welsh towns, exasperating the clerics, and affording the people considerable instruction and amusement. His views and teachings are correct, but his performances are not always commendable, although the daring of the clergy and the indifference and hebetude of the bishops call for some efficient way of meeting with opposition the second advent of popedom. This modern Luther will eventually bring about the disestablishment and the liberation of religion in England.

SCIENTIFIC

A German biologist, says "The Medical Record," has calculated that the human brain contains 300,000,000 nerve cells, 5,000,000 of which die, and are succeeded by new ones every day. At this rate, assuming the correctness of the German's guess, we get an entirely new brain every sixty days.

Two French mechanics have placed an electric motor upon the shaft effecting the necessary movements of a sewing machine. Freed from the driving belt and pulley, the machine is very compact, and a small current drives it at speeds which may be varied from 180 to 1,500 revolutions per minute.

An electric reading apparatus has been devised for the blind by a French electrician. It consists of a comb just covering the height of the letters, and having five small points or teeth, which emit momentary sounds of different pitch as they cross the lines forming a letter. The sucession of the sounds is thus made characteristic of the letter. If the teeth were made of selenium, the electric current would vary as the intensity of the light varies, and any one of several devices could be used to transform the variations into sounds.

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SOMETHING ABOUT PAPER.

The Chinese made paper from fibrous substances, especially from wool and cotton, at a very early time—at least two hundred years before Christ; but Western Asia did not have any fibrous paper until about 704 A. D., when the Arabs began its manufacture. The oldest paper manuscript now in existence bears the date of 866 A. D., a treatise on the sayings of Mohammed. Much of the first paper was made from the papyrus plant. The earliest known European use of paper is about 1250 A. D. The first known manufacture of paper in Europe was by the Moors of Spain.

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PEOPLE WHO LIVE ON SUGAR.

Although real maple sugar is in England a scarce and rare luxury, yet in parts of our American territory the sugar-maple is still one of the most plentiful of trees. A tribe of Indians in Manitoba depend, indeed, for their very existence on this sweet sap, which they collect in birch-bark vessels, and evaporate by throwing hot stones into it. Venison and rabbits and ears of corn are boiled in the sap, and thus treated will keep during the winter. Sugar sap is also extracted by this tribe from the silver-maple and box-elder. In the winter of 1887 a number of these Indians were found to have been living on nothing but pine sugar for over four weeks.

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A CONTRIBUTION.

In a recent lecture in London, Sir Robert Ball said that on a most moderate computation scores of tons of meteoric matter were added each day to the previous mass of the earth. Meteoric particles were found on Alpine snows, in Atlantic ooze, in the motes of the sunbeam. "Grains of corn owed something to the gentle rain of meteoric matter, as well as to the gentle rains of a more familiar description. The loaf as it came to the table contained within it particles which had voyaged for uncounted thousands of centuries of time through illimitable millions of miles of space. Thus to

le the actual material of our bod-
ame, the remotest realms of space
een laid under contribution. The
of everyone present was at that
nt in intimate association with
les that had been brought hither
ooting stars."

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ORIGIN SEEMS TO BE FOUND EARLY RELIGIOUS OBSERVANCES.

at is the origin of tattooing? Reli-
which has so much power over
s, and which proves so obstinate
serving ancient customs, has cer-
contributed to maintain it among
ore barbarous part of our popula-

We see a quasi official proof of
Lorette. Those who cultivate a
ion for a saint believe that by en-
ig his image on their flesh they
ive him a proof, a clear testimony,
ir love. We know that the Phoe-
s marked the sign of their divinity
eir foreheads (Ewald, Judaischen
rthum, iii). In the Marshall isl-
they have to ask the permission
e gods to tattoo themselves, and
riests alone in New Zealand per-
the office of tattooing (Scherzer).
ck adds to this that a woman who
ot wear a tattoo mark cannot en-
ternal felicity. The women of
n tattooed themselves in obe-
to religion (Pliny, 33).

———o:o———

CARRIES AN UMBRELLA.

frilled lizard is found in Austral-
oods, being tolerably abundant in
Queensland and the Kimberley
t of Western Australia. It lives
etles such as are found on the tree
. It has some characteristics of
Nature tells. It is about three
ong, measured from head to tail
What makes it remarkable con-
sists of two things—its hurried walk
and its fighting anger.

It carries a sort of natural umbrella
top about its neck, which it elevates
suddenly with an alarming effect, even
to ordinary lizard killing dogs, scaring
them as an umbrella opened in the face
of a charging bull. Hence it is called
the frilled lizard. Its teeth are not of
much use as a defense against a vigor-
ous animal, but when it fights it uses
its long, lithe tail in a way to bring
long bruises on one's hands—in fact,
could it be properly trained, it might
serve as an automatic switch, which,
like the magic rub-a-dub-dub stick,
would at the word administer a thrash-
ing to the disobedient child.

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HEALTH PRESERVERS.

Nothing is more efficient to prevent
intestinal disorders through the chang-
ing season than the wearing of abdom-
inal bands. A physician says that he
never lets a friend or a patient go
abroad without a supply of them in his
trunk. Now that they are obtainable
at most shops, there is no excuse for
not adding them to the traveling or
stay-at-home wardrobe. It is a regula-
tion of the British army in India that
every soldier shall wear a woolen band.
The government supplies the bands and
considers it the best sort of investment,
cases of cholera among the band-wear-
ers being almost unknown. At a de-
partment store where the bands are
sold the clerk asserts that the demand
is steadily increasing, showing that the
use of them in this country is being
appreciated. A common complaint
among tourists, particularly bicycling
tourists in Europe, is what the French
call "fatigue de Pestomac," and for this
ailment, which is indigestion produced
by over-exercise, nine out of ten con-
tinental physicians will recommend the
bands.

A VALUABLE PLANT.

A plant is cultivated in New Zealand with great care and on a great scale, says "Cosmos," which has the singular property of destroying the moths that infest vegetation. This valuable plant is the Auragia albens. It is a native of South Africa, but is easily acclimated wherever there is no frost. It produces a large number of whitish flowers of an agreeable odor, which attract insects. On a summer evening may be seen bushes of auragia covered with moths, which by the following morning have quite disappeared. The action of the flower is entirely mechanical. The calyx is deep and the nectar is placed at its base. Attracted by the sight and powerful perfume of this nectar, the moth penetrates into the calyx and pushes forward its proboscis to get the precious food, but before it is able to do this, it is seized between two solid jaws that guard the passage, and that keep the insect prisoner until it dies.—Translated for "The Literary Digest."

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SAWDUST.

Sawdust, says "The National Druggist," in spite of the various uses to which it has been put in the arts and industries, still constitute a waste product, in America at least. It has recently been found, however, that not only the sawdust, but all the refuse of saw-mills may be advantageously utilized in the manufacture of calcium carbid. For this purpose the dust, scraps, slabs, etc., are carbonized by a rapid and simple process, and in this condition furnishes a charcoal especially valuable in this direction. The charcoal is run through an apparatus for reducing it to a fine powder, and this latter is mixed with an equal quantity of quicklime, and the mixture submitted for ten hours to an electrical current of intensity sufficient to melt iron. The production of the carbid commences at once, and in the stated time is complete, the resultant material being in masses convenient to go at once into commerce.

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THE UNIFORM OF THE SOLDIER.

The returning regiments, clad in all kinds of costumes, have aroused considerable curiosity on the subject of uniforms in general. It is said that the Emperor Valerius Maximus ordered the Roman soldiers to wear red, so they would not be frightened at the sight of their own blood, and even now red forms a conspicuous part of the uniforms among the French and British forces. Red has been ruled out of our own army of recent years, except for facings, largely upon the theory that the color was too conspicuous to carry into the field. This is not, however, strictly true, if we rely upon experiments made by the European military experts. German rifle range practice has shown that a blue target is hit three times, while a red target is hit once. Other interesting tests have been made with a view to determining the distance that soldiers are visible; and out of a squad of ten soldiers clad in gray, scarlet, dark blue, and green, dark gray was the color that remained longest in view; next came the dark blue with the dark gray, while scarlet was the second to disappear, being excelled only by the dark gray.

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A common house fly is not very rapid in its flight, but its wings make 800 beats a second, and send it through the air 25 feet, under ordinary circumstances, in that space of time. When the insect is alarmed, however, it has been found that it can increase its rate of speed to over 160 feet per second.

Pennant describes his book as "a complete tour of the most civilized parts of Wales." It is a pity he did not describe the other parts.

Swansea Bay is said to resemble that of Napies more than any other in Europe. Then Cwmavon Mountain, with its conspicuous smoke-stack, does duty for Vesuvius.

There is only one chapel in Gomer, Ohio, and to this place of worship people of all creeds, races, and many colors go. Fortunately, they are all Welsh.

An old house in Builth is pointed out to this day as the one where Llewelyn Pritchard, the author of "Twm Shon Catti," lived for many years, eking out a poor existence by the sale of books. And the distance of a good constitutional walk from the old shop brings one to the side of the Eppynt, famous for its connection with Cardiff as the birth-place of Penry the martyr.

There is only a bare tradition to show that Handel composed "The Messiah" after a visit to a Llangeitho cymanfa. The fact, however, that he composed that immortal work in a fortnight proves that he must have received a tremendous "hwyl" from somewhere.

It is a fact worth noting—although it is not altogether to the credit of an ancient institution—that Mr. Thomas Gee was never inside the circle of the Gorsedd till last summer in Festiniog. There the Archdruid caught sight of the Denbigh patriarch in the crowd, and called him into the sacred circle.

A letter received recently from Mr. J. E. Thomas, who is a Welshman and the agent of the British and Foreign Bible Society at Rome, states that 30,421 copies of the Bible were sold at the depot under his supervision during the last year. Mr. Thomas says that the greater number of them were sold to Romans living in the city.

Gluck, the German scholar, said, after consulting Dr. Owen Pughe's Welsh dictionary:—"I was stunned, my hair stood erect, my voice stuck in my throat. The dictionaries of O'Reilly and Owens seems to have been compiled solely for the purpose of satisfying Celtomaniacs. They can, by these aids, explain words and names in every language."

The witty old preacher, Griffith Jones, Tregarth, was met one day by a celebrated Welsh lawyer, who, wishing to get some fun out of the old preacher, asked him:—"I have heard that the Pope and the devil are going to law, Griffith Jones. Which of them will win the suit, think you?" "I don't know, Mr. R.——. The Pope has more money, but the devil has all the lawyers."

By the death of "Ivon" Wales has lost a delightful story-teller. "Ivon" was one of the leading figures in the National Eisteddfod of 1865 at Aberystwyth.

He was an excellent writer of Welsh—classical and colloquial. His wide knowledge of native folk-lore was unsurpassed. "'Sten Sioned," one of the most pleasant little books of Welsh stories, was the product of his own pen and that of his life-long friend, Canon Silvan Evans.

"Bring up this child in the way he should go," said the minister at a christening; "perhaps he will become a Christmas Evans or a John Elias. What is his name?" "Mary, sir," answered the mother.

"Now, boys," said Kilsby, addressing the Bala students, "aim to become great preachers; and if you see that you can't be great preachers, marry girls with money; and if you can't do that, God help you!"

The University College at Cardiff seems clearly destined, from its location in the heart of the only populous district in the Principality, to outstrip her sisters at Aberystwyth and Bangor in at least one sense. The number of day students at Cardiff last session was 431—263 men, 163 women; at Aberystwyth, 358—198 men, 160 women; and at Bangor, 259—176 men, 83 women. Cardiff therefore already exceeds Aberystwyth by 73, and Bangor by 172.

Few chapters in the history of Indian missions are more interesting than that of the Welsh Calvinistic Methodists among the Khasia and Jaintia hills. It is (says the "Manchester Guardian") a well-worked mission, and one of the most economical. Some of the native preachers are likely to be sent to Bala for their theological training under Principal Edwards. There are certain objections to that course which appear on the surface; on the other hand, each native student will be an "object lesson," whose presence in the Principality should deepen the interest of the Welsh people in their Indian missions. It is also stated that the American Churches propose to do the same for their theological students. Dr. Edwards's dream may not be realized of one college for Wales, but if Bala becomes the home of Indian and American students the reality will be greater than the dream.

It was once the general custom in Wales for gentlemen to farm out their children, like hounds, for nurture. The advantages of such a system were great. It fostered love between gentry and peasantry, and thorough familiarity with the people gave a young nobleman a solid, broad base for his future rule. He would learn the vernacular, and it is a coincidence that when the custom ceased to be observed a marked estrangement became noticeable between the Welsh gentry and the people. Thomas Pennant was one of the last Welsh gentlemen reared on that good old plan.

Although the solid history of the See of Bangor begins at the Norman Conquest, it can go further back than this comparatively modern origin. There was a Bishop Deiniol or Daniel, to whom the Cathedral was dedicated, who died A.D. 584. The names of a few other early prelates are also known, including that of one who accompanied Prince Howel Dda to Rome. During the earlier history of the diocese the Churchmen of Bangor more than once resisted the intrusion as prelates of those who were not Welsh.

Felix Remo, a Frenchman, thus rhapsodises on the antiquity of Welsh music:—"When the world was yet chaos, music took root in Wales. Despising Noah's ark, Welshmen possessed a ship to themselves during the time of the deluge. The melodies sung by

King David, the prophet, were Welsh, as were also the warlike airs made use of in the wars of Troy. King Arthur, of the Round Table, was a Welshman; he conquered Europe, lived 600 years, and composed a symphony," &c.

When the late Thomas Hughes, Machynlleth, was preaching in a country chapel on a Sunday afternoon, he noticed that many in the congregation were dozing during the sermon. The old man paused for several seconds, and then went on quietly to relate an anecdote to this effect:—"Once upon a time there was a man who kept many pigs, and one of the pigs was so different from the others that horns grew on his head." Several of the sleepers rubbed their eyes. "Ah!" said the old man. "I thought so. You are all ready to listen to a lie, but when I preach to you God's gospel truth you sleep and snore like the pigs themselves."

This is the "Cardiff Times" opinion of the "Drych:" "The 'Drych,' the Welsh-American organ published in Utica, is one of the best weekly papers the United States of America possess. It began to appear in 1851, and has been gathering strength ever since. In the quality of its matter and the purity of its style, the 'Drych,' with possibly only one exception, stands second to no other Welsh journal published in the Principality. Its short leaderettes and special articles, which have for many years been a great feature, attract widespread interest, and are not infrequently reproduced entire in the columns of the vernacular papers of the Principality."

The Welsh "hwyl" requires much fanning. When it comes, the sermon changes from a solo to a chorus. The method of developing it is called "porthi" (feeding) by means of exclamations from the audience, beginning with an emphatic "hm," then "ie," "da iawn," "diolch," "gogoniant," and ending in a general "wbwb," as old Tonyrefail used to say. The "hwyl" during the singing of a prayer has a certain blending and melting fittingness, but in a sermon you seldom hear an argument set to this music.

Welsh Nonconformity has suffered terribly from what an English writer calls the "pains of a new idea." Great pain was caused by the fashion of turning the hair, instead of keeping it like the straw thatch of a cottage. Then the umbrella, shocked the faithful as a display of sinful pride. The late Rev. John Davies, Congregational minister of Cardiff, nearly lost a call once by wearing a black ribbon to his watch, which cost him two pence. The late Dr. Thomas Rees, of Swansea, interceded for him, and received the black ribbon as a present. The Sunday bicycle now is the painful idea.

One of the most prominent and romantic characters of the Chartist Riots of 1839 was recently laid to rest among the hills of Kentucky in the person of Lewis Baxter, the bugler of the movement at Llanidloes. It was Baxter's "corn hir," as the bugle was then called, that summoned together the clans on the memorable 30th of April, 1839, when the officers of Lord John Russell were forced to seek refuge in the Trewythen Arms Hotel, which they held in vain against the fury of the rioters. To recount the scenes of those stirring days of his youth was the greatest delight of Baxter in his old age.

The growth of social life and municipal spirit in Wales has been comparatively rapid of late. One of its more useful forms is the provision of good house accommodation for the working classes. At many centres the municipal

authority has profited financially by the erection of workmen's dwellings, and at the same time provided a public boon. An interesting experiment in this line is being made by Mr. Chidlaw Roberts, at Dolgelly, where good houses are none too plentiful. He is building 32 new houses for working men on the best modern sanitary principles, and already the applications outnumber the houses. In the older seaside resorts of Wales there seems to be in this matter a fine opportunity for the genuine speculator.

The "Goleuad" is at least not wanting in courage. It goes for our great men quite pluckily. Recently it had a shot at Chancellor Silvan Evans in connection with his great Welsh-English dictionary, complaining of some quotations selected by the canon to illustrate the literary use and meaning of words. It takes, for example, the words Dirwest, Dirwestwr, Capel, and Capelwr. The meaning is given quite exactly and impartially; but the illustrative passages after the meaning certainly suggest a desire to cast aspersions upon Nonconformity and Nonconformists. The "Goleuad" reminds the Chancellor that the object of his great work is to give the meaning of Welsh words, and not to incorporate with them his own ecclesiastical views. It is common knowledge that the chancellor, although thoroughly Welsh in sympathy, is fearfully "Churchy," and it is just as well that he should be warned against mixing up Chancellor Evans the parson with Chancellor Evans the lexicographer.

A very useful edition of the Welsh classics is a volume being published by Mr. Isaac Foulkes. The first consisted of "Y Bardd Cwsc," the second volume out now, is a complete edition of "Llyfr y Tri Aderyn," by Morgan Llwyd o Wynedd. The editor states that the spelling, etc., of the original edition, the only one published during the life of the author, have been followed as far as possible. Readers will consequently find unfamiliar Welsh in places, but the editor hopes that they will be repaid for any extra trouble by having the work as Morgan Llwyd himself left it. The price is only 3d., the paper and print are good, and the size is crown 12mo. Cheap books such as these ought really to popularize the Welsh classics.

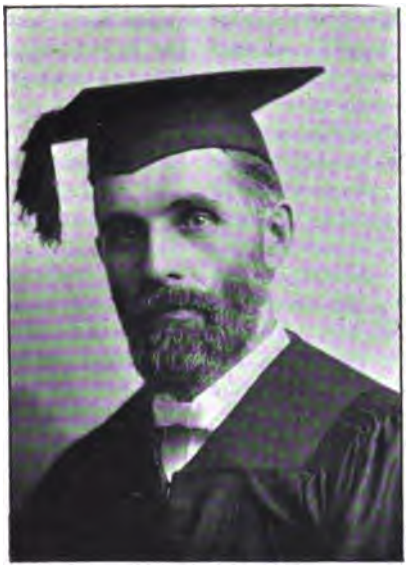
For about seventy years the Calvinistic Methodists evinced a deep attachment to the Book of Common Prayer, and the leaders had to resort to a subterfuge in order to wean the affections of the people from the old book. The book was used in Llangeitho Chapel until about eighty-five years ago. Mr. Richard, Tregaron, and Mr. Williams, Lledrod, put their heads together to devise a plan, and they fixed on David Jones, Dolau Bach, a newly-converted Llangeitho man, of much courage, to "break" the people in. He was asked to recite a chapter from the Bible at the point when the "lessons" were to be read, and while old Davydd Sisyllt, who had acted as clerk in former services, was hunting up the "places," Mr. Williams called upon David Jones to recite the eighth chapter of Proverbs. Mr. Williams then prayed and preached, and the Book of Common Prayer was used no more at the chapel. It was a bit of a wrench, and was not made without pain nor remembered without regret.

The most popular Welsh historical romance in English is George Borrow's "Wild Wales," in which the proportions of fact and fiction are about equal.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

PROF. W. W. DAVIES, PH. D., OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

William Walter Davies was born May 10, 1848, at Tygwyn, parish of Llangybi, near Lampeter, in the county of Cardigan, South Wales. He was the tenth child of David and Mary Davies.



Prof. W. W. Davies. Ph. D.

His father was a man of sterling integrity and had high notions of education. Though a man of no great means, he spent a considerable sum, for those days, upon the education of his children. William, like his brothers and sisters, had all the privileges that the country schools of Llangybi and Bettws offered to them. Truly these were not many or great.

At the age of fourteen he left his native village, and went to Aberdare, where he was apprenticed to the tea business. He spent two years here, and two in Dowlais.

In the summer of 1866 he emigrated from Wales, at the age of eighteen, and like many a Welsh youth was intent upon making his fortune at once in the new world. He settled in Cincinnati, Onio, where his brother John, now of St. Louis, Mo., was then a resident. Fortune did not smile upon our hero, for the young clerk had to wait many a week before any opening was found for him in his chosen work. It was not till several moons had changed that the late Richard Griffiths, the well-known tea merchant of Cincinnati, offered him a place in his store on 5th and Sycamore. The days spent in the employ of Mr. Griffiths were among the pleasantest of his life. He remained here for nearly two years, when an im-

portant change was made in his life-work.

While at Cincinnati he became acquainted with the late Rev. Benjamin Chidlaw, D. D., and also with John Davis, M. D. The latter in connection with his wife, one of the most cultured ladies of Cincinnati, had a Bible class in the Sunday School of Trinity M. E. Church. Quite providentially the young Welshman wandered into this Bible class. He at once attracted attention in more than one way. His Welsh dress, his Welsh brogue, and his Welsh knowledge of the Bible brought him into prominence at once. He was fond of theological discussion, and it was not quite safe for those not so well trained in Biblical literature and history to cross swords with him. Drs. Chidlaw and Davis were great friends, and determined among themselves that young Davies should give up weighing tea and coffee, and try to get a little more culture and education, so that he might use his Bible knowledge to a greater advantage. Dr. Chidlaw was commissioned by an elect lady to find a young man desiring to study for the ministry; she was willing to pay all the expenses, both at college and the Theological Seminary. The preference was to be given to a Presbyterian, or one who would become a minister in that church. Dr. John Davis, of blessed memory, thought that he had first claims, perhaps basing his claim on the right of discovery. He was also of the opinion that it would be a wrong to his Sunday School scholar to pay his way through college and seminary, thinking that every man ought to be able with little help and encouragement to make his own way. Dr. Chidlaw yielded, found another man who is now doing very efficient work as the pastor of a very influential and wealthy Presbyterian church in one of our large cities.

In the fall of 1868 we find the name of William Walter Davies, Llangybi, South Wales, enrolled among the new matriculates of the Ohio Wesleyan University. He was graduated A. B. from this school in 1872, doing the work of six years in four. He made himself a good name in Greek and Hebrew. While at Delaware he became acquainted with a large number of men who since that time have become quite distinguished in Church and State, such men as Senator Foraker of Ohio, and Senator Fairbanks of Indiana.

We next find him in September, 1872, a student at the Drew Theological Seminary, Madison, New Jersey. His work here was above the average man, as is evidenced by the fact that the Faculty granted him his degree, B. D., in less than one half the usual time, on condition that he should study in one of the German universities.

Acting upon the advice of Bishop Hurst he entered the University of Halle in the year 1874. On the way to the Fatherland he spent about three months in visiting his father and other relatives in Wales.

He reached Halle in May, 1874, became connected with that great institution at once, first devoting all his time to the mastery of the German language. At the expiration of three years he succeeded in passing the final examination, receiving the degrees of A. M. and Ph. D. His professors in Halle were Tholuck, Julius Mueller, Riehm, Schlottmann, Gosche, Ulnci and Haym. It was here that he became the fast friend of Prof. Hugo Schuchardt, the great Romance scholar, now a professor at Graetz, Austria. As some of our readers may know, Prof. Schuchardt is one of the few Germans who read and speak Welsh with fluency. He received most of his instruction in this language from student, or as the Germans say, Studiosus Davies. It was then custom to spend two hours daily in each other's company, generally walking in the open

air, the one talking German and the other Welsh.

After graduation at Halle, Mr. Davies having studied and read everything in the Cornish language, and considerable in the Breton (Llydawaeg), determined to visit Brittany or Llydaw, but as his knowledge of French was limited he went to Lausanne, Switzerland, attended lectures at the theological school of the Free Church; his principal object however was the mastery of the French spoken language. From Lausanne he went to Paris, and after a short stay at the French capital, where he had formed the acquaintance of Henri Gaidoz of the Revue Celtique, and the celebrated Semitic scholar Renan, who by the way was a full-blooded Breton, and an enthusiastic admirer of Keltic literature, betook himself to the little village of Tremel, where nothing but Llydawaeg was spoken. It was only about six weeks before he could freely converse in the ancient tongue of Brittany. It is a mistake to think that Welsh and Bretons can communicate with each other without considerable study.

In the summer of 1878 he returned to the new world, and was admitted on trial into the Central Ohio Conference, where he preached two years. During the second year, however, his efforts were divided between ministerial work and teaching Hebrew at his Alma Mater. In 1879 he was elected tutor of modern languages and Hebrew at the Ohio Wesleyan, and shortly afterwards full professor of German and Hebrew, a position which he has held to this day.

Prof. Davies has written much for the periodicals and religious press of this country. He has contributed to the Sunday School "Times," Sunday School "Journal," "The Christian Advocate," New York; Zion's "Herald," Boston; "The Western Christian Advocate," Cincinnati; Modern Language Notes, Johns Hopkins University, Chautauqua, "Y Drych," and many other papers. In the words of Prof. Parsons, writing an account of the Ohio Wesleyans for the Methodist "Centennial," "He is thoroughly advanced and critical, filling equally well the chairs of German and Hebrew. His contributions to literature are numerous and valuable, and he is widely known as the archaeological editor of the Methodist 'Review.'"

Prof. Davies while at Halle, Germany, met his wife, Miss Mary E. Chase of Auburn, Maine, who is a lady of much learning, especially fine in German and French. She also teaches in the Ohio Wesleyan University. They have two children living, and two gone to the better land.

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Anglophobia is dying, but it is not yet dead. The minister officiating in a Welsh chapel in Briton Ferry lately, opened the service in English. Two men—father and son—promptly got up and walked out.

Mr. O. M. Edwards, in the current number of "Cymru'r Plant," asks whether an attempt ought not to be made to secure as a national monument the old home of Dafydd ab Gwilym.

The late Dr. John Thomas, Liverpool, was one of the "Great Unpaid" of the Welsh periodical press. He once said to the Rev. Griffith Ellis, M. A.: "I have been writing to the 'Tyst' for twenty-five years, and if those writings were collected they would make ten volumes of the size of this Bible (little smaller than a pulpit Bible), but I have never received more payment than is now in my hand." He showed an empty hand.

Pedr Alaw, Mus. Bac., the well-known Welsh London musician, was married recently in Lincolnshire to the daughter of the late Rev. Michael Roberts, once vicar of Horncastle. The bride

was at one time on the tutorial staff of the Newnham Trinity College, but latterly was engaged on the nursing staff of the London Hospital.

It now appears that the writer of the Welsh column in the new "Welsh Catholic Herald," who signs himself "Gwas Teilo," is no Welshman, but a Londoner. This being so his column is not at all bad; many a Welshman bred and born writes very much worse Welsh for the matter of that. "Gwas Teilo's" Welsh is a considerable improvement on that of certain Welsh R. C. books of devotion that we have seen.

Why not use the bardic name for a surname for the sake of variety in that scarce Welsh article? Results: E. Thomas Cochfarf, D. Jones Cantref, E. Rees Dyfed. But, then there is one insuperable difficulty—some bardic names wouldn't fit the "missus" and misses, though more than one would like to try "Dyfed." But, seriously, it is a very sensible suggestion. Messrs. R. J. Derfel and W. Apmadoc are successfud experiments. "Mabon" might drop his patronymic any day without causing a serious hitch in Imperial and international affairs. Some such reform of Welsh surnames was ordered by Henry VIII.

When he was in Cardiff last February Mr. Thomas Gee went in to look at the free library, and the sight of scores of people of all classes sitting down together in the reading-room affected him curiously. When he came out the tears were coursing down his cheeks. No doubt, the veteran was comparing the conditions of the present with the old ones he had himself done so much to change. Mr. Gee was naturally much drawn to the well-stocked Welsh section, and, finding he had some books not represented in the Cardiff collection, he sent down a considerable parcel when he got home.

The Vicar-Apostolic of Wales has recently become the possessor of a mitre remarkable for its magnificence and exquisite workmanship. It is surmounted by a cross composed of 33 gems, and on the back are figures of the Welsh patron saints—St. David and St. Winifred—beautifully wrought in the Welsh colors, and surmounted by rubies, emeralds and pearls. At the apex appears the national emblem, an exact copy of the silver harp of the Caerwys Eisteddfod, which has remained in the possession of the Mostyn family for over three centuries.

The late Thomas Gee, the "Grand Old Man" of Wales, was a man of deep convictions; he labored for years as a preacher, bestowing his services gratuitously; he was a warm advocate of the Sunday School and temperance; and a reformer of comprehensive principles. He has done more than any other Welshman to enlighten the Welsh people. His publications have helped the cause of civilization in the Principality wonderfully; and his enterprise in publishing an Encyclopedia of knowledge among the Welsh is unparalleled in the history of the press. To a less courageous man, such an undertaking would have been foolhardy, but he had confidence in its practicability, and his labors were crowned with success. His sympathies and views were national in their operations. Under all his purposes, burned the true flame of religious faith, and all the ends he fought for were those of the substantial elevation and purification of society. He loved justice, goodness, purity and liberty.

Original and Selected Miscellany.

A REMARKABLE YOUNG MAN.

Col. Roosevelt is 39 years old. He graduated at Harvard at an early age, near the head of his class, and at 23 was a member of the New York legislature. Two years later he was chairman of the important committee on cities, and sat in the Republican National Convention. At 28 he was the Republican candidate for the mayoralty in New York. He was president of the federal civil service commission when 31, and was 37 when president of the New York police board. The Hartford Courant says: "From that office he went to the naval department as assistant secretary. Now, at 39, he's the Republican candidate for the governorship of New York. He has given a fine account of himself in every position he has held, and he has been growing steadily. He was a model young legislator. Civil service reformers swear by him. His remarkable work as police commissioner is fresh in the public memory. His services in the navy department were so valuable that President McKinley and Secretary Long were very reluctant to let him go to the front. He was already distinguished, in an enviable way, before he went soldiering; and his military service has not hurt him a bit."

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An interesting story is told of the landing of the horses of one of the cavalry regiments at Siboney. There was no way to walk them ashore, and with pricks of bayonets the horses were made to jump overboard. In the water they were confused, not knowing which way to go; some swam out to sea and others in all directions but the one wanted. Finally the trumpeter on the bank sounded the call "stables," and every one of the swimming horses pointed his nose toward the shore, and was soon safe on land.

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SOMETHING LIKE A SEARCH.

A Welshman who was in London when extensive sewering operations were in progress lost his watch. He reported the matter to Scotland Yard, and the officials said they would leave no stone unturned to find the missing timekeeper. Shortly afterward Taffy again visited the metropolis and saw street after street turned up. He was told that in all 36 miles of road were in the same condition. He rushed down to Scotland Yard and exclaimed to the wondering inspector:

"I didn't think I was giving you all this trouble. If you don't find the watch by Sunday, I wouldn't break up any more streets."

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A HANDY CHURCH.

Church steeples are generally considered as of little use except for the sensation they cause by occasionally falling down, and for serving as a refuge for bells, which often disturb the repose of the community. It has been left for the village of Long Sutton to find a new municipal use for these miniature "star-pointing pyramids." The Urban district council of the place mentioned

have a fire engine and several lengths of hose, but are at a loss for a means of drying the latter after they have been washed in preparation for a conflagration, on any scale, that may take place. After due reflection they severally and conjointly evolved the brilliant idea of utilizing the steeple of the parish church for that purpose. The proposition that "hose" exhibited on a church might be construed by some as unauthorized ecclesiastical vestments, was considered frivolous, and the vicar was accordingly requested to make room for the articles. At first he demurred, finding no precedent for such a use of the church fabric, but after a long correspondence he seems to have conditionally granted assent.

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DERIVATION OF LYNCH LAW.

John Lynch, the terrible judge, was a native of South Carolina, who emigrated to Kentucky shortly after the pioneer, Daniel Boone, had established himself there. The settlers on the "dark and bloody ground," as Kentucky was then called, were far from any seat of justice, the nearest court-house being at a distance of 450 miles. The appointment of Lynch as a judge, and the first exercise of his jurisdiction, took place in the case of an Indian who stole a horse from Daniel Boone. The Indian was caught almost in the act, and Boone immediately instituted a court, and twelve jurors to try the offence. John Lynch was elected chief justice. The Indian was tried, convicted and sentened to receive thirty-nine stripes. which were forthwith given. The authority thus given to Lynch was retained by him, and trials under "Lynch law" were held whenever an outrage was committed. Lynch was a daring, dissolute fellow, addicted to every species of vice. It has not been alleged, however, that his decisions were partial or unjust. He outlived Boone, and resided during the better part of his life on an island in the Mississippi. The author of the geography of the Mississippi speaks of him as one of those remarkable men of the "buccaneers of the West."

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THE WEATHER DOES IT.

A man's badness depends largely on the atmosphere. When the barometer is up, then the world is cheerful, and maladies allow the sufferer to enjoy convalescence, and even pickpockets and murderers think seriously of earning an honest living. But when the barometer is depressed, then melancholia prevails, people who are sick are more likely to die, men contemplate suicide in order to find relief, and the murderer loads his gun. Men are not naturally bad; the difficulty is with the barometer. Fair weather, crime less; a low barometer, a crop of evils. Well, there may be something in it, for, now I think of it, a cold easterly storm always brings on my rheumatism, and I do feel like setting a house on fire or blowing some one up with dynamite. Is it all the fault of the barometer—or isn't it?

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PROMISED NOT TO DO IT AGAIN.

In 1757 a man-o'-war's man, Strahan by name, captured almost single-handed one of the forts on the Hogly. The fort, which was strongly situated, was invested by the admiral, and Strahan during the time of mid-day repose wandered off "on his own" in its direction. Gaining the walls without discovery, he took it into his head to scale a breach made by the cannon of the ships, and, on reaching the platform he flourished his cutlass and fired his pistol at "the niggurs," shouting; "The place is mine!" The native soldiers at-

tacked him, and he held his own with indomitable pluck till reinforced by one or two other tars, who had straggled out of camp and heard his huzzas.

The enemy, unprepared for this ill-timed attack, and fearing further invaders, fled from the fort upon the opposite side, leaving twenty cannon and a large store of ammunition. Much to Strahan's surprise, he was lectured by the admiral for his breach of discipline, and he was dismissed with hints of future punishment. "Well," said Strahan, "if I'm flogged for this here action, I'm —— if I ever take another fort as long as I live!"

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CUBAN PATRIOTS.

There are many thousand Cuban cigarmakers in Florida, and the reason that they do not enlist to fight against Spain is that they can not march. Their peculiar employment unfits them for physical labor. They sit twelve hours a day upon benches with their legs curved up under them. They never take any exercise; they smoke incessantly, drink vast quantities of strong coffee, and the muscles of their legs are flabby and without strength. They can sit day after day rolling cigars without becoming tired, but few of them can walk more than a mile, it is said, without becoming exhausted. It is from this class that the junta has drawn money which has paid the expenses of the insurrection. In nearly all of these cigar factories Cubans have regularly given one day's pay a week for the benefit of the junta.

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LAZIEST PEOPLE ON EARTH.

The laziest and dirtiest people in the world have recently been discovered in the Caucasus. They live in an inaccessible mountain range between the Black sea and the Caspian sea, and as they were 2,500 years ago, so they are to-day. Seen from without there is a certain picturesqueness about a Svanctian village, although it merely consists of miserable stone hovels without any attempt at form or adornment. Within the houses are inconceivably filthy. They are filled w'th rags, vermin and dirt of every description. They possess no fireplace or chimney. All the cooking, in fact, is done over a hole scooped out in the middle of the floor. In these houses men and women and children are huddled together; during the long winter months they are shut in for days at a time, the cattle often sharing their quarters. Every aperture has to be closed on account of the cold. This long imprisonment is, perhaps, the cause of the degradation of the people. Horrible diseases result from it, which are aggravated by abnormal consumption of arrack, the strong distilled drink of the Asiatics.

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ANCIENT DARKEY'S OPINION OF THE WAR.

"Now, you see," said old Uncle Aaron, "dem dar Spaniels hez dun run all der ships into de bush arbor fur ter keep outen le way of Uncle Sam's tarnado boats and steel bruisers, which is pow'-ful bad thing to git mixed up wid, ennyhow.

"Now, old Mister Sampson dun got four big cattle-ships along wid his fleet, an' dey is eberry one covered clean up in solid iron planks, six foot thick, so hit am somply ompossible fur dem Spaniels ter shott froo de wall an' damage to beef supply. I tells yo' hit is a mighty good thing ter have plenty o' cattle-ships along an' to have 'um intirely protected.

"De papers don't say nuthin' 'bout old man Sam having of a floating iron-clad chicken roost along, but ef he has got enny niggers in his fleet he shore

needs one, an' he doan want ter fergit ter let de ironclad chicken roost lead de attack on de enemy, fer den nuthin' could stop dem niggers but suddint death.

"Now, as to dat feller Cuby, what fatch on all dis yere row, my notion is dat he is liable ter git putty bad hurt at any minute."

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ABOUT BARBERS.

In Europe the barbers do not condescend to remove the lather from the faces of their suffering customers. Once in a while you strike a real European barber in the smaller cities of Canada. In Fredericton, for instance, where the permanent military school for Canadian militia is garrisoned, there was a cruel man, a year or two ago, who practised his trade after the fashion of his London apprenticeship. He made soap-suds in a brass plate, which the customer had to hold underneath his own chin, while he was being lathered. As they were none but ordinary chairs with straight backs in his shop, it required considerable will power to hold your head back for twenty minutes or more. This criminals' razors were instruments left over from the inquisition, and at the end of the shaving farce you were left to your own resources to bring yourself back to a respectable appearance. Perhaps the coming American-British alliance will improve the methods of this artist.

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THE FORCE OF EXAMPLE.

A certain eminent judge who was recently re-elected, when he was asked about the facility with which he turned from one case to another, replied that he had learned that from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when he was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It befell that when one of the female converts was dipped back in the water, the cold made her squirm about, and in a moment she had slipped from the preacher's hands, and was down the stream under the ice. The preacher, however, was not disconcerted. Looking up with perfect calmness at the crowd on the bank, he said: "Brethren, this sister hath departed—hand me down another."

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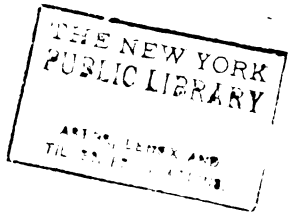
Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who is well acquainted with the Indians causing the present trouble, tells a story of how, years ago, he was holding a religious meeting near an Indian village camp. His baggage was scattered about the lodge, and when he was about to go he asked the chief if it were safe to leave his belongings there while he went to the village to hold the service. "Yes," answered the chief without a gleam of humor, "perfectly safe; there is not a white man within a hundred miles."

A fly one day lit on my nose,
He knew no better, I suppose,—
I sent him off full speed;
But soon the little fool came back,
And then I gave him such a whack
As made my nose to bleed.
Moral—In trying to hurt another, one is apt to hurt himself.

One of the features of the Leeds Memorial Festival lately was the production for the first time of Sir Lewis Morris's ode entitled "Music," set for soprano soloist and three-part female chorus by Herr Otto Goldschmidt, husband of the late Jenny Lind. The soprano part was brilliantly sustained by Madame Antoinette Stirling.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CHRISTMAS.

Rev. J. Vinson Stephens.

It comes when the nights are longest, and the cold intensest, and yet it is the merriest of all our festivals. The very name of Christmas has a wonderful reforming influence upon men. No matter how cold the day may be, or how bare the landscapes are, it is always a cheerful day. What excites our delights under such gloomy surroundings? The simple story of the new born king. The day is cold, but the Sun of righteousness shines upon it; the fields are severely bare, but frankincense and myrrh diffuse sweet perfume over their desolation; the night is dark, but a new star appears on its black abyss; the whole atmosphere is chilly, but an angelic host cheers it with a new song. Sun and star, incense and song, earth and heaven's best unite to make it a day of mirth and joy, and should not fail to thrill Christendom with ecstatic raptures.

Not only it is the merriest, but also the kindliest season of the year. More alms are given at this day than any other one of the year. The gospel is preached with greater power to the poor on this day than ever. Our sympathies are stirred to their centre at this season. Neither the priest nor the Levite passes the fallen, wounded, naked, and half-dead traveller by the wayside along some other road, but both on this day, like the good Samaritan, come where the helpless and hungry lie. Why? Because the story which tells us how Mary wrapped her first-born son, and laid him in a manger "because there was no room for them in the inn," has enlisted our sympathy towards the needy for the sake of the One whom we cradled in a manger. The contemplation of Christ's birth excites in men the spirit of charity. As Jesus enthroned our needs in his heart so does our true happiness depend upon self-sacrifice.

I am a staunch believer in Santa Claus, and in the expediency of increasing his burden in order to lighten those of the little ones who

have already begun to dream of his arrival. Neither do I possess any misgivings that he will ever dethrone our Santa Christ, whose name and fame shall endure forever. And a "Cambrian's" Christmas number would be most assuredly incomplete without a word about him. There are a few incidents touching his birth and infancy which appeal perfectly to our minds. And in an age when people speak so patronizingly about the man Jesus, it is refreshing to see the divine superscription written upon the child's manger-cradle at Bethlehem, as plainly as on the water pots in Cana of Galilee. Men explain his wonderful career by the inspiration of genius which they say was upon him. But let us learn this truth concerning the Christ; that his wondrous provision can not account for events in his infancy which transcend the reasoning of the Magi. Guided by a mysterious star these sages left their country in search of the new-born king of the Jews; and as long as they followed it every step they took brought them nearer his presence. But when they drew near Jerusalem, the wise men forsook its guidance and trusted in their own wisdom to discover him. Of course, they were sure that the King of the Jews would be born in the metropolis. There was no need of any star to point out that self-evident fact, and thither they hurried to do him homage. Reason and religion were divorced when they set their judgment against God's unswerving guide. But science and Christ were on the same side even then, as ever. The king of the Jews was in a country village whither his star would have led them had they less confidence in their own conceit. Many wise men besides these eastern sages have gone astray from Jesus by following their own reasoning rather the plain guidance of God's infallible word —the star which is to lead the most learned unto his presence. The things concerning Jesus of Nazareth are above human reasoning. The babe is never found in men's cradle of conclusions. They go up to Jerusalem to seek him, but he sleeps in the manger at Bethlehem!

The same truth is further illustrated in the part played by Herod in the awful tragedy of the infants' massacre. He supplies the world with an instance of the most valid reasoning on his part to discover the new-born king, proving a complete failure. The proud king is troubled, and his only way of unravelling a knot is by cutting it with his sword. Unsheathed it glitters in his hand. But where is its victim, for it must be found in order to satisfy his anger? Two facts must be ascertained concerning him, namely, where he is, and who he is? To learn the first he called together the priests and the scribes of the people, and demanded of them, where according to the prophets was their Messiah to be born. They said, "In Bethlehem of Judea." But there are many children in that village,

and how is he to know which of them is the destined King of the Jews. How will he solve that problem? He calls again the wise men to his aid, imparts unto them the ascertained information, charges them to search diligently for him, and to bring him a word as soon as he is found, that he may also go and do him homage. All this is capital counsel. But suppose the wise men will not return with the desired news? These foreigners may frustrate his plans by returning along some other way into their country. The shrewd Herod has taken precaution to meet that emergency by inquiring diligently what time the star appeared. The wise men did not return unto him as requested. But he knows where and when the king was born. True, he did not yet know which of the many little babes of Bethlehem was the Christ, but he solved that difficulty by killing them all.

We find no fault with his reasoning process. The method adopted was as likely to succeed as any plan Satan himself could suggest. But the new-born king had fled to another kingdom where Herod would not dare to rest his foot. The angel had warned the parents of Jesus to flee to Egypt, and had arrived before Herod's soldiers. And the wise men, though they missed the road, and was delayed accordingly were there even before the angel. God makes "everything beautiful in its time." How could a poor village carpenter take his flight at the shortest notice to a foreign country had it not been for the precious gifts of gold and frankincense and myrrh which the wise men brought unto him. Every incident in the history bears unmistakable signs of divine intervention. God's star leading the Magi, God's dream warning them not to return to the cruel despot, God's angel charging the child's parents to flee to Egypt. All these things are the works of his hand. His stars, his dreams, his angels, and the gold and the frankincense and the myrrh of men are still at the service of God to promote the interests of his king and kingdom.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

By John D. Morgan.

A cheering rainbow oft succeeds
  Most furious storms and showers,
And hidden deep 'neath thorns and weeds
  Are found the sweetest flowers;
Then let your heart be glad and light,
  With smiles your face adorning;
Should there be sorrow for a night,
  Joy cometh in the morning.

IN OLD ENGLAND.

Windsor Castle is one of the most notable royal residences of modern times. The picturesque beauty of the surrounding country, as well as the fact of its being royal, adds to its fame and popularity. Many attempts have been made to interpret the etymology of the name, but probably it will remain a mystery. Some of the etymologies of Windsor are fantastic, based on similarity of sounds, such as "Wind us over," "Wynd is over," "Gwyn y ser" (star-white), &c. It seems that the most rational is "Windlesofra" from the winding of the course of the Thames in this part.

The place is of considerable antiquity, some of the Saxon Kings having resided in the neighborhood before the Confessor's time. Edward the Confessor held his court here. William is said to have commenced the erection of a fortress near the site of the Round Tower of the present Castle. Henry I. enlarged the castle in 1109, and added a chapel, and subsequently removed to the new fortress. Edward I. and his Queen, Eleanor, often visited the new palace, and one time a grand tournament was held there by 38 knightly competitors. Very soon it became a place of great strength, second only to the Tower of London. King John lay at Windsor during the Magna Charta conferences at Runnymede. But Windsor Castle owes much of its glory to Edward III. who, in fact, changed the rude fortress with an adjacent chapel into a great and durable royal palace. Edward's architect was William of Wykeham, Bishop of Winchester. A pretty legend is connected with Windsor, that of the honorable conduct of Edward towards the Countess of Salisbury, which originated the well-known motto of the Garter—"Evil be to him that evil thinks." Edward was born at Windsor, and it was also the birthplace of Henry VI., but he added nothing to it. Edward IV. added St. George's Chapel; Henry VII. and Henry VIII. the Tombhouse and the Gateway.

The Round Tower stands on an artificial mound encompassed by a dry ditch, and is entered by a flight of steps, a second flight leading to the battlements of the keep, from which twelve counties may be seen. This was used as a prison until the time of the Restoration (1660). James I. of Scotland, having been captured when on his way to France, a boy of 10 years, was incarcerated here for 19 years, during which time he fell in love with Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Duke of Somerset. She became his wife, and after his release they both lived happily. Henry VIII. often resided in the Castle, and held his court here. Queen Elizabeth first formed the

terraces, and annexed the portion of the Castle built by Henry VII. to that designed by herself. In the Civil War it was plundered until Cromwell put a stop to the spoliation. Charles II. made it his summer residence.

There are three divisions in the palatial part of Windsor Castle; the Queen's private apartments; the State Apartments; and the Visitors' Apartments. The Queen's and Visitors' Apartments contain upwards of 369 rooms. South of the Castle lies the Great Park, a part of Windsor Forest. The Long Walk leads from the Castle to the Forest, and is considered one of the finest in Europe. It is perfectly straight, and over three miles in length, running from the principal entrance to Snow Hill.

Windsor Castle.

Windsor did not escape being used by poets and romancers to adorn their tales, and so King Arthur is said to have held his Round Table here, but this is, surely, fabulous; and another story-teller risks the assertion that the Castle was built in times past by King Arthur. Lambard disputes this, and the way he argues the question is truly English. He hesitates to credit the tale, and join with Froisart in this part of the story, because it was a question whether there "weare any suche Kinge or no," and because Froisart was a foreign writer, and therefore he thought it safer to follow "our owne hystorians, especially in our owne historie." Shakespeare's play of "Merry Wives of Windsor" also has helped to popularize the place.

Belvoir Castle is also one of the most magnificent structures in the kingdom, and has been the seat of the noble family of Manners. The name is derived from French words signifying "fine view" from the fine prospect from a steep hill. It is situated in the line between Leicester and Lincoln shires, and the Vale of

Bever (Belvoir) lies in three shires, Leicester, Lincoln and Nottingham. This also has been the site of a Castle since the Norman Conquest. It was once a Priory of four black monks, subordinate to the Abbey of St. Alban in Hertfordshire. It belonged to the Albinis, William de Albini, the third of that name, was engaged in the Barons' wars in the reign of John, and was taken prisoner by the king's party at Rochester Castle, when his own Castle at Belvoir fell into the royal hands. He was likewise one of the twenty-five Barons whose signatures are attached to Magna Charta, and the Charter of Forests, at Runnymede. Henry, the second Earl, made great additions to the Castle, which became a noble and princely residence. In the time of the sixth earl, the castle became the home of witchcraft, when Joan Flower, and her two daughters, servants at Belvoir Castle, in revenge for their dismissal, made use of spells and charms to kill Henry Lord Ros, and torture Lord Francis and Lady Catherine. Joan died on her way to Lincoln jail, and the two daughters were executed at Lincoln, March 11, 1618-19.

In the Civil Wars, the Castle was defended for the King, and in 1644 the King slept two nights at Belvoir. In 1649, the Parliament ordered the Castle to be demolished, but satisfaction was made the earl, whose son rebuilt the Castle after the Restoration. There have been in our time two memorable royal visits to Belvoir; George IV. in 1814; Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort in 1843. Both these visits witnessed the ceremony of presenting the key of the Staunton Tower. The original Staunton defended the Tower successfully against William the Norman, and the lordship is said to have been in the same family 1300 years.

The Castle occupies nearly the summit of the hill, and is of royal proportions and grandeur. The view commands the whole vale of Belvoir, and the adjoining country as far as Lincoln, including twenty-two of the Duke's manors.

The title of Warwick is as well known among English speaking people as any, by reason of Richard Neville in the reign of Henry VI., who was called the "King-maker." Warwick is situated in the middle of the county of that name, and on the river Avon, celebrated as flowing through the town wherein William Shakespeare was born. Romance attributes to this castle antiquity as remote as the Christian era, for it is said that it was erected by Cymbeline, a British King; it was afterwards destroyed by the Picts and Scots, and rebuilt by Caractacus. It also suffered from the Danish invasion, but was restored or repaired by Ethelfleda, the daughter of King Alfred. The oldest part of the present castle is said to have been built by Edward the Confessor, and it was for ages considered one of the greatest strongholds of the midland counties. Henry de Newburgh was

the first Earl of Warwick. The Norman kings were especially jealous of the strength of the Castle, and it is said that Henry III. requested Margery, sister and heiress of Thomas de Newburgh, not to marry any person unfriendly to him. To Newburgh succeeded the Beauchamps, and then changed hands again by the marriage of Richard Neville to Anne, daughter of Richard Beauchamp. This was the Earl of Warwick, who was called the King-maker. Being killed at the battle of Barnet, he was succeeded in the title by the Duke of Clarence, who had married his daughter. Subsequently it became the property of

Belvoir Castle.

the Dudleys, Grevilles, Brooks, &c. In 1642 it was besieged by the King's forces.

Connected with Warwick Castle is the fable of the Dun Cow. On the northwestern edge of Shropshire is the Staple Hill, a circle of upright stones, of Druidic origin, called Middle Fold, wherein was supposed to dwell a giant, who guarded his cow within this enclosure. This cow's supply of milk was inexhaustible, for every vessel that was brought to her was filled, until an old witch spoiled the miracle by attempting to catch her milk in a sieve. At this unworthy trick, the cow became furious, escaped the enclosure and wandered into Warwickshire. In the sixteenth century, the head of this beast was kept in Warwick Castle, and other immense relics, horns, ribs, bones, in other places.

There is another romance which celebrates the valor of Guy Warwick. The Saxons were at war with the Danes, who had penetrated into the heart of the country. It was arranged to decide the fate of the Saxon King by a single combat to be fought by two heroes, one selected by the Danes, the other by the Saxons. Colbran championed

the Danish side, and a stranger the Saxon side. This stranger succeeded in killing his opponent. After this wonderful feat, Guy revealed himself, retired to the neighborhood of the Castle, and led the life of a hermit.

Warwick Castle.

In 1871 it was partially destroyed by fire, but the building has been restored by Mr. Salvin.

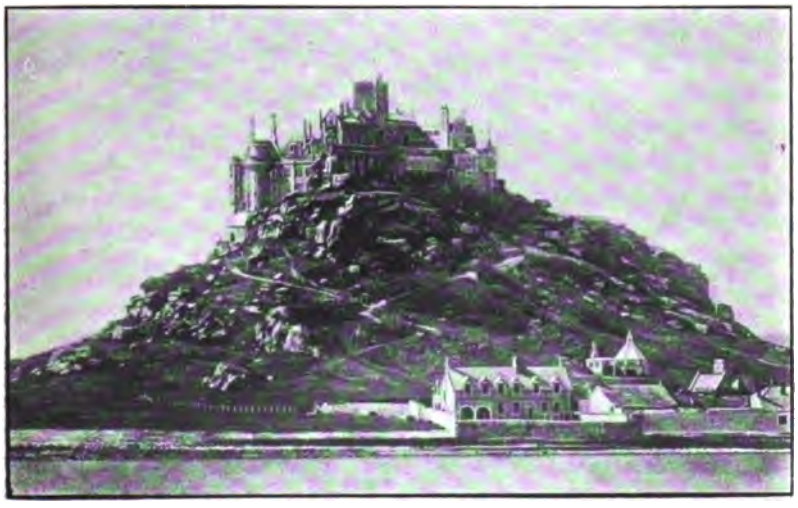
Mount St. Michael is situated on a mount 230 feet above the level of the sea, on the south coast of Cornwall, a few miles from Penzance. It is connected with the main land by a neck of land, about a quarter of a mile long, passable at low water, but wholly covered by the sea at high tide. It is supposed to have been in ancient times, surrounded by a dense forest, and the Cornish name of the mount seems to uphold this view. It is also supposed to be the island called Ictis by ancient authors, from which the Gauls and other nations fetched their tin. Before the Norman Conquest, it was the site of a priory of Benedictine monks. It was regarded during the dark ages with considerable reverence, and resorted to as a place of pilgrimage. During the Wars of the Roses the Castle was held by the adherents of King Henry; and also during the Civil War, in the time of Charles, it was held by the Royalists, but was taken by the Parliamentarians in 1646.

The most interesting thing connected with the mount is the carcass of a stone lantern, in which, it is supposed the old monks kept a light to guide the sailors. This is called St Michael's Chair, and is situated far over the precipice, and where one can be seated, and although it is attended with danger, yet the feat is often attempted. If a married man or woman have resolution to gain the seat, it is said

that he or she will attain the reins of government at home.

Westminster Abbey is situated on the site of an ancient pagan temple of the seventh century, the place being then called Thorney Island, being surrounded by water, and overgrown with thorns. Sebert, King of the East Saxons, having embraced Christianity, and being baptized by the Bishop of London, pulled down the Pagan temple and founded thereon a church to the honor of St. Peter. Here the kings and queens have been crowned from Edward the Confessor to Queen Victoria, and here many of them also are buried. The old Abbey was built by Edward the Confessor, and on the Festival of the Holy Innocents, December 28, 1065, it was dedicated, and the King who died a few days afterwards was buried in front of the high altar in the church which he had just completed. This Edward is credited with being a very holy man, and extremely fond of retirement and devotional reflection, so much so, that once in the country while disturbed in his contemplation by the singing of nightingales, he prayed that they might no more be heard in that place, which petition was answered. After the defeat of the Saxon King at Hastings, William the Norman proceeded to London, and gave thanks for the victory at Edward's tomb at Westminster, and on the following Christmas was crowned at the Abbey.

The Abbey as it now exists was rebuilt by Henry III. "As the place of sepulture of our sovereigns, it is of paramount interest. The chapel of the kings had been nearly filled before the accession of the House of Tudor. Here, Henry VII., partly perhaps to do honor to the holy shade of Henry VI., partly to



Mt. St. Michael.

mark the beginning of a new Royal line, determined to add a mausoleum to Westminster not unworthy of the Majesty of England. The beautiful chapel called by his name dates from the first year of the sixteenth century. The tombs and monuments within its precincts not only tell the ordinary tale of the instability of human grandeur, but mark strikingly the strange vicissitudes and revolutions of our English history." There also lies the last of England's great men, William Ewart Gladstone.

STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

(*A Christmas Carol.*)

By Clara E. Rewey.

It trembled in beauty
O'er Judea's plain,
Resplendently brilliant,
Its mission to gain;
'Twas lighted on high,
In the dark days of yore,
And guided the magi
By going before.

Fairy star-light, fairy star-light,
Led the magi on His birth-night!
Star-light, starlight, fairy star-light!

They trusted its rays
In that mist-laden past;
It guided them close
To the Savior at last;
They honored their Lord
Nor doubted his right,
Though pillowed and cradled
So lowly that night.

Fairy star-light, fairy starlight,
Shone in beauty on His birth-night!
Star-light, star light, fairy starlight!

The glory of Christ
Is hallowed for aye,
Though ages have cycled
Away and away,
Since Bethlehem's star
Threw out its glad light,
To the song of the seraphs,
That Judean night.

Fairy star-light, fairy star-light,
Shone in splendor on His birth-night!
Star-light, star-light, fairy star-light!

TWO CHRISTMAS DAYS.

By H. J. D. Browne.

There was a wild storm off Mona's coast, and in the swirl and toss of the sea a great ship was struggling against the smiting of the tempest. She was evidently a powerful vessel, one of the big Americans homeward bound with passengers; but, strong and stanch as she might be, she was but a toy for wind and wave to play with. Now pitching high toward the sky, now going down, down, down, with frightful rush into the valley of the boiling waters, this strife for life made an awful scene.

On Pen Caer Gybi, or as the outside world calls it Holyhead, stood a group of coast guards and fishers, watching the contest of ship and elements. The vessel's decks were crowded. There were skillful men with brave hearts there, doing all that ingenuity educated by experience could do to avert disaster. There were women there, too, clinging wherever there was rope or rail to grasp, waiting pale and silent for what they regarded as the inevitable.

The men ashore were used to wild storms and not one but knew that to try to launch a boat was to add to what list death had already prepared. All they could do was watch and wait, pray and hope, and when the time came do what in them lay.

Surely and still more surely, swiftly and still more swiftly, the ship plunged shoreward. Immense waves smote her and she trembled and staggered like a beaten thing that was sorely hurt, but still refused to die until the last mortal stroke was given. Then came the end. A tremendous mountain of water, white crested as "Snowdon's topmost crag," rose high above the ship, toppled over and fell on her with awful crash. The mortal stroke was given.

"Save life! save life!"

It was the cry of the brotherhood of man, the cry of coast guards and fishermen. They clambered to the surf in the hope of saving life as human forms should wash ashore. It was a vain hope, and they returned to the huge fire tney had built above—partly as beacon to let the shipwrecked know there was human sympathy ashore, and help when help could serve, partly to aid them in withstanding the cold of their watch, and in part, too, to show the people on the ship how near the shore they were. There they warmed themselves until dawn came, for this had been a tragedy of the night.

When clear daylight came and the fury of the storm was spent they put to sea in their boats, for there, they thought perhaps, they might find clinging to floating spar or other wreckage something human with life still left. The waters had been quieted, almost as though He had said again, "Peace, be still!"

As one fisherman's craft cruised among shattered boats, broken masts and the deck houses that had been washed away by the smashing of the last great wave, they came to a part of a cabin, floating top downward, like a square boat, and lying within they found a child, a little girl of two years, perhaps, seeming to sleep as though the roll of the swell was the rocking of a cradle and the sighing of the dying wind its mother's lullaby. Clutched in one little hand was a silver bracelet. Apparently when the ship went down the little one was in its mother's arms, and when the waves tore them apart it had grasped the bracelet and retained it all through the wild pitching of the tempest. The fishermen took the child ashore, and as they got it to the village the bells in the town rang out their merry peal for the Babe of Bethlehem, for it was Christmas morning, and the fishermen called the child their Christmas gift. If any other had been saved it was not known there, and the wreck went down in story as the most complete tragedy of the sea they had known or heard of.

There was not the preciseness in investigating disaster then that we use now, nor was there so much care to determine accurately what saved there were and what lost of a ship's human freight, so the child remained with them, and they gave it a home with Owen Rhys, the most prosperous of the fishermen, to be a playmate and foster sister to his little three-year-old David. But while the little one was of the Rhys household it was given Owen clearly to understand that she did not belong to him, and whatever was done for the child must be borne by all as to expense. The bracelet was confided to a minister of the town to keep until the child should be old enough to wear it. It was an ornament of fine and curious workmanship, such a work of art as Hindustanee artisans fashion. In it were imbedded a few small precious stones. Dreading lest the child might never have been christened and knowing no name for it, they had it baptized, and gave it the name they had arrived at after much discussion and deliberation, at the suggestion of a local bard. They called it Gwendolen Mona.

For a long time they had wished that her family might be found, then they began to wish it less and dreaded lest she might be taken from them; for, they argued, with them she was content, she was happy, indeed, and with her own she might be richer and still have no peace of soul, and that they reckoned the greatest gift of God to man. Besides, they had a quiet faith that what was was right, as long as it was not obviously wrong, and so Gwendolen Mona grew among them, grew apace and grew beautiful, and knew no more of herself than that she was a waif of the sea. Their own children followed the callings of their fathers and the duties of their mothers, but Gwendolen, with all their love for her,

and although she had been brought up with them and by them, they still realized she was not really of them. Now and then she was the subject of their discourse, and they judged that their duty was not done until they had educated her, for, they said, fearingly, "Some day her own may claim her, and it would be a shame to us if they found we had not done our best by this human gift of the stormy Christmas morn.'

They sent her to far away Chester to school, and had her back to them in holidays, when she told them all her new acomplishments, and they were proud to think that she was ever glad to be with them and showed no sign of growing out of her love for the folk who had snatched her away from death and nurtured her into life, who were still nurturing her with a faithfulness to high duty characteristic of them. And Gwendolen—why her little heart never had a pulsation that was not for her people—so she ever called them—and she often thought with the gleaner, Ruth, "Thy God shall be my God, and thy people my people, and whither thou goest, there also will I go." Sometimes, since she knew her story, she wondered who she was and where she really sprung from, but it was useless wondering and the practical side of her nature speedily dismissed it.

Once when she was home for the holidays she found that the season on land and sea had not been fruitful, and she emphatically refused to go back to school. Her duties lay at home, she said; she must be helpful now and not expensive.

It was at a solemn gathering at the home of Owen Rhys, a meeting held to induce her to go back to school that this young woman had been mildly defiant. As she spoke of the necessity of her helping instead of spending, they sniffed contemptuously. The land might be barren once in a while, they said, and the fishes in the sea might refuse to be brought out of their element, but it must needs be poorer days than yet they had known that could make them too poor to polish their Christmas gift.

Then the astute diplomat of seventeen took another tack. "At the school they like me and I like them," she said, "but it is a stranger's house I am in, and strangers are my companions. I am as polished as I shall ever be. Besides I want to be at home with those who love me and whom I love."

That ended it. She staid.

While she had been at school the boys and girls with whom she had played as a child had been growing, too. They were stalwart young men and buxom girls, and they were glad to have her back among them. Among the girls there was neither envy nor jealousy, and if there had been Gwendolen would have disarmed it. She was one of them. What she knew that they could learn she began to teach them. She helped them in their work and

brought together those whom some petty bitterness had parted. Among the young men not one could claim more token of regard than another, and young David Rhys was even perturbed that he, her foster brother, should not be shown more consideration than those who had known her less intimately. But to none did she ever give sign that she would do other than follow out a maiden's life to the last. Well they wooed her and she treated all with kindness; but none would she have. To all she gave the same reply: "Wait. Time will solve the riddle of our lives."

Young David alone made no attempt to speak his love. Fisherman as he was, he knew what delicacy demanded of him toward her who was still in truth his father's guest. And, then again, he feared lest, if he made his course too bold, she should go elsewhere and he be denied the consolation of being nearer her than all the others.

But even as things were, it was a happy community, and Gwendolen Mona was a large part of the life of it. She taught the children, she comforted the aged, and read the Bible to them, she nursed the sick, and at night when many were assembled she played the harp and sang the songs of Huw Morris, "the Nightingale of Ceiriog," to the accompaniment of her harp, and she touched it sweetly, she chanted the tales of the bards of old, and many and many a night aged and robust and young sat about her and thanked the tempest king that had sent her to them.

But life is not all peace and pure content. There are other clouds than those which hide the sun; there are storms that rend hearts as winds and waves wreck ships, and Gwendolen Mona's life was not to be all lowly beauty and gentle ministering.

The cloud first appeared when young Owen Williams came upon the scene and struck by the girl's beauty soon sought and knew her. Not hard was this for him to do, for was he not the son of a rich mine owner who had his villa near old Carnarvon Castle? Could he not have his own yacht and put in where he pleased to study the fisher folk and try to be free with them? It was not trying much, for he was well liked, finely generous and with all the bearing of an honest gentleman, and that in truth he was. But when the village people saw him come often, and saw him pay assiduous court to Gwendolen, they looked askance at his visits, and began to think that by-and-by they should see their gift of Christmas taken from them, and only come back to her old home and lowly friends as a grand dame, too far removed from them to know her again as they had known her of yore.

David Rhys became a changed youth. He had been wont to admire Owen Williams, helped him sail his yacht, and liked his manly bearing. He spoke praisingly then of Owen's freedom from anything

like an air of superiority. As he saw the unequal chance he thought he should have with him for Gwendolen's favor, he ceased his praise of his rich rival. He did not express any changed opinion of him—he simply never spoke of him at all. The young men's greetings grew colder and colder, until at last they did not speak at all. Then they began to look at each other with savage glances from under lowering brows, and soon it began to seem to the people that the feud at last must become an open one, and violence be done. In such a case as this eyes are watchful and thoughts are sharp, and not a move was made by either of the three that the little world about them did not know of. Gwendolen had a keen wit, and knew by intuition the minds of all about her, and she too dreaded lest some day hurt should be done, for blood thereabouts is hot. It was hot in ancient days, and though time has shaped life somewhat differently the old blood still boils when the fire is lit, and love makes a fierce flame in young hearts.

Gwendolen often went to the headland to look out over the waters. She feared the sea, she often said, but it had a fascination for her she could not resist, and it was one evening looking out over the heaving ocean that the two young men approached, one from either side. She, from her eminence saw them both, but it was not until they were nearly upon her that either saw the other, and the moment they caught sight of one another both stopped, as though some invisible giant's hand held them to their places.

She was not perturbed. Women have a trick of holding their feelings well in hand on such occasions. A crisis to them, where men in love are in the case, is an opportunity to show feminine superiority. She smiled on both, and held out a welcoming hand to each. On the wrist of that stretched out to Owen was the silver bracelet, and to shield his nervousness over the situation he said:

Gwendolen"—he had got that far long ago—"this is a curious jewel; where's the other. I notice you wear only one."

Before she could answer, up spake David, "Gwendolen, the hand that suits me best is the hand that wears no jewel. 'Tis the hand I care for, not the gems."

He couldn't have helped blurting it out if it were to cost him his life.

Gwendolen, still holding each by the hands extended to her, smiled half kindly half reproachfully on the young men.

"I'm so sorry you two boys are not the friends you used to be," she said. "Is it me you are at enmity about?"

As if she hadn't known it for more than a year!

No answer came from either, but their anger was fast giving way to a sense of foolishness when Gwendolen set them by the ears again by adding:

"Dear me. I wish I could settle it in some way."

"You can," blurted David, "and only you can. Speak the word for one of us, and let the other abide to go away and never see you again."

"I agree to that," retorted Owen. "If I fail of winning you, I'll go to the uttermost parts of the earth and stay there."

Their impulsiveness made Gwendolen thoughtful. The young men watched her as with paling face and trembling lips she appeared to be trying to force herself to a painful decision. At last she said quietly:

"Yes, you are both right; one must go".

"Yes, Gwendolen," they answered sadly in unison, as though speaking a piece prepared, "one must go, which shall it be?"

"I," she said quietly, but her voice trembled, and they went to catch her if she should fall.

"No, no," she said quietly, "I am not so weak as that." And then as the young men were about to protest, she raised her hand to silence them and went on:

"You both belong to the land you live in—I was tossed up from the sea. You have fathers and mothers and friends. God only knows whence I came, or who my people are. You all thought I came to bring happiness. You say I have brought it. I will not stay to be the cause of unhappiness. Each of you will find some girl to love you, and you will marry and be at peace, for true love in this world is sure to find its own and never know a parting. Yes, I must go. I should have seen my duty long ago."

The young men protested vehemently, but she silenced them again, this time with something of imperiousness in her manner.

"You must not try to dissuade me," she said. "You waste words. I am of your own race. My face, my hair—yes, my heart tells me so—and I have as much determination as any of you. It is painful sometimes to be taught one's duty, but that duty once known must be done. I am not a coward, and neither of you would have me one. My duty is clear to me now, and I will do it."

She stopped and seemed in deep thought. Then there was a little gulp in her throat, as though she were choking back some emotion. She took just a moment to calm herself, and then, with a pleasant smile on her beautiful face, she turned to them and said:

"Now, my friends we'll go home; but let us cheer up on the way. Don't let our friends think we've been seeing corpse candles."

On the way back Gwendolen chatted gaily, and her merriment after such a scene made the young men think she had grown heartless. They did not know her sex. They could not understand what a brave front a woman can carry though her heart be breaking. David thought that, perhaps, she was tired of their lowly life, and made the scene they had passed through an excuse to

get away from it. Owen was even further astray. He imagined that in her polishing period at Chester she had, perhaps, met some one else whom she liked better than any of them. Neither of them had any insight into the girl's motive.

At the door of the house Owen bade them good night, and went to his room at the tavern by the pier. It was a dull evening in the Rhys house, for with only her old-time friends by her Gwendolen could not be merry. She felt that it would seem to David that she was jesting at his love, and she fain would spare his feelings.

The next day Owen and his yacht were gone, and David took a boat and sailed off apparently without object. Gwendolen took advantage of their being away to go about to the elders of the village and tell them she was going to leave them. First she confided her intention to Owen Rhys. Of her motive she would say nothing, and they all forbore to question her too closely. They saw that she would not be changed from her purpose. They realized that the rivalry of the young men had something to do with it, and they thought, too, that, in coming into womanhood, she may be, had begun to realize that she was above their station and would fain go into the world to find her own. Some blamed themselves that they had ever told her that she was other than a fisher's child. Others were prone to find fault with having given her any education beyond their own, for they loved her and wanted to keep her. But much as they felt that they were losing one to whom they had first right, they gave way to her determination, and set about making her departure easy.

"Go where I may," she told them, "my heart is yours, all yours, and I shall come back to you and be with you sometimes. Love like ours cannot part forever."

She was repeating unconsciously what she had said to the two young men on the hill.

Painful days were those of preparation, but at last the time came. She bent gently toward David at the last moment, and he kissed her on the cheek, and she kissed him in sisterly fashion. Owen Rhys took her with him to Liverpool, and handed her the store of money they had gathered, and she sailed away, knowing where in the new land she could find those from the old who would stretch forth a hand to guard and help.

So it happened that into the Valley of the Mohawk there came one day a bright and handsome young woman who would fain be a companion, nurse or teacher, and being bright and energetic she soon found a home with the Wycherlys as companion and nurse to the wealthy widow who seemed to be ill without ostensible cause.

Everybody knew the Wycherly home, and the generous woman at the head of the family. They knew that the four nephews and nieces were the two sons and two daugh-

ters of a dead sister, and that the young men and women, now just past their adolescence, had all the qualities of the aunt who gave them shelter when other they had none. They knew that it was the home of happiness, just tinged with sorrow at the invalidism of Mrs. Wyckerly.

In such surroundings Gwendolen made her influence felt quietly but beneficently, and it was regarded as something wonderful how under her gentle ministrations the patient began to improve. Gwendolen had brought her Welsh harp with her, and in soft tones to sweet touch of the strings she sang the songs she had learned in Wales—at home, she called it, for it was all the home she knew, the only one she had ever had to know of. Of her life they questioned her little. They knew she came from Anglesey, that much she told them, but they were too well pleased to have her, to possibly cause pain by probing into what she might not care to tell.

It was late in December when Gwendolen sat with Mrs. Wycherly listening to the storm without, swaying the bare-branched trees and shrieking around the angles of the house.

"I am not afraid of storms," Mrs. Wycherly said, "but they call back to me the wildness of a raging sea and the sorrow of my life. My white hair to-day is nothing but the whiteness of the sea in the paleness of its anger. I am afraid of the sea."

"And I," said Gwendolen, "am afraid of the sea. It made me an orphan."

"It robbed me of husband and child," said Mrs. Wycherly.

"Let us not speak of it," Gwendolen replied.

"We will not," Mrs. Wycherly added, "but if there is gladness in grief I am glad to know we have a common sorrow. Still, we know that the grand God above will at last give us back to our own."

"Amen," Gwendolen said devoutly.

It was Christmas morning again, a wild, stormy Christmas morning, the landscape a sea of white frozen billows, and the gale sweeping eddies of drift high in the air like whirling sea spray.

Christmas Day in the Wycherly home was a quiet one. They gave the feast its due with more devoutness than merriment, and sought rather to be subdued than gay. The younger people had told Gwendolen so much.

When they had assembled for breakfast they exchanged the salutations of the holiday and sat awhile in silent prayer, Gwendolen a moment longer than the rest, her head resting on her hands. She was startled, they all were startled, at the tone in which Mrs. Wycherly half shouted, half shrieked:

"Gwendolen, come here!"

The surprised girl rose from her seat on the opposite side of the table and walked round to Mrs. Wycherly. The elder woman caught the girl by the wrist, and almost

snatched the silver bracelet from it. Then catching one from her own arm, she put the two together, and examined them, her hands trembling as with a palsy.

"How came you by this?" the elder woman demanded.

Gwendolen was evidently frightened. They certainly could not think she would steal! She explained: "It was clutched in my hand when I was found floating in a piece of wreck at sea. It was on a Christmas morning eighteen years ago on the coast of Wales." She said this almost defiantly.

There are women, apparently weak, who do not faint. Gwendolen was one. Mrs. Wycherly was another. It was only for a moment she seemed stunned, dazed; but she gathered all her strength and rising put her arms around Gwendolen drew her gently to her and said:

"My daughter, God has given us back to our own."

The others knew what had happened and withdrew, and mother and daughter sat enfolded and told each other the story of their lives after that awful Christmas morning off Mona's coast. Gwendolen's story is known, and Mrs. Wycherly told of how she had been taken from a boat half filled with water that had drifted far to sea, and been carried onward to a West Indian port, and thence had traveled homeward. "All lives lost" had been the report of the wreck, and she had thought herself childless as well as widowed.

It was a late breakfast but a joyous one in the Wycherly family that morning; so supreme a joy was it that they would share it with no one, and the house fairly reflected happiness from the insensate walls.

Wonderful as the surprise had been, there was another yet in store. They were preparing for dinner when there was a robust ringing of the bell, and soon a servant announced a gentleman to see Miss Gwendolen Mona. She went to the reception room to meet him, and as she entered stalwart Davy Rhys sprang toward her with:

"Gwendolen, 'True love can not be parted forever,' I followed you." And even as he said it, over the frozen snow came the peal of bells telling of the Christ-child born in Bethlehem.

The months were not many when there were other bells, wedding bells, and there be times when there is great festivity in a quiet village on Mona's coast, when Gwendolen and Davy and Mrs. Wycherly go there to see those who found the Christmas gift, and gave it the name that was never changed except to Rhys. And they visit at a villa, too, where Owen Williams' and his young bride he took to solace him for Gwendolen's loss live as happily as though there had never been a rival in her husband's heart.

THE CHIEFS OF CAMBRIA.

By Rev. Morgan P. Jones.

A Welsh Tale of the Eleventh Century.

(Continued.)

During the interval that followed the king was joined by Algar and Trahaiarn, together with a few other leading chiefs, and while they questioned Einion concerning the matter under consideration Cadivor ap Collwyn entered.

"Thou, I believe, canst claim the distinction of bringing that Armorican villain into camp last night," said the king sarcastically.

"I claim no such distinction, most noble king," replied the chief earnestly, "since he was only too anxious to come himself. He and his followers joined my band in Gwentland, and henceforward we proceeded together."

"Thou wilt next, no doubt, deny any knowledge of his character and wicked designs!"

"That I will, my lord king, and rightly too, for I never saw him nor heard of him before yesterday. Nor did I learn his history or intentions. That chieftain yonder may have been more fortunate, for the treacherous knight was seen entering his tent not long after he arrived."

"Ah! hearest thou that, Einion? Didst thou not tell us but a moment ago that thou hadst no conversation with him?"

"I did, my lord king, and I told you the truth. Whoever says the traitor entered my tent is a liar, and I can prove it," says Einion defiantly.

"He that calls me a liar dies," cried Cadivor ap Collwyn unsheathing his sword, and making a movement in the direction of Einion, who also made hostile demonstrations. Trahaiarn, however, stepped between them before they came to blows, and the king bade them sheathe their weapons. Both were reluctant to obey, not wishing to stand in an unfavorable light before the king, and each felt inclined to withdraw his men from the field, but was restrained from doing so by fear that such action be construed into a proof of complicity with the traitors.

Seeing that nothing definite could be learned from either of the chiefs the king now dismissed them, hardly knowing which of them to believe or disbelieve. While the straightforward manner of Cadivor ap Collwyn impressed him as that of a truthful man, his own past relations with Einion had been of such agreeable nature that he did not find it easy to suspect him of treach-

ery. Yet of one thing he was certain; the perfidious knight had one or more accomplices in the camp, against whom he decided to be on his guard. Trahaiarn also, with several others, shared the same conviction; yet unlike the king he found it easier to suspect Einion than any other chief. Just why he could not tell; he only knew that an indefinite something inclined him to think that Einion knew more about the miscarried plot than anybody else. Therefore, he resolved to keep a close watch on his movements in a quiet way. In the brief discussion that followed the departure of the two chiefs, however, he betrayed neither his suspicion nor his resolve. Indeed he advanced a theory that was as remote from his personal convictions as the king was from any knowledge of his thoughts.

"Methinks, my lord king," said he, "that he who deceived us as to his purpose also deceived us as to his country. He is no more an Armorican lord than I am a Saxon prince. The royal Gryffydd has only friends in Armorica; in Ireland some at least have found refuge whom we all know to be deadly foes to the son of Llewelyn."

"Dost thou mean that he who called himself an Armorican lord was really the despicable Cynan ap Iago?" said the king with flashing eye.

"Who else could it have been, most noble king? And what is more likely than that he found accomplices among the Irish allies? Your pardon, noble Algar; I have no intention of casting any reflection on your integrity. I only think it possible that Cynan ap Iago may have friends among your allies, and that he may have taken advantage of their presence in the camp to wreak his vengeance on his successful rival."

This theory seemed plausible enough; yet Trahaiarn's purpose in advancing it was not so much to throw light on the subject under discussion as to fix the guilt as far as possible from Einion, that the artful chief might be thrown off his guard by the report of such of the chieftains present as might feel friendly towards him. Being ignorant of this both the king and his lords were vigorously discussing the merits of the theory when they were abruptly interrupted by the unexpected arrival of a scout, who hurriedly reported that the Earl of Hereford was approaching with a large force of horsemen. Gryffydd and Algar had expected to take the city before any troops could be sent to its aid; therefore it was with no little surprise that they received this intelligence. Yet they were by no means disconcerted as they and the chieftains hastened to arrange the army in order of battle. Algar assuming chief command of the Saxons and Irish, massed them, after the manner of his people, on the left; and Gryffydd acting as the Pendragon of the Welsh, disposed his forces in accordance with the traditional British custom in sepa-

rate divisions, each under an independent chief, on the right. As the king's command over his forces was general rather than particular, each division usually fought independently of the others, which too often gave the enemy the advantage. The whole army was on foot, with the exception of Algar and his chosen men, and a few armored chieftains among the Irish and Welsh; and the soldiers stood three deep, variously armed with javelins, darts, bows and arrows, swords, pikes, halberds, Welsh hooks and bills, and Danish axes. The only defensive weapon the most of them carried was a shield, while the rest had armor besides.

A hasty review of the allied forces satisfied Gryffydd and Algar both as to appearance and equipment, and each attended by his immediate followers assumed a central position in front of his own command, ready to receive the enemy. They saw by the gathering crowds on the walls of the city, which was a little beyond the reach of arrows, that the citizens greatly appreciated the fact that aid was at hand, and that they expected to be eye-witnesses of the conflict which was close at hand. Had they been a little nearer they might have heard not a few deprecating remarks and coarse jests uttered at their expense. There was no question in the minds of these over-confident people as to who would win the battle. Was not the Earl of Hereford a trained warrior from his youth? Was he not now approaching at the head of a large army of English and mercenary Normans and French, all in armor and well mounted? Would not the treacherous Algar with his motley crowd of followers, and the hateful Gryffydd with his fierce, wild, and half-naked forces vanish like a shadow before the mighty warriors? Ha, ha, there would be plenty of amusement presently!

Nearer and nearer the earl and his army approached, their arms and armor glistening brightly in the morning sun, and the earth trembling under their heavy tread. Cheer after cheer from the city walls welcomed their approach, and presently coming in full view of the allied forces they wheeled into line amidst deafening shouts from the admiring spectators. But they had scarcely formed themselves in battle array before the terrible cry of battle drowned the cheering voices on the wall, and the combined forces of Gryffydd and Algar rushed forward with great fury towards the mounted enemy, while the latter terrified by the dreadful Welsh yell and the furious and desperate charge was thrown into the utmost confusion. Their steeds becoming unmanageable several of the knights were slain by colliding with each other; others fled in every direction closely pursued by the enemy, and some, despite their armor, were cut down immediately. Meanwhile Gryffydd mounting one of the many riderless horses, spurred in among the foreign cavalry, dealing tremendous

blows with a battle axe he had just picked up, such blows indeed as cut through helmets of steel and cleft heads down to the breast. At the same time Algar and Trahaiarn performed similar feats in other parts of the field, while the footmen failing to overtake the fleeing knights directed their attention to the city, sending shower after shower of arrows among those upon the walls before they had time to recover from their disappointment sufficiently to seek protection, and rushing in vast numbers towards the gate. Excitement now ran to the highest pitch; the citizens almost mad with fear, the assailants swayed by the demon of war. The gate was furiously attacked, and the heavy blows which so rapidly fell upon it could be distinctly heard above the din of arms and voices. As the strong frame-work of iron offered greater resistance than was expected, however, Gryffydd and Algar joined the assailants and restored a degree of order by their commanding presence, before an entrance could be effected. Nor did they fail to remind their respective followers that the wholesale destruction of life was not to be thought of, while they might take as many captives, and plunder as many houses as they pleased.

When the gate at length gave way, however, and the flood of war rushed into the city, many were seized with a thirst for blood, and many unfortunates fell victims to their cruelty. The streets soon became crowded with fierce, greedy, and merciless humanity, and every private and public building was broken into, plundered, and laid waste. Resistance was of no avail, protestation was useless, the cry for mercy was not always heeded, and respect for virtue was sadly lacking in many instances. Cruelty and violence was the order of the day; pity and moderation characterized only the actions of the more refined and humane.

Among the first to enter the city were Gryffydd and Algar with their immediate followers, who rushed forward with all speed toward the beautiful cathedral built by Bishop Athelstan, where Bishop Leofgar, with clerks, monks, and fugitives stood trembling with fear. The gates were closed and barred, and the doors were guarded by monks. The bishop contrary to the practice of the clerical order wore a coat of mail over his episcopal robe, and stood surrounded by his clerks and several persons of rank in the south transept with his hand grasping a sword instead of his crosier. He knew that the enemy would have no more respect for the sacred pile of which he was so proud than for the meanest hovel. Indeed he was convinced that the plunderers would be attracted by the treasures which the cathedral was known to contain as much as he had been by the dignity and estates connected therewith; and this conviction was now stronger than ever as he heard the enemy approaching amidst increasing tumult.

"Would to God that the unconquerable Harold were here to chastise the Saxon traitors and Welsh devils that are now let loose upon our peaceful city," said the bishop. "He is worth a thousand cowardly dogs like Rolf, who ignominiously fled from the field before lifting his hand in our defense, leaving us a prey to violence and rapine. Saint Mary! I am sorry I did not raise an army myself and lead it against the enemy. If I had we would not be now forced to listen to despairing cries and mocking voices; nor would this noble relic of the godlike Athelstan be now menaced with destruction. The saints forbid that his spirit be disturbed by that horrible pounding!"

"The foul fiend take the sacrilegious horde!" exclaimed one of the refugees with much emphasis. "The gates cannot long resist such heavy blows. The saints forfend! if one of them has not already succumbed to their mad persistence."

A triumphant shout which rent the air without, and echoed and reechoed within the cathedral, attested the truthfulness of these remarks, and all looked with blanched faces and bated breath now in the direction of the noise, and now into each other's eyes. The monks who guarded the door trembled so violently with fear that they could scarcely stand. The two that had charge of the door leading into the cloisters, however, had strength enough left to desert their post when the enemy began to attack it, and they increased the terror of those already in the transept by precipitately running in among them. But Bishop Leofgar who was not so terrified that he had forgotten either his dignity or his authority compelled them to return immediately to their post, charging them not to leave it again, as they valued their soul's salvation. By this time the other gate had given way, and both the west door and the north porch were simultaneously attacked. Still the bishop offered not to move from the transept. He would have given his see and all his possessions just to have a sufficient number of men around him to repel the attack. He was wise enough, however, not to make the attempt with the dozen or more men at his command. He simply stood listening to the constantly increasing sounds without, and occasionally giving vent to his indignation. A second triumphant shout from the assailants, which told him that they had gained entrance into the cloisters, aroused him into action, and opening a secret door in the south-east corner by touching a spring in the wall he hurriedly said,

"Let half of you ascend that winding stairway; it will lead you to a chapel in the roof. Be quick as you value your lives; there is not a moment to lose!",

His command was immediately obeyed. Then shutting the door he led the rest through the south aisle into another transept, and thence into

the lady chapel, where he paused to listen. What he heard was not reassuring, for the enemy now poured into the cathedral like a mighty torrent from the cloisters and through the porch, over the dead bodies of seven of the monks.

"O God! what shall we do?" cried a dozen voices.

"Holy father, we are undone," ejaculated the surviving monks bursting into the chapel.

"This way," exclaimed the bishop, hurrying to another part of the chapel, and touching a secret spring a solid block of marble in the floor flew open revealing a narrow stairway leading to a dark and intricate crypt. Every heart gave a bound of joy at the sight of this avenue of escape; nor was it necessary to urge any one to enter the crypt, for violent blows on the doors of the chapel indicated only too plainly that there was no time to spare.

"Curses upon the hypocritical dogs," cried a voice that could be heard distinctly above the rest, and the next moment Gryffydd, Trahaiarn, and several others rushed through the broken doors just as Leofgar caused the marble block to drop into its place. The assailants heard a noise, but saw not what caused it. "By my faith," said the king, unconsciously standing over the secret entrance to the crypt, "the devil surely must have taken his own at last, elsewhere are the cowardly monks whom we chased hither but a moment ago, or the mailed hypocrite who vainly tries to wed the office of arms with the calling of a priest?"

"The devil has only spared us the trouble of sending his own to him," Trahaiarn laughingly replied. "And as a further token of his kindness he has left us all the spoils."

"Ha, ha, hearest thou that noble Algar? Where is the earl? By St. David! the wily Saxon applies himself as zealously to the task of robbing the church as his more pious father does to that of enriching her. Let us hence, else his greed will leave us no reward for our trouble."

His followers were only too willing to act on the king's suggestion, and they immediately joined the sacrilegious crowds that had already commenced to search for plunder. Every shrine was robbed of its relics, every wardrobe of its contents and every emblem of its decorations. The saw and hammer had not been more active in the construction of the sacred edifice than the sword and axe were now in its defacement. When nothing more of valûe could be found the torch was applied to the combustible material, and in a very short time the smoke was so thick that it penetrated to the chapel in the roof, making those who had sought refuge there realize to the full, a danger which they had with much agony anticipated. What had become of the bishop and the others they had left in the transept none of them could tell, for even the few clerks that were among them knew

nothing of the existence of the crypt. Nor did the question trouble them now that their own lives were in jeopardy. The thought that they had escaped death in one form only to meet it in a more terrible form made them almost distracted. The chapel was lighted by only two small windows, and they were so high up as to be out of reach. The smoke almost suffocated them, and the floor grew so hot that they expected every moment to see the flames burst through. Their agonies had reached their climax when hurried footsteps were heard in the stairway, followed by a violent fit of coughing. Then a voice commanded them to descend instantly, which they did with such promptness that they crowded the head of the stairway so full for an instant that descent was impossible. Fortunately for them, however, they succeeded in extricating themselves just in time to escape the flames that now burst into the chapel; and upon reaching the transept they were conducted at once to the crypt by a monk who at the peril of his own life had come to seek them in obedience to the bishop's command, the latter having no thought of fire when in the hour of excitement he ordered them to seek refuge in the chapel in the roof.

Meanwhile the whole city was being rapidly destroyed by the flames, all that was of value in it having been already carried away by the plunderers. And great was the rejoicing in the camp over the captives and the spoils. Gryffydd's greed was satisfied once more, and Algar's revenge, if not complete, was at least for the present appeased. Therefore as soon as practicable the allied forces commenced their march towards Rhuddlan, leaving Hereford a city of ashes and blood, with her walls razed to the ground. The victorious army was everywhere received with acclamations of joy, for according to the ethics of the times to take the life of an enemy was not murder, to plunder the goods of hated individuals was not stealing, and to destroy their homes not a crime. Can we boast of much better ethics in the nineteenth century.

(Continued.)

ELECTION RETURNS.

By Tom Jeffreys.

John Jones (before his conversion) was not what we may call a politician, although he was very susceptible to political influences. In fact, he was easily and extremely affected by any kind of enthusiasm, and was mercurial in responding to atmospheric changes in political weather. In a country like this where the woods are full of fashions, fads crazes and manias, it is no wonder that John Jones was heretical and erratic, straying after some ignis fatuus, or wild goose year in and year out.

When W. J. Bryan, the late candidate for the Presidency on the silver ticket, had just delivered his great "goldgotha" speech in Chicago, and nominated with such enthusiasm as a natural consequence on the white metal platform in 1896, John Jones became so visibly affected that his political conversion was known throughout the township. "That's nothing," said Old Tom Rhys, "I always suspected that Shony had a silver plate in his penglog (skull), but I did not know until the present minute that it was loose." John Jones' brain was so fixed that he could not attend to two things at one time; so he became so violently partial to silver, that he neglected farm work in order to devote all his mind and time to the financial question. Although he hardly knew how to fill up an application for a money order, in a few weeks he was such an expert financier and a self-constituted authority on the silver question, that he could describe exactly what the ratio of gold and silver was in Solomon's time.

One of the blessings of intellectual life is the ability to keep the mind detached from and independent of the engrossing and debauching influences of common enthusiasm. Vulgar zeal is a constant menace to the best interests of humanity, because it keeps the people always interested in cheap movements which are largely detrimental and often retroactive. Our hero had settled in the State of ——— in the early fifties, and being inexperienced in agricultural and pastoral pursuits, he had labored for years as a farmer with little success, keeping the hungry wolf away from his door with considerable difficulty. But although his want of success was chiefly attributable to his lack of agricultural science and experience, he was always disposed to think that external causes were responsible for his failures. Although some of his nearest neighbors were fairly comfortable and prosperous, that potent fact had

never suggested to his mind the suspicion that he might be blameable for his chronic condition of poverty. Such characters, generally, watch for outside favorable excuses whereon they may suspend their shortcomings; and John Jones was really droll in the way he exculpated himself during seasons of ordinary crops. Sometimes, he would blame the weather, the seed, the government, providence, bad luck, and everything excepting his own shiftlessness and indifference. But, although, crushed to earth, seemingly, by reverses, he was never known to be discouraged; and he always managed to look over a bad harvest in expectation of a better one; and he was often heard to plan great victories for the future. He was, in some sense, optimistic, since he had a rare confidence in his own ultimate good luck. His neighbors would often say, "Jack is not a bad sort of fellow;" and his really good and deserving wife and John Jones, Jun., a lad of 16, a good sensible and hard working and clever young farmer, led people to believe that, finally, the old man would enjoy better success.

As soon as the idea was noised abroad that demonetization of silver was the causa causans of all the ills that man is heir to, John Jones, Sen., was tickled to death almost, at the prospect of having such a plausible excuse for all recklessness and awkwardness among men, and he seized this political straw with the avidity of a drowning man He began to procure books, pamphlets and newspapers silver inspired, and the great fact grew daily in his mind that gold was the curse of curses. The fall of man (in America) was the resumption of specie payment in 1873, and the Sherman Act was his expulsion from Eden.

It was really amusing to listen to the ability and volubility with which John would show by statistics—upright columns of figures—the way wheat had been dragged along with depreciated silver down, down through the ages, until in the time of Grover Cleveland, wheat had reached the valley of the shadow of death, viz., 49c. a bushel, facing a still lower degradation. As a continuation of the downward tendency, John in accordance with the teaching and hearty wishes of the party, of whom he was such an eloquent exponent, promised and predicted 25c. silver and wheat in the near future, in case McKinley would be elected on a gold basis. Now to this great cloud of blackness, free coinage only could be the silver lining, and only an unlimited supply of the white metal could cure bad times and bad crops.

After a campaign of unusual excitement, election day came, and our hero went to the polls early, voted and worked and canvased in the interests of humanity. As close to his heart as free coinage, was a little flask which he appealed to now and again which kept him in excellent good humor all day. As

soon as he had reached home, he doffed his hat, threw it down by the stove, and says he, "There I've done it." "Yes," answered Mrs. Jones," "you look like a man that has been doing something." The effects of the contents of the flask was quite visible on his radiant face. "I took good care of my man," said he; "and you took special care of yourself too," answered Mrs. Jones. Although John was the nominal head of the house, everybody in the township knew that he was only a figurehead, and young Jack used to say that his pap was the head, but his mam the brain.

Before resting for the night John Jones had a foretaste of defeat, and all night he dreamed of all sorts of bad lucks and misfortunes, woke several times from bites of imaginary snakes and rode night-mares over precipices! When he got up early next morning he looked miserable and depressed, and he had hardly finished his breakfast alone when young Jack came in with the news that McKinley was elected! "The Lord save us all" (Duw cato pawb") ejaculated John Jones.

"That's what he is going to do," said Mrs. Jones, "and he commenced yesterday. Look ye here, John," she proceeded, "God never created this world to be run by 16 to 1, and such like nonsense, although He is one, it will take sixteen millions such as you to succeed against His plans." John was good and quiet for days after this.

John Jones had a streak of superstition in his character which helped to make him miserable soon after the election. One night when throwing hay down for the cattle, his foot slipped and he fell awkwardly into a box of tools, whereby he broke his ankle. This kept him crippled for the winter, and many a time during the dark short days and long cold nights of the winter of '96-97 he mused over his wife's words, that 16 to 1 could not upset God's plans. He began to think that his broken ankle was one of the election returns, and that other mishaps were to follow! Early in March, his colt was killed in jumping over a fence, and young John was low with the grip for three weeks, and things looked as if the old man's "pernicious activity" on the political campaign had not fallen into "innocuous desuetude." He was now really fearing bad luck had lighted on him and his house, and he felt like doing anything to raise the mortgage. With the month of May prospects improved and the misfortunes which John Jones had misapprehended as "election returns" had been succeeded by sentiments of health and comfort, and father and son were busily engaged in farm work. To make a long story short, the harvest turned out the best that the Jones family had known; the wheat crop was remarkable; there was more than enough corn; he had more hay than he knew what to do with; and he had such an abundance of apples and fruit that he had to feed them to the hogs, which gave him for the winter of '97-98 bacon that tasted like fruit pie. He sold all the crops at good prices, payed all his debts, was cured of the silver fever, discovered that silver and wheat are not yoked together, and that white metal is symbolic of moonshine.

FIELD OF LETTERS

The contents of "Cymru'r Plant" for November: The Benefit of Storms; The Children of Dolwyddelen; Brittany; Gwenfron, The King's Daughter; Guy Fawkes' Lantern; Tom's Temptations; Ieuan Gwyllt's Grave; The Black Hole, &c.

John Roberts (Ieuan Gwyllt) died May 14, 1877. No one labored so steadily and fearlessly in his own way, as Ieuan Gwyllt. From the time he wrote his excellent Introduction to his celebrated "Llyfr Tonau Cynulleidfaol" in Aberdare, April 30, 1859, until his completion of his second edition of the same, April, 1876, he made a marked impression on sacred music in Wales.

In the November number of the "Dysgedydd" we find several articles of some weight, among which are "Who is the Son of Man?" by the Rev. D. M. Jenkins, Liverpool; Paul's Teachings, by the Rev. T. J. Hughes, Maesycwmwr; Notes on a Journey to the United States, by the Rev. R. P. Williams, Holyhead; Sunday School Lessons; Events of the Month; News, Obituaries, Reviews, &c.

As soon as it became known that Bishop Lloyd, of Bangor, meditated resigning, a number of church dignitaries met at the Dean's house to formulate a protest to be sent to the Premier in order to instruct him as to the kind of man the new bishop should be. It was naught else than a denunciation of the Bishop of St. Asaph's high-handed policy, and the Premier is warned not to appoint for Bangor another like him. Subsequent events have shown that Bishop Edwards has friends and followers. In the newspaper war that has raged ever since, both sides have shown a determination to make a thorough affair of it. They pelt each other with the bitterest names, and the "Llan," a church organ, says that the controversy is perfectly disgraceful. The supporters of Bishop Edwards seem to be most expert at hurling vile epithets, and, although, they have complimented the Nonconformists with some choice names, yet in this domestic fight, they appear to have an inexhaustible supply of rarer invectives. The only reason we have to sorrow over this whole scrimmage is, that it brings religion into contempt and disgrace.—"Dysgedydd."

A report is current that Messrs. Harper & Brothers, the publishers of Harper's Weekly, are about to issue a beautifully printed Pictorial History of the War with Spain. The report says that no expense or effort is being spared by the publishers to make this history the most accurate and authentic account of the war, as well as the handsomest souvenir of it, that can be produced. Many of the magnificent illustrations which have appeared from week to week in Harper's Weekly during the summer will be included, while the literary portion will be contributed by the distinguished war correspondents of the house of Harper, and by many of the officers who took part in the war.

It is evident that our churches in America are composed of members of different denominations. They join together to live in peace, forgetting their little differences, co-operating cordially to help the great cause along. Not seldom is seen a Congregational church with a Wesleyan minister, who through the paucity of Wesleyans, had exchanged his own fold for that of the Congregational church. We found also that those of different sects who had united in a certain church were faithfully and diligently doing all they could for their adopted cause, avoiding all impositions that would menace the peace and interests of the members. To a casual visitor, such facts would naturally prove that such an amalgamation of sects is also possible in Wales. —"Dysgedydd."

The "Cronicl" is interesting and instructive as usual, and it contains a considerable variety of short articles to suit varied tastes. The monthly notes by Keinion: Dr. Pan Jones; Should Preachers Smoke; Temperance, the Question of the Day; Jesus, the Carpenter; Old Thomas' Letters; Youth, Song, and the Grave; Domestic Tales; Notes by the Editor; Poems, &c., &c.

It is a danger to churches that they are more eager to have new members join than to teach them to be good and strong Christians; and the result is that they become a mere following when they should be good soldiers of Christ. They should be watched, encouraged, instructed and disciplined. The entire duty of caring for new members, also, should not be entrusted to the minister and church officers, but should be the duty of the whole membership. Church membership should mean much more than mere reception into the church. It means watching, caring for them, teaching, helping and doing all that Christ did while he walked amongst the children of men. Doing this would bring about a revolution.—"Cronicl."

The Christmas number of Harper's Magazine presents a holiday appearance in its cover of green and gold, and the illusion is not dispelled by an examination of the contents, beginning with a frontspiece in color. The poems are appropriate to the season. In addition to "The Martyrs' Idyl," a dramatic poem founded on a legend of the early Christian Church, by Louise Imogen Guiney, illustrated by E. Grasset, the number contains, among others, "Mary," by Ruth McEnery Stuart, and "Ere Christ, the Flower of Virtue, Bloomed," by Louise Morgan Sill, illustrated by F. V. Du Mond; and "A Ballad of Manila Bay," by Charles G. D. Roberts, with an illustration by Carlton T. Chapman. "The Coming Fusion of East and West" is the title of a timely article contributed by Ernest F. Fenollosa.

But why waste time to prove the right of Society to control the Drink Traffic, seeing that it is a well-known fact that such control over it has been actually exercised for the last 350 years or more? Is it not an essential and recognized part of the law of the land to-day that the number of public houses in a given neighborhood is to depend not on the wishes of publicans, but on the requirements of the neighborhood? "But if that is so," some one will say, "what more do you want?" Nothing, in point of principle. The theory is all right—it is the practice that is defective; and all we want is to provide the law with better machinery, so as to enable it to put its own theories on this question into practice. Providing the people themselves with the means of voicing their own requirements in an authoritative manner, and thus making the administration of the law consistent with

its professed intention—this is all that is really involved in the dreaded term "Local Option."—"Young Wales."

In the highest branches our University Colleges are doing noble work in the promotion of technical education. The purely scientific teaching in these colleges is, we are assured, all that could be wished for. In technical education Aberystwyth and Bangor look after the training of the young farmers of Wales. The University College of South Wales, aided by the Technical Instruction Committees of Cardiff and Glamorgan, provides a thorough instruction in the technology of the trades which form the staple industries of the dense mining district in which it is situated. From these institutions we shall probably see an increasing number of young men drawn year by year for the superintendence of farms—positions now held in Wales almost invariably by Scotchmen—of machine shops, of the textile and other industries, and in particular we may hope to see a large number of Welsh boys adopting the profession of engineering, a sphere of labor which in the specialties of hydraulic, steam, mechanical mining and electric engineering is ever widening and affording careers of usefulness for those who are properly prepared for the work.—"Young Wales."

The editor of "Cwrs y Byd" complains of the irregular conduct of some Welsh preachers. They are unstaid and skittish, accepting such a number of calls in the course of a few years that it is difficult to state in the Diary of the denomination where they are at. This week they accept a call, and next week they will again decline and accept another. As an illustration of this whimsicality, he instances one who resided in three places during one year. He suspects that this desire on the part of some preachers to minister to as many churches as possible in one year is the outgrowth of an unholy love of popularity. The editor also feels that such erratic ministry should be abolished. People are beginning to be displeased, and even disgusted with it.

"Cwrs y Byd" is disposed to ridicule Gwilym Evans of "Bitters" renown, for the reasons he gave for resigning his Parliamentary candidacy to represent the boroughs of Carmarthen and Llanelly, S. W., in St. Stephens. As soon as Mr. Evans' candidacy was announced, political and professional beggars, blackmailers, and a number of pinched job-seekers, besieged, besought and worried him to impatience; and in a fit of peevishness he resolved to resign, stating that he was determined to have peace at any price. "Cwrs y Byd" also thinks that Mr. Evans betrays a deplorable lack of human nature in managing the people, and that his impatience with human weaknesses, proves that he is utterly unqualified to fill any public office. Proceeding, the article says "Christ said 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden,' but Mr. Evans says 'Get away with ye!"

"Hurrah for America," a tale of Welsh life by Miss Alice Reese, of Shandon, O. She is of Welsh parentage, and though she writes as an American, yet her perfect familiarity with the characteristics of the Welsh, peculiarly fit her for the task she has accomplished so well. The scene of the narrative is a little city in one of the Welsh settlements in Southern Wisconsin, and, in the author's own words, she "has sought to portray some of the characteristics of the life found there." The characters are all representative of Welsh life. There is much in the book to interest the young. The little volume is now on sale at the book stores, and would make an elegant holiday gift.

SCIENTIFIC

THE TURKEY.

Turkeys are great wanderers. A mother will often lead her brood three or four miles away from home. There they take up their habitation in unfrequented woods. The instinct for solitude and wild life is very strong after centuries of domestication. But a kindred instinct impels the mother to bring her grown family back in the fall to where she started out with them in the spring. This is not done, however, till the leaves are all off the trees the beechnuts have fallen and have been eaten, and the cold winds, and sometimes the snow have made the sylvan retreats inhospitable.

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PAPER SLIPPERS.

Paper slippers are the latest form in which paper is introduced in new inventions. A patent has been taken out for a system of manufacturing slippers sandals, and other coverings for the feet out of paper. Paper pulp, or papier-mache, is employed for the upper, which is moulded to the desired form and size, and a sole is provided made of paper or pasteboard, leather-board, or other suitable paper material, which is united to the paper by means of cement, glue, or other adhesive material. The upper is creased, embossed, or perforated at the instep or sides, which renders them somewhat pliable, and prevents their cracking while in use.

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NONE THERE.

A scientist looking for microbes says there are absolutely none on the Swiss mountains at an altitude of 2,000 feet. Here is the place for the purity party and scaremongers who are forever horrifying the public with the dismal fear of microbes. They would have to take their supply with them, most of which are useful to man. It is pleasing to observe that the microbe does not give himself lofty airs, but, as a fellow creature, comes down to our level and dwells cheerily in our midst.—Meehan's Monthly.

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SOLDER FOR GLASS.

A metallic compound which firmly adheres to glass, and can, therefore, be employed as a solder for glass, is obtained by melting together 95 per cent (by weight) of tin, and 5 parts of zinc. The melting point lies at about 200 degrees (C.?). By means of the soldering iron it can be spread upon the glass, previously heated to this temperature, and, after cooling, adheres firmly to it. An alloy of 9 parts tin and 1 part aluminium may be used for the same purpose, but has the drawback that its fusing point lies considerably higher, viz., around 390 degrees.

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UNCHANGEABLE.

Miss M. A. Ellis contributed a paper to the British Association on the human ear as a means of identification. She pointed out that the helix, or outer rim of the ear, and the general shape of the pinna, or whole outer ear, were the most useful for purposes of identification. Ears do not change shape after childhood, although they enlarge slight-

ly after middle life. From the varieties of 64 pairs of ears, many belonging to individuals noted in art, science, and literature, printed from life by Miss Ellis, it has been found that the right and left of each pair of ears usually vary in shape.

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ONE WRITER SAYS.

There is a grievance, a real, determined, angry grievance, against England, Germany, and America. These are the three countries which deluge medicine with physiology, good, bad, and indifferent, but mostly bad; which flood it with literature in the shape of medical books, with no soul of either science or practise in them, and which "evolute" new remedies, not by the score, but by the thousand annually, not one of which in fifty is worth even so much as a second thought. The inevitable effect of all this upon the average minds in the profession is, either to suffocate and so to paralyze them with what appears to be new knowledge, or else to so disgust the practitioner that he makes up his mind never to read at all, and on no earthly consideration whatever to experiment with a new drug. Medicine, in short, is swamped, drowned, stifled, and paralyzed by innumerable exploiters within and without its ranks: exploiters whose only object is the shortest possible cut, not to fame and fortune, but to notoriety and pelf.

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HOT SPRINGS IN AUSTRALIA.

A place like this is, of course, a perfect Godsend to the Maoris. They can soak themselves all day in the warm weather; cook their meat and potatoes simply by hanging them in their nets in the corner of a boiling spring, and live as happily, lazily, and uselessly as the pigs that share their houses and fortunes. All you have to do to launder clothes is to soak a garment in a hot soda spring, and then wash it out in warm, clear water in another spring, and there you are. Even if a Maori has but one garment, he is not abashed. He washes it and hangs it on the fence, and sits down in the costume of the Greek Slave until it dries.

Each of these floating black heads you see in the warm baths will have a black pipe in its mouth; and if the weather is foul, you may see individuals holding umbrellas over their heads.

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REMEDY FOR STINGS.

One of the old-fashioned remedies, and we believe a good one, is to apply immediately to the part stung the juice of a raw onion. The rational of this remedy is not clear, the sulphur oil in the onion possibly serving as a palliative. The sting, at any rate, if it remains in the wound, should be extracted, and the puncture dressed with a little weak ammonia, and afterward a little bromide of ammonia may be added, which frequently serves as a sedative. The intense irritation caused in some persons by mosquito bites may be promptly relieved by the application of ipecacuanha, either the "vinum" or the powdered root, made into a paste with water or vinegar.—The Lancet.

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HASTENING THE SPROUTING OF SEEDS.

It is well known, says the "Revue Scientifique," that it is possible to accelerate germination, or, more exactly, to shorten the period that elapses between sowing the seed and its sprouting, by soaking the seed some time before planting. M. Phippchenko has made some interesting experiments in this direction on beets. He noticed that when the duration of the latent period

was 15 days, for instance (that is, when the seed remained 15 days before sprouting when placed dry in the earth), the latent period is not more than 4 to 6 days, if the seeds are previously soaked for 12 to 15 days. It is not necessary to immerse the seeds; they must only be kept moist, often moving them about. It is evident that the process of germination is not really hastened, but that the time that the seed, as a seed, passes under ground is shortened, and thus it is removed from danger and from enemies. It would be useful to generalize these experiments, and to see in what measure this method can be applied to other common seeds.

ANIMALS AS TOPERS.

It seems that animals are susceptible to alcoholism in proportion to the development of their intelligence. Elephants are fond of wine and rum, and rats gnaw the staves of wine casks to get at the contents. Cats, however, rarely exhibit a fondness for intoxicants.

'Among birds the parrot takes first place as an habitual toper. Insects have many opportunities to become intoxicated, and it is the most active that most frequently avail themselves of the chance. There is an aromatic, intoxicating fluid in linden blossoms for which bees show an especial fondness.

Instances have been observed where swarms of bees regaled themselves with the poisonous linden nectar until they exhibited all the signs of intoxication. Hundreds fell helplessly to the roadside, to be trampled under foot.

UNEXPLORED REGIONS.

The mountain ranges on the east and northeast of Thibet, the magnificent river region which extends northward into the interior from the Indo-Chinese Peninsula, are little known. Much yet remains to be done in the region watered by the Oxus. The great central deserts, as Dr. Sven Hedin has shown, conceal beneath their sandy wastes the rich remains of ancient civilizations. Even the maps of western Asia contain much hypothetical geography, and the Siberian coast is still most inaccurately laid down. Southern and central Arabia is almost unknown, and the venturous explorer who succeeded in making his way in a bee line from Aden to Muscrat would perform a feat worthy of the highest recognition. Thus, notwithstanding all that has been accomplished during the century, the occupation of the explorer in Asia will not be gone for generations to come.

BEES AS WEATHER PROPHETS.

"For forty years," remarks M. de Bidder, "bee-keepers have made use of straw hives with two entrances. Sometimes on very extraordinary occasions, I have observed that from the beginning of October the bees have stopped their entrances with wax in such a manner as to admit passage to only one individual at a time, thus giving an indirect lesson to their owners who have neglected to put a little board against the opening to prevent the cold air getting in. In these years the winters have been extremely severe. When the temperature outside falls to five degrees, the bees do not leave their dwelling; indeed, they could no longer go out without exposing themselves to the risk of paralysis or eath. All the bees group themselves together in the hive, in the shape of a compact ball."

Having thus studied the habits of bees for many years, M. de Bidder agrees with other bee-keepers that whenever the entrances to the hives are seen carefully closed, one must expect great cold, whenever the openings are not stopped with wax, the winter need not be dreaded.

The number of people engaged in the manufacture of tin-plates in Wales has decreased during the last seven years by 50 per cent.

The first book in Irish was printed in 1571; the first in Gaelic in 1567, and the first in Welsh, according to Rowlands, was printed in 1546, Wales of old, as now, leading the way in the Celtic literary race. There were at least seven books printed in Welsh before the first Gaelic book, three of them being editions and adaptations of Salesbury's Dictionary.

Some delightful sayings by children are given in the October number of the "Temple Magazine" by the Rev. J. Idrisyn Jones. A little girl explained God's omnipresence thus: "He was everything without going there." A little boy, reflecting on the misdeeds of Satan, said to his mother, "Ma, Satan must be a great trouble to God, mustn't he? I don't see why he turned out so bad when he had no devil to put him up to it!" Better, perhaps, is the remark of a three-year-old, who said, "I want God to take care of me nights; I can take care of myself days."

It is satisfactory to find that, whatever may be the political relations between England and Russia, the Czar is steadily increasing his commercial relations with Wales. He is now figuring in a conspicuous manner as a buyer of tin-plates in the Swansea district, and steel rails in the Bessemer works of the hills, and steadily increasing his demand for steam coal at Cardiff. Welsh steel, it will be gratifying to learn, is taking up as high a position as Welsh coal, and the resumption of work has been hailed in the Midlands, and even in the North of England, with satisfaction.

In a petition to Henry VIII. the Welsh people made a remarkable apology for uttering guttural sounds. "Nor shall it be a disparagement, we hope, that it (the Welsh language) is spoken so much in the throat, as we believe that words that sound so deep come from the heart."

The late Mr. David Davies, Llandinam, used to treat the bilingual difficulty in this way:—"If you wish to continue to eat barley bread and lie on a straw bed, shout with all your might, 'Oes y byd i'r iaith Gymraeg;' but if you wish to eat white bread and roast beef, you must learn English."

The handsome memorial-stone erected in the quiet country churchyard of St. Andrew's Major, in the peaceful and charming Vale of Glamorgan, to the memory of the late renowed chair bard, "Dewi Wyn o Essyllt," was unveiled on Thursday afternoon, November 10, the interesting ceremony being performed by his Honor Judge Gwilym Williams, Miskin Manor, who delivered a graceful address on the occasion, paying a worthy tribute to the illustrious memory of the departed poet. A numerous

company of gentlemen, and not a few ladies, from Pontypridd, the Rhondda Valley, and elsewhere attended.

His Honor Judge Gwilym Williams, after the party had assembled round the grave, delivered a pathetic address, during which His Honor was more than once deeply affected. Not only as a renowned bard would the memory of "Dewi Wyn o Essyllt" live in the affections of his fellow-countrymen, but also as a valuable contributor to the prose literature of the nation, more especially his masterly articles on the advantages of education and other subjects. and the judge strongly advised young men to read the works of "Dewi Wyn," who was one of the greatest men in Wales during the last half-century, and had enriched the literature of the nation during the Victorian era probably more than any other man, with the exception, perhaps, of "Islwyn."

The new intermediate school buildings which have been opened at Machynlleth stand in a field which has been known from time immemorial as "Cae y Garshiwn," that is to say, the field of the garrison. Probably no town in the Principality is richer than Machynlleth in historical associations. It was an important station during the Roman occupation, and is supposed to have been the site of their Maglona. Owen Glyndwr's house of parliament is shown to this day, and in the vicinity is Dolguog, once the residence of Llywarch Hen.

The Bishop of St. David's made an excellent start at Brecon in the meeting held on behalf of the Diocesan Society for increasing the incomes of the poor benefices in the diocese. Lord Tredegar and Miss Talbot Morgan promised £200 a year for five years, an anonymous donor £100 a year for the same period, and Sir John Llewellyn and the Bishop £100 a year for five years. Lesser sums were promised, bringing the total to about £900 a year for five years. The Bishop intends visiting seven other centres to plead the same cause. That it is an urgent one may be realized by the fact that there are 28 benefices in the diocese, the net income of which is less than £100 a year.

Mr. Andrew Lang is not very enthusiastic over the "Celtic Renascence." He maintains that the qualities of Celtic poetry are "rather the result of environment and of history than of race, the Celts being 'Aryans' like the rest of us." But he says:—"If the Neo-Celts are in earnest, let them provide us with Celtic texts and literal translations of Celtic literature, or do for Ireland, Brittany, and Wales what Mr. Neil Munro has begun to do for the West Highlands. This is the path."

At the triennial visitation held at the Cathedral, St. Asaph, N. W., recently, the Bishop concluded his remarks on "Fasting Communion" in this wise: "I leave this point with the weighty words of the Bishop of Oxford: 'It is a wholesome rule, a 'mos pro lege' if you like, which recommends or prescribes fasting communion; but to enforce such a practice with such sanctions is not in accordance with a true conception of religious law, or with the spirit of the Gospel itself. Nor is the promulgation of such a sanction, namely, if you communicate otherwise than fasting you are committing wilful sin—reconcilable with the loyalty that all of us alike owe to the Church of which we are the ministers."

In the Swansea Public Library is a copy of the first issue of the Welsh Prayer Book, of 1567, and this recently, on the application of Mr. J. H. Davies,

has been temporarily removed to the British Museum, Archdeacon Williams having expressed a desire to examine it. The only other copy known to be in existence is in the possession of Sir John Williams. The copy belonging to Swansea has about 20 leaves missing, and is in dilapidated condition.

Whether it is to be deplored or not the fact remains that our younger generation are becoming increasingly English in conversation, in the literature they read, that the careers that many of them look forward to and are aiming at will take them into England. Every parish clergyman in this diocese knows that the younger generation who prefer English love to attend the services of the Church. We must then be careful not to neglect their claims. In our practical dealing with the language difficulty we must have even-handed justice, a fair and proportionate recognition of the claims of the Welsh and the English. The wise priest who has to minister to their souls will try honestly to find out in what language his ministry will be most acceptable to each individual.—Bishop Edwards.

Mr. Aneurin Jones, of New York, sends us this: In the "Cambrian" for November we find the following singular notice as coming from the editor: "Pennant describes his book as a complete tour of the most civilized part of Wales. It is a pity he did not describe the other parts." We are constrained to ask if its publication is not intended for a burlesque on the people it pretends to serve.

The above "Note" did not come from the Editor, as Mr. Jones unwittingly states. The "Welsh Notes" are not Editorial. They are taken from various Welsh sources. Some of them may be discordant, but yet they are essential elements in the music of literature.

Then Mr. Jones proceeds: Dr. Johnson said: "Pennant is the best traveller I ever read; he observes more things than any one else does." In the edition of 1810 we find the following advertisement of the author referring to the first part: "These home travels are the first part of an account of my own country. They make of themselves a complete tour of the tamer parts of our country. In a future volume, the wild and romantic scenery will be presented, intermixed with the rich valleys so frequently interspersed." It will be seen that Pennant made a special reference to the scenery of Wales, without the least allusion to its people.

The writer of the querulous remark, which Mr. Jones resents, may have discovered an implied slight on South Wales in the way Pennant refers to the contents of his volumes. In his "Advertisement," he says he has described Flint and portions of Denbighshire, and promises to include the "four remaining counties of the principality" in the second volume. Therefore six counties make up "his country" and "his principality." Did he view South Wales as an outlying territory, as yet in a wild state, and not a part of Wales proper?

According to the stationmaster of Dolygaer, a popular summer resort on the Brecon and Merthyr Railway of people from Merthyr and Dowlais, the name of that place is of Latin derivation, and signifies, he believes, the fort (caer) of the dale. He has courteously pointed out to various visitors the indications still extant on the hill top of the old "caer" which overlooks the valley, and in the course of an interview recently he stated that he had traced an old Roman road near Pontsticill. Evidently there was in those ancient times communication between

the caer, or its immediate neighborhood, and Morlais and Vaynor.

In the early part of the century several of the most notable Welsh Eisteddfodau were held in public-houses. and it was no unusual thing to find peers, temporal and spiritual, presiding at these pothouse festivals, at which the flow of impromptu verse was helped by the flow of ale. It is therefore, only a return to tradition that the well-known firm of Scotch whisky distillers who subscribed the sum of 100 guineas towards the funds of the Festiniog Eisteddfod should give another hundred to the committee of the Cardiff National Eisteddfod. This generous donation is offered as a prize for an original work in the chief essay competition.

"Mabon's" rhapsody over the almost extinct Welsh harp is in curious contrast with the facts elicited by calm investigation. Mr. John Ceiriog Hughes could count over 1,100 Welsh airs, but it is questionable whether more than half of them are now known. "And where is the harper now to be found," remarks Dr. Kuno Meyer, "and where the 'datceiniad,' who can play and sing the fifty 'alawon datganiadol' which 'Idris Vychan' in his essay on penillion singing enumerates? And, alas! the most beautiful are lost first, because they are often the most difficult of performance. Believe me, if it shall be left to the piano to interpret them, they will not live." The ultra Puritanical spirit has killed music and popular song in England and Wales.

A writer in "The Gardeners' Chronicle" says:—"I have recently been spending a two months' holiday in North Wales, and have seen a good deal of Denbighshire and Carnarvonshire. I was prepared to find that the Welsh are not a gardening people such as the English are, but I did not expect to find good gardening so rare as it is. I have not seen one really good cottage garden, and the farmers' gardens are not much better. Some, indeed, are as bad as the worst. Usually, the gardens are devoted almost exclusively to growing potatoes—and weeds, and such weeds, too! vigorous in growth and numberless in quantity, so that I have been almost wild with vexation to see such a reckless waste of fertility. The truth is, that 'the purest of human pleasures' has not yet, to any extent, commended itself to the good graces of the interesting and amiable people of this beautiful country, so that the County and District Councils would do their constituents a great service if they would take some pains to instruct them how to make their gardens pleasanter to look at, and more productive of a greater variety of wholesome vegetables and fruits than they are at present."

Plas Isaf, Llanrwst, the old home of William Salesbury, the first translator of the New Testament into the Welsh language, is fast falling into ruins; and unless some steps be speedily taken to stay the hand of time a priceless and irrecoverable memorial will be for ever lost to Wales. A place so closely associated with the name of Salesbury is hallowed by the most sacred traditions of the Welsh nation, whose noblest traits—the love of learning and pure religion—found in him a timely and generous benefactor. Welshmen all the world over will be struck with poignant regret if a home so sacred is allowed to crumble to ruins. Last spring a simple appeal in this column went far to stay the hand of the vandal from demolishing the ancient ruins of Strata Florida Abbey; and we trust that to mention the present regretable condition of Plas Isaf will be enough to arouse sufficient enthusiasm and sup-

port to preserve it from the ruthless havoc of time and weather.

The Rev. S. Baring-Gould, who has for the past twelve months been engaged on a historical novel dealing with Norman times in Wales, and visited places in South Wales which will form the principal scenes in his book, has brought the work near publication. It will first appear in serial form in January next in the "Illustrated News" (London). During one of the novelist's visits to the Principality he told a correspondent that the story would be of the time of Bishop Bernard, of St. David's, and would deal with the effects produced on the Cymric character by the Norman occupation and domination of the country. Among the historic personages to be introduced by the author are Nest, the grandmother of Giraldus Cambrensis, and her brother, Gruffydd ap Rhys. The scene is laid partly in the cathedral city of St. David's, in Pembrokeshire, and partly in Cynwyl Gaio, in Carmarthenshire.

One of the prettiest and most familiar objects which meets the eye on the Welsh hills during the autumn is the mountain ash or rowan. Every branch is gracefully bent by its burden of scarlet berries, which gleam from afar in the rays of the autumn sun. It is traditionally stated that wealth of berries follow a wet summer, and precede a hard winter. In North Wales the mountain ash is known as criafallen, and in South Wales as cerddinen. Few trees excel it in wealth of folk-lore. In days gone by it was held in high veneration in the Principality. In many a Welsh churchyard the ancient rowan took the place of the yew tree in England. Sprays of its leaves and small crosses from its wood were solemnly distributed on certain festivals as charms against evil spirits. The rowan, as is well known, is closely associated with the history of witches. Elfish beings were supposed to hold the tree in dread, and branches of it were frequently hung over stalls in cow-houses as a preservative against their magic influences. In former times the rowan berries entered largely into the pharmacopoeia of the peasant, and they still form an important ingredient in some of his home-brewed drinks—notably a kind of cider.

A scientific commentary on the Welsh coal-pits after the strike is given by a leading London journal. It states that it took more than two months after the long strike of 1875 to place the pits in working order, but with regard to the last strike, as soon as the conditions of peace were provisionally settled the collier could descend the shaft and get to the face with little more difficulty than he experienced in the month of March. This our authority regards as a triumph of modern engineering. "More powerful pumping engines, improved mechanical methods of ventilation, even the difference in the quality of the brattice cloth, to say nothing of a more liberal use of pit-props, mark a great distinction in the economy of the pit between those old days and now."

When Lord John Russel was once on a visit to Beddgelert the inhabitants asked him to use his influence to secure a grant for the local school. One Welshman grasped the Prime Minister by the shoulder, and offered him a parcel of woolen stockings as a present. The story and sight of the stockings at headquarters induced Lord Lansdowne to allow £150 towards the Beddgelert School.

PERSONAL-MISCELLANEOUS

We feel that by the death of Thomas Gee a power has passed from the earth. To him were given many talents, and he utilised every one of them for the help of man in the fear of God. Many days, eighty-three long years, were given to him. He never wasted one day or one hour in idleness. He lived his life to the full. He dedicated his life and his energies to the enlightenment of his countrymen and the building up of his nation. He served Wales with a splendid and unwavering devotion. He was a pioneer and strenuous worker in all the movements which have freed the energies of Wales, increased its self-respect, and made bright the promise of its future. Believing that Wales could only be made great by the excellence and sturdiness of its individual citizens he did everything in his power as journalist, publisher, preacher, Sunday School teacher, politician, educationalist, social reformer, by public action and by private counsel, by precept and by example, to make of his countrymen a sturdy, manly, capable, self-respecting race.

Thomas Gee.

There are in every country, almost in every district in Wales to-day men who bear the intellectual and moral stamp and impress of Thomas Gee. They are the makers of its public opinion, the leaders in all activities that make for the strengthening of the national life. He was a Puritan of the best type. His convictions in religious matters, in social morality, in politics were deeply felt, and he had a passion for making his convictions and views prevail. He

was a doughty warrior for what he believed to be right, a fearless fighter against everything which fettered or defaced the human soul. But, fighter as he was, he never allowed his struggle for principles to deteriorate into a scuffle of personalities. His nature was too sunny, and his heart too filled with love to make him a bigot or precisian. He was too ceaseless a worker even to stray into cynicism. He remained to his dying hour too young in spirit to be in any sense a pessimist. To the end he remained full of youth, full of life, full of friendship, full of hope. Though in the thick of every public movement, at the beck and call of every reformer, and immersed in the constant work of his powerful weekly journals, he found time to serve and bring comfort to the afflicted, and to plan and execute great enterprises. I shall ever count it a privilege to have been allowed last March to accompany him to one of his usual Sunday evening services at the North Wales Asylum. Then I felt the pulsations of his tender sympathy for the wreckage in life's struggle. When I want to convince sceptical English friends of the vitality of Cymric language and literature, I shall point to the re-issue of the "Myfyrian Archaeology" and to the "Gwyddoniadur." They are monuments of his pride and faith in Wales. We look upon his life as we do upon the kingliest oak in the forest. Wales stands more erect, feels a new pride and a new confidence in its possession of the memory of such a life. And

When the Mighty pass away
What is it more than this
That Man, who is from God sent forth
Doth yet again to God return?

October 3, 1898. T. E. Ellis, M. P.

Names of Welsh Soldiers, and of Welsh Descent Who Enlisted for the War of the Rebellion from Racine and Vicinity:

Second Reg. Wis Vol.: Thomas Jones, died in the hospital at Washington, D. C.; Thomas Phillips, died in the service; David Roberts.

Eighth Reg. Wis. Vol., Co. K.—John Phillips; Edward. Mason, mortally wounded at Nashville, Tenn.; John F. Jones; David Thomas; Owen R. Owens; John Meredith; Hugh Prichard; Richard W. Jones; John James (recruit).

Twenty Second Reg., Wis. Vol., Co. A. —John Griffith; John H. Roberts; Thomas Humphreys; Evan J. Roberts; Robert E. Jones; William A. Roberts, died in hospital at Chattanooga, Tenn.

Co. D.—Evan Edwards.

Co. F.—Owen Griffith, Captain of the Company; Robert T. Pugh, Lieutenant, promoted Captain of the Company, and subsequently Lieutenant Colonel of 53rd Regiment; John Bowen, promoted Lieutenant; Robert Blair Jones, promoted Lieutenant; William H. Hughes, promoted Lieutenant.

Co. F—Evan O. Jones, promoted adjutant of the Regiment, with the rank of First Lieutenant; Morris B. James; David Rowlands; Edward W. Jones; Owen Owens; Richard G. Roberts, mortally wounded at the battle of Reseca; John D. Morgan, accidentally wounded at Brentwood Station, Tenn.; J. M.James; Elias J. Prichard; Roderick E. Daniel; John R. Jones; Robert W. Williams; Cadwaladr Pugh; Rowland Edwards; Edward L. Davies, mortally wounded at Dallas Woods, near Atlanta; Thomas W. Thomas, died on the march with Sherman; Evan J. Lewis; Thomas Hall; David Morris, died at hospital in Nashville, Tenn.; Christopher Hopkins; Samuel Jones, died at hospital in Danville, Ky.; Richard A. Williams; David D. Williams; James W. Lewis; Abel J. Lewis; William Jones; Evan G. Roberts.

Men enlisted in Co. F from other places, but credited to Racine County.

From Berlin: Thomas J. Davies, promoted Capt. of Co. F; Joseph G.

Davies; Daniel Davies; John H. Davies; W. R. Edwards; Samuel J. Thomas; Robert J. Thomas; David E. Evans; David S. Williams.

From Waukesha: Edward Ellis; John R. Ellis; Evan E. Ellis; Edward Roberts; Thomas Hopkins; Evan O. Owens; Thomas M. Jones; Allen Muckleston.

From Cambria: Owen R. Jones, died when prisoner on board of train to Libby prison; Richard H. Jones; Thomas T. Hughes, 17th Reg. Wis. Vol.; Thomas H. Hughes, 32nd Reg. Wis. Vol.; Evan Rowlands, died in the service; John Jones, missing between Atlanta and Savannah; John R. Davies, Captain in First Reg. Wis. Artillery; John Edwards, Heavy Artillery; David R. Morgan, 2nd Reg. New York Artillery; John H. Jones, enlisted in 2nd Wis. Reg., transferred to U. S. steamer Shamrock; Humphrey Jones, U. S. Frigate Minnesota; Griffith Roberts, died in hospital at Madison, Wis.; Griffith R. Pierce, 9th Wis. Battery; Thomas Evans, Western Navy, 18 months in rebel prison; John Roberts, 9th Mass. Battery; John Prichard, First Reg. Minnesota; Richard Hughes, Pennsylvania Regt.; Jenkyn Griffith, 24th Reg. Wis. Vol.; Thomas B. Jones, New York Regt.. kille - at the battle of the Wilderness.

Thirty Ninth Reg. Wis. Vol.—John Pugh; John P. Thomas; Thomas James; John C. Davies, Sr.; John C. Davies, Jr.; John Thomas; Jerome Thomas; Griffith R. Griffiths; William E. Jones; Hugh M. Roberts; Owen Roberts.

Forty Third Reg. Wis. Vol.:—John E. Williams; Thomas J. Rowlands; Charles Jones; Joseph Richards.

Forty Ninth Reg. Wis. Vol.:—Thomas Lewis; David Phillips; David E. Davies; Lewis Phillips; William Phillips.

Fifty First Reg. Wis. Vol.: Lewis Williams.

The beautiful blue silk flag on exhibition was presented by the Welsh ladies of Racine, to the Cambrian Guards, which was subsequently mustered in as Co. F, 22nd Reg. Wis. Vol. The enlistment took place in the Welsh Presbyterian Church. One very affecting incident took place, viz., Robert Blair Jones had enrolled his name on the list, and immediately afterwards his brother Edward W. Jones, only 16 years of age, went forward to enroll. His mother, the late Mrs. Laura R. Pugh, who was present, shouted out when she saw Edward going forward: "He belongs to me—you cannot have him!" ("Myfi pia hwna—chewch chwi mo hono ef").

Many families had more than one member in the service, viz.: Thomas Phillips had four sons—John, Thomas, David and William; John C. Davies had three sons besides himself—David, Edward and John; John Roberts two, John and David; Owen Roberts two, John and Owen; Mrs. Laura R. Pugh two, Robert and Edward; David Morgan two, David and John; Robert Prichard two, John and Hugh; Mrs. Mary Jones two, John and Humphrey; Richard Roberts two, Richard and Griffith; Rowland Edwards two, Rowland and John; John Thomas two, father and son Jerome. There were three brothers in Co. F, 22nd Reg., viz.: John, Evan and Edward Ellis, from Berlin. The former was later known as the Rev. Edward Ellis, Baptist minister, who died about two years ago at Milwaukee.

"D. S. D." are letters that have been assigned to many and varied articles; articles which coruscated with a brilliancy of thought; articles that diffused vigor, originality and genius. The hand that wrote them will write them no more. The well-known and widely-respected preacher, writer, and advocate

of all that was lovely and of good report, passed away with great suddenness Saturday, October 29. His was a truly memorable life. His father, a Congregational minister of Mynyddbach, Llangyfelach, died when the son was but thirteen years of age. His prospects of life were blighted, and he engaged at once in manual labor. In consequence of the famous strike in 1857, he emigrated to America, where he subsequently commenced preaching. He received a classical training in spite of many difficulties, and having officiated as minister in several large towns, he returned to Wales in 1875, and became the successor of Ap Vychan at Ebenezer, Bangor. In 1886, he removed to Carmarthen to wear the mantle that had fallen from the late Professor Morgan, of Union Street Chapel. Few ministers were so hardworking as he; few as straightforward and conscientious. His loss to Liberalism, to Nonconformity and to the temperance cause in Wales will be irreparable.

The deceased was also the inventor of a system of shorthand especially applicable to the Welsh language, and a book somewhat similar to "Pitman's Teacher" was published by him, but the system never received the support its originator had anticipated. Being of a mechanical turn of mind he had thoroughly studied the principles upon which the typewriter is constructed, and had altered the keyboard of the Smith-Premier machine in order to suit the typing of Welsh. This arrangement has been entered at Stationers' Hall. Deceased leaves a widow and three children. Although an extremist in his views, and exceedingly brusque in expression, it was generally conceded that the deceased was always actuated by the best of motives.

Wednesday evening, November 9, the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jones (Odnant), on North West St., Lima, O., was all aglow, noting the happy event, the union in marriage of Miss Gwen, their eldest daughter, and Mr. David Pence, of Wooster, O. Prof. Harry E. Jones sang "Beautiful Eyes," accompanied by Miss Mayme Peat, who also played Mendelssohn's famous wedding march when the bridal party entered, followed by the Rev. R. J. Thomson. Best wishes and the wedding feast followed the beautiful ceremony. The bride and groom left for their future home at Lowellville, O. There was a great gathering of friends and admirers.

Over a hundred employees and invited guests sat down in the dining-room of the Nanaimo Hotel, Nanaimo, B. C., on Saturday night, November 5, to a grand banquet tendered to Mr. Thomas Morgan, late overman of Protection Island Shaft, who has been appointed Coal Mines Inspector for the Province of British Columbia. Mr. Morgan has been in the employ of the New Vancouver Coal Mining and Land Company for nearly a quarter of a century, and has proved himself to be a most efficient officer, having gradually climbed from the bottom to the top of the ladder by his honesty and integrity. Mr. Wm. McGregor presided. Addresses and music followed, and all enjoyed a happy evening. Mr. Morgan is a native of Cowbridge, Glamorgan, S. W. During the proceedings a valuable gold watch and chain was presented to him.

November 11, in the "Barry Herald," S. W., there appeared an article from the pen of Theodore Dodd, which is highly complimentary to the ability and popularity of the Rev. D. T. Phillips, U. S. Consul at Cardiff. This is his high estimate of Mr. Phillips as a public speaker: "He is, it is true, a man of rich and varied intellectual gifts, but these, though choice and great, are

subordinate to the still higher qualities of the heart which he possesses. And in the pulpit, which he has by no means forsaken, the sympathy and generosity of his nature give charm to his lofty and captivating eloquence. Hence it is that the demand on Mr. Phillips as an anniversary and special occasion preacher in the Welsh pulpits since he came to Cardiff as United States Consul has been very great. I am informed, by one who knows, that Mr. Phillips has engagments in that capacity reaching a long way into the future; and the more his singular and fascinating power in the pulpit becomes popularly known, the more will be the desire to secure his services."

The mecca of the Welsh singers of Western Pennsylvania and Ohio next Christmas will be Cleveland, O., where a grand Eisteddfod will be held under the auspices of the Cleveland Cambrian Society. The Pittsburg Choral Society has decided to take part in the musical contest, Prof. T. J. Davies, formerly of Scranton, as the conductor.

The Senate of the University College of Wales, at Aberystwyth, have decided that a young lady who was recently taken away by her mother, while under the threat of expulsion for speaking to a male member from her bedroom window, shall continue in college. She is however, to reside in a private house. The Senate also "rusticated" the young man who, by going down to the hall of residence and whistling, caused the trouble. The Senate had ten meetings, and sat for over thirty hours. Their decision has caused an intense feeling of dissatisfaction in the town and college. The next morning the students sang the "Dead March" in their common-room. At mid-day they formed a procession and marched in silence to the Hall of Residence. There, with caps off, they again sang the mournful refrain, and also a Welsh funeral hymn. Afterwards they carried the young man on their shoulders through the principal streets, singing and cheering him. He intends to appeal to the Council against the decision of the Senate.

The death of the Rev. Thos. Gee, of Denbigh, brings the number of Calvinistic Methodists ordained to the ministry of the Connexion in the forties down to three, viz., the Rev. Edward Williams of Cynwyd, Corwen (a relative of Dr. Edward Williams, of Rotherham, the great divine), who is the oldest Calvinistic Methodist minister in the Principality, and was ordained in the year 1846; the Rev. Richard Owen, of Welshpool, who was ordained in 1847; and the Rev. William Williams, of Swansea, who was ordained in the year 1848. The first named officiated at Mr. Gee's funeral.

The last sermon preached by the late Mr. Gee was in a public house, situated in a lonely but romantic spot on the Hiraethog Mountain, not far distant from the birthplace of the two celebrated Welsh divines, Henry and William Rees. At the time of his sudden and unexpected death Mr. Gee had in preparation a manifesto on the land question, and no doubt had it been completed and published it would have attracted as much public attention as did his Disestablishment scheme a few years ago.

A Welsh grocer who became mayor of his town was presiding at the police court one day. The sergeant of police, in mentioning a prisoner who needed the mayor's attention, referred to him as "Thomas Smith, alias Jones, alias the Snatcher." "Ah!" said his Worship, "suppose we take the ladies first. Bring up Alice Jones!"

Earl Beauchamp has written a letter to the Bishop of Worcester, in which the writer says: "It is worse than idle to waste time over the mere details of ritual when the very foundations of faith are being assailed, and this apparently with your lordship's sanction." The letter proceeds to refer to the Bishop's approval of a book which Earl Beauchamp denounces as heretical. He speaks of a desire for greater impartiality in the administration of the diocese, concluding: "While this is the case there are many among the clergy and laity of the diocese who must unwillingly be obliged to withhold from your lordship the respect and confidence due to the office you hold."

A judge in Covington, Kentucky, adopted a novel method of imposing punishment for contempt of court. The victim was a newspaper reporter who had ridiculed the judge's action. The judge compelled the reporter to sit on the bench with him all one afternoon, and pretended to consult with him regarding every decision rendered. The humiliation of the reporter was complete, as crowds came to laugh at his predicament, but the lawyers seemed to think that the affair only brought the court into deeper contempt than before.

Bismarck had no great opinion of the French. He believed that they are too easily swayed by popular catchwords. "Talk to a Frenchman about liberty, equality, and fraternity, tell him that his nation is the greatest in the world, and you can do anything with him. You can oppress the French more than any other people if you tell them it is done in the name of Freedom." Asked his opinion in the case of a certain French spy, he said: "It's a sad case. You've got to hang him, but do it with the utmost politeness, so as not to hurt his feelings."

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A CURIOUS OLD CUSTOM.

Perhaps of all the curious customs established in London, the following was one of the least becoming of the kind. "The Daily Journal" of December 21, 1740, says:—"On Sunday after divine service, was performed the annual ceremony of throwing bread and cheese out of Paddington Church steeple among the spectators, and giving them ale. This custom was established by two women who purchased five acres of land to the above use, in commemoration of the particular charity whereby they had been relieved when in extreme necessity."

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A SHREWD PEDDLER.

"Can I see the lady of the house?" inquired a peddler. "Well, yes, you can, if you ain't blind!" snapped the woman who had answered the bell. "Oh, beg pardon, mum, you are the lady of the house, then?" "Yes, I am. What do you take me for? Did you think I was the gentleman of the house, or the next door neighbor, or one of the farm laborers, or the cat?" "I didn't known, mum, but you might be

the youngest daughter." "Oh, did you? Well, that was natural too," replied the lady of the house. "What do you want, sir?" Then the peddler displayed his wares; and, when he left that doorstep, his face was full of pleasure, and his pockets were full of money. He understood human nature.

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CHILDHOOD.

"The most natural years of our lives we live while we are children, and there are always rest and purification in getting back into touch with them. When the burdens press a little heavily and the future is thick with uncertainties, the wish will sometimes shape itself that we might be back again among our free, fresh, childish days. We do not understand it very well, but there is something gone that we would dearly love to have back. Those may seem to have been rather unproductive afternoons that we used to spend up in the garret, listening in the pauses of our merrymaking to the rain pattering on the roof, and we so dry and sheltered underneath, but our life means more even to-day because of them and because of our memory of them."—C. H. Parkhurst, D. D.

———:o:———

A CHINESE PROVERB.

Arthur H. Smith, in his wonderfully bright, accurate and yet somewhat misleading book called "Chinese Characteristics,' quotes the Chinese proverb that "one man should not enter a temple, and two men should not look together into a well," adding: "And why, we inquire in surprise, should not one man enter a temple alone? Because the priest may take advantage of the opportunity to make away with him. Two men should not gaze into a well, for if one of them is in debt to the other, or has in his possession something which the other wants, that other may seize the occasion to push his companion into the well."—Professor C. M. Cady in Century.

———o:o———

CALLING PEOPLE TO CHURCH.

When I was examining the church bells of the East Riding of Yorkshire, about 1870, I came to a little place called Fordon, on the wolds between Malton and Bridlington. It was a very primitive place, quite cut off from the world, the few inhabitants hardly knowing the road over the hilltop to the next place northward. The diminutive building which serves as a church is built near the brow of the hill. It has no tower, bell turret or bell cot. On inquiry I found that it had no bell. The parson came over on horseback now and then from a neighboring parish, tied up his horse outside the church, opened the door, put on his surplice and then walked to the top of the hill and cracked his whip several times, "and then we knaws as it's time ti gang ti chotch," said my informant on the spot.—Notes and Queries.

———:o:———

STUDENTS FORBIDDEN TO WEAR CORSETS.

There appears to be a ban against corsets in Russia. Hospodin Bogoljewow, the newly appointed Russian minister of public instruction, has begun the duties of his office by issuing a drastic order to the effect that corsets must not be worn by Russian young women attending high schools, universities, and music and art schools. They are to be encouraged to wear the national costume. The minister says that he has spent much time in visiting girls' schools, and has made the discovery that the corset as an article of dress, is distinctly prejudicial to the health and physical development of the wearers.

THE CANVAS-BACK DUCK.

The canvas-back duck is the king of wild fowl. It is conceded by sportsmen in all parts of the world that no other bird equal this one in richness and delicacy. It is found only in America. The only fowl found in other parts of the world that bears any notable resemblance to it is the English pochard; but this bird is smaller, weighs one-third less, and is not so well flavored. It is in Chesapeake Bay, and there only, that the canvas-back can be shot in his best condition. Shot in any other part of the country, the bird lacks the delicious flavor which he acquires at his favorite feeding-grounds, and which makes him the joy of the gourment. The secret of this excellence is the fact that in the waters of Chesapeake Bay he finds in abundance valisneria, or wild celery. Upon the roots of this tender and nutritious plant he feeds and grows fat and juicy.

———:o:———

SOMEWHAT ASTONISHED.

The parish church at Cnesterfield, England, has a curious spire. Instead of being perpendicular, it is bent and twisted, so that the spire deviates from the perpendicular some six feet to the south and four feet to the west. Stories and legends relating thereto are numerous and interesting.

One tells that pretty and virtuous women were exceedingly scarce in the town, so scarce that when one day a good and lovely woman stepped within the church to be married the steeple was astonished, and bowed to the bride, and that the bend was made when attempting to regain its original position. The legend is still more unkindly to the fair sex, for it continues that never will its upright position be regained until another model woman is married beneath.

ABOUT DEGREES.

This is the way Sam Small puts it: "In the Grand Order of Drunkards there are degrees, just as in other fraternal organizations. In this one there are four—the sheep degree, the monkey degree, the lion degree and the hog degree. In the sheep degree you get the wool pulled over your eyes. Next comes the monkey stage. Maybe some of you can remember when you were taking the monkey degree. At that stage a fellow can tell more funny stories and sing more funny songs than anybody else in the crowd. At the next stage, the lion degree, he wants to fight. He is ready to fight anybody and everybody. And the last degree in the grand order is the hog degree. That is where the member wallows in the gutter."

———o:o———

ECONOMY OR MICROBES?

"About a year ago," remarks a gossip, "the congregation of one of our very well known churches up town adopted after long and serious debate the individual communion cups. The older members strenuously disapproved of the innovation, and one even went so far as to say that 'the Lord knew all about microbes, but when he was on earth the large cup was used.' However, the younger members, led by an aspiring young physician, triumphed, and the tiny cups made their appearance.

"Last Sunday happened to be communion day, and now comes the tragic part of the tale, but it occurs not in public. The cups were collected, the few drops of wine left in them emptied into a pan, and, horror of horrors! the drops collectively poured back into the bottle, microbes and all. The question is, Can this be a plan by which the old folks continue to have their own way and exchange their microbes, or is it simply economy?"—Philadelphia Record.

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Griffith Jones (Caradog).

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Devil's Bridge.
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OCTOBER.

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French Gulch Bench Claims.

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Prof. W. W. Davies, Ph. D.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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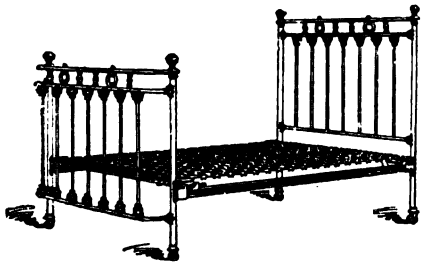

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SYNOPSIS:

In the opening chapter we are introduced to the company of two horsemen, who are evidently traveling with the aim of being present at the royal banquet of the king. Incidentally the story of St. Winifred is told, and the conversation which follows promises some stirring incidents. Then it shifts in Chapter II to the Red Dragon Inn, where we again meet the mysterious knights. In Chapter III the Royal Banquet is elaborately described, and the tale is gradually evolved in a manner to create interest and expectation of some conspiracy against the king. The plot is interesting and the characters are well drawn, and the story is Welsh in form and color.

In Chapters III and IV is shown the way Idrys, the strange bard, is working himself into the good graces of King Gryffydd, in order to work out his treasonable plots. The festal hall is described, and more is known of Gryffydd's family affairs. Chapter V describes the meeting of Einion and Idrys in the woods, preparatory to the attempt on the King's life. The subsequent escape of the traitor is truly exciting. Each chapter increases the interest, and adds to the power of the story.

In Chapter VI the pursuit led by Prince Trahaiarn is described. He first visits the hermit's cave, and subsequently visits the lord bishop of St. Asaphs, but the search is unsuccessful, Idrys being concealed in a neighboring cave inhabited by a gang of robbers. In Chapter VII the reader is introduced to a band of old-time outlaws in whose haunt Idrys has found a place of refuge. Here he finds a home for a time and medical attendance at the hand of the hermit. At the end of the chapter Idrys is still plotting another attempt on the life of the king, which he reveals to the hermit.

In Chapter VIII and IX, we meet incidents which tend to the further development of this interesting story. While Trahaiarn and Nest are enjoying each other's company in the beautiful vale, there appears a cavalcade and we are introduced to Algar, a Saxon exile, who returns from Ireland to dislodge Harold, his rival at the Saxon court. In Chapter IX we find the Welsh arming against the foe; chieftains from all parts of Wales rushing in to take part in the struggle. At the close of the chapter, the army is described as approaching the English border, and the interest in subsequent events becomes intense. A conflict is in view, and the reader expects the onset.

... THE ...

CAMBRIAN

for 1899.

ON THE threshold of another year, we feel confident and justified in approaching our subscribers to solicit the continuance of their good will and patronage, promising to deserve their support more than ever.

During 1899

We shall make a special effort to continue improving our National Magazine so as to deserve their increased support and favor.

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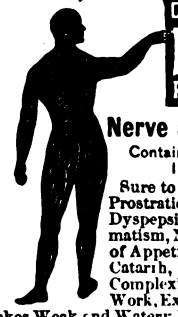

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PROGRESS IN MEDICINE.

By C. H. JAMISON, M. D.

DR. DIO LEWIS said: "Nineteen diseases out of twenty originate in the stomach, liver or kidneys, or arise from indigestion and constipation." Those who have made pathology a study will agree with this eminent physician in the opinion that where the stomach is debilitated, the bowels inactive or sluggish, or the liver or kidneys fail to perform their functions, the whole system becomes enervated and the body diseased. When these organs do not exercise their wonted task, effete and injurious matter is carried to all parts of the body. Through a mistaken diagnosis, these symptoms are often pronounced separate and distinct diseases, but as a matter of fact they can only be cured by remedies which strengthen the stomach and reach and relieve the overworked liver and kidneys, thus strengthening these organs so that they can successfully act their part as cleaners of the body, thereby insuring regularity, pure blood, strength and good health throughout their entire system.

Among all the remedies claiming to perform this much desired result, and which have been investigated by the publishers of the *Journal*, it has been found that while there was much to commend, there was much to be desired. It is therefore with more than ordinary pleasure that, after a most painstaking investigation through our Secret Inquiry Bureau, and a long and careful examination of the results achieved by the remedy placed upon the market by Bright's Chemical Company, Little Falls, N. Y., and known as Bright's Kidney Beans, that we pronounce this preparation a remedy par excellence, and one that will speedily and effectually cure all diseases of the blood, bowels, stomach, liver and kidneys, whatever their origin or name, or however chronic and deep-seated they may be, including indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, constipation, rheumatism, neuralgia, nervousness, etc. During more than a quarter of a century of journalism, during which time we have exercised a watchful care over many of the preparations having for their object the cure of blood and stomach diseases, we have never come across a preparation more deserving of heartiest commendation.

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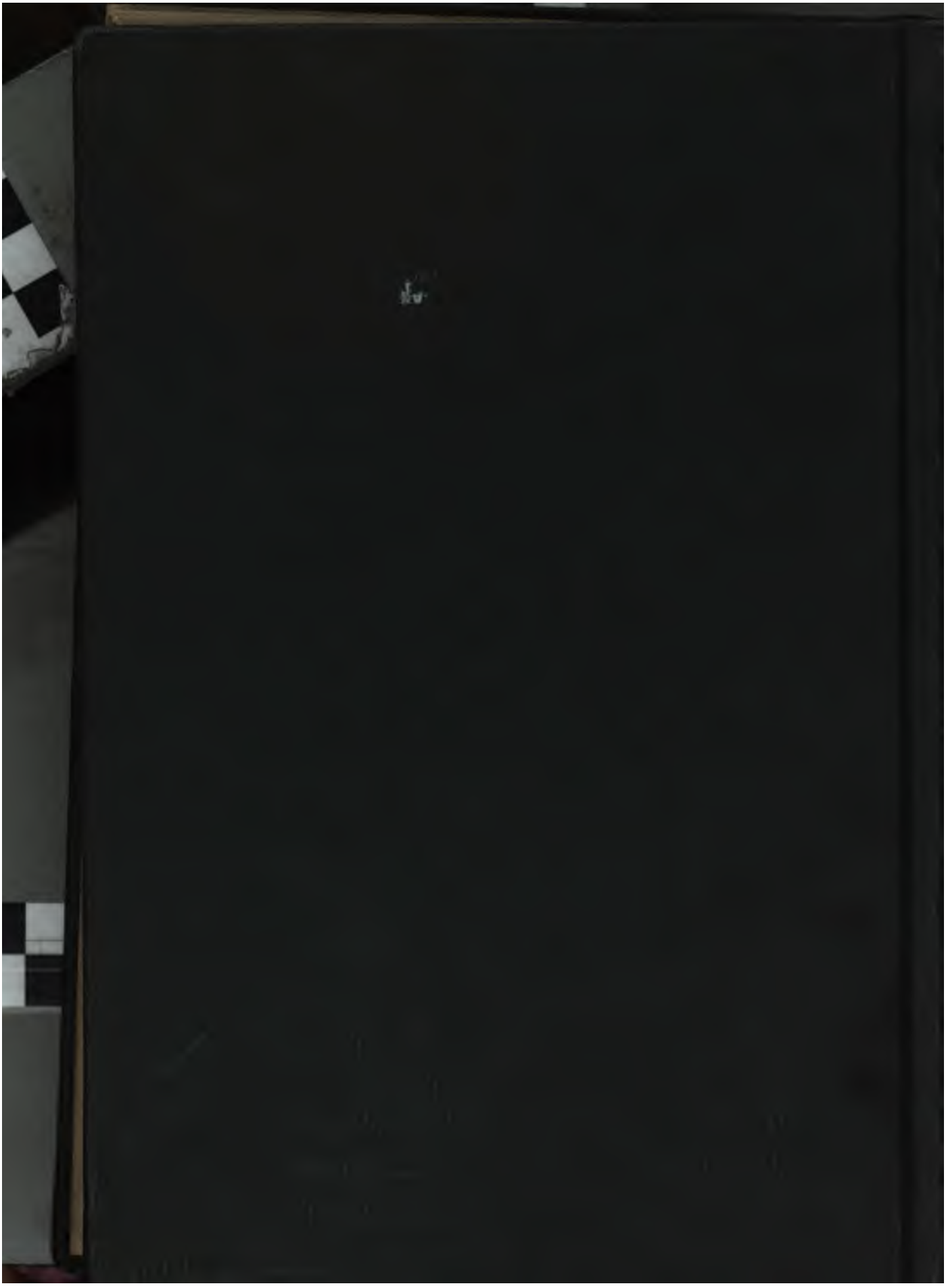
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